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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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A chapter in a Nation's development

METROPOLITAN congestion is largely a result of a *confined power supply*. Early water power had to be used where Nature had put it. Steam power could not be transmitted; it was necessary that the worker come to the power. The distinctive value of electric power lay in the possibility of transmitting it; but at first it, too, could be supplied economically only to compact populations within close reach of the generating station. Small remote communities were served, if at all, by inadequate and uneconomical plants; sparsely populated areas had no electric service.

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Among modern industrial accomplishments, this *diffused power supply* takes a high place. It puts to effective industrial use the vast areas outside of the cities, fitting the small communities for factories, giving industry lower costs and workers more pleasant living conditions. It conserves the advantages of mass production while providing an escape from such unpleasant consequences as congestion of population. It places power at the hand of the farmer and the miner, and diffuses the benefits of modern efficiency far and wide over the countryside.

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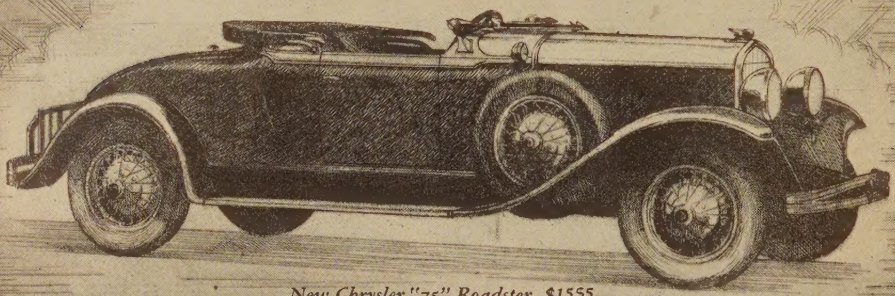
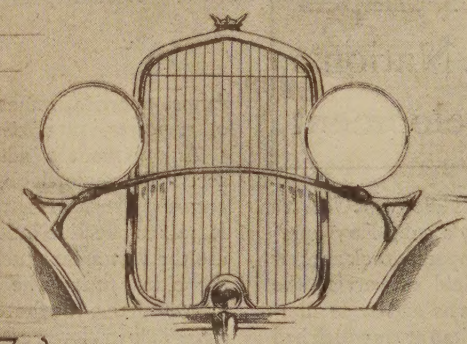
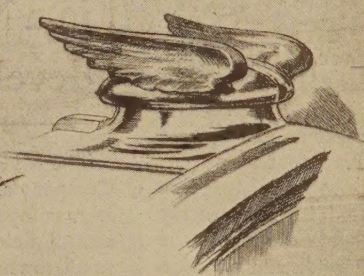
PRESENTS

ENTIRELY NEW STYLE CREATIONS IN THE FINE CAR FIELD



New Chrysler "75" Roadster, $1555.





WALTER P. CHRYSLER and his associates have held from the first that, constantly to extend its leadership, Chrysler must periodically create new modes which would proclaim themselves, almost upon sight, as overwhelmingly more attractive.

The two entirely new Chrysler Sixes — the "75" and the "65" — have been produced in pursuance of these principles.

They are deliberately designed and executed to inspire public admiration to such a pitch that they will immediately supersede all that has gone before and usher into existence an entirely new motoring vogue.

We are confident that all who are even remotely interested in the progress of motor car artistry will find themselves amply repaid by their immediate inspection of these two new Chrysler style achievements.

New Chrysler "75" Prices—$1535 to $1655. New Chrysler "65" Prices—$1040 to $1145. New Chrysler Plymouth—Six Body Styles, $670 to $725. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XIV August 1928 NUMBER 56

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Many Hats	Carl Sandburg	385
Serving the Gentry	John Armstrong	392
A Country Doctor	A. F. Van Bibber	400
Editorial		408
Polite Conversation in Georgia	Henry Darius Potter	411
The Gideons	W. C. Crosby	417
Americana		426
Resurgam!	Benjamin DeCasseres	432
Gentlemen of the Ensemble	Duff Gilfond	438
The Dawn of a New Science	Arlington J. Stone	446
The Arts and Sciences:		
Human Instincts	Grace Adams	456
The Problem of Motive	H. M. Parshley	460
A Pastor's Daughter	Ethel Brown	463
Half Cocked	Charles Sampson	469
On the Lam	David Purroy	475
Robin Hood Is Hanged	W. A. S. Douglas	484
The Movies Try to Talk	Robert F. Sisk	491
Two Sonnets	S. Bert Cooksley	496
Clinical Notes	George Jean Nathan	497
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	500
The Library	H. L. Mencken	506
The American Mercury Authors		511
Index to Volume XIV		512
Check List of New Books		viii
Editorial Notes		xxxiv

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

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TRIVIAL BREATH, Elinor Wylie's new book of poems, is compact of beauty, tenderness, and wit. It comes as a cool oasis in the arid desert of many books. It is appealing to all who love letters, all who take an interest in modern poetry, all who wish to enter for a moment an enchanted land. Just two quotations, the opening stanzas from "True Vine":

There is a serpent in perfection tarnished,
The thin shell pierced, the purity grown fainter,
The virgin silver shield no longer burnished,
The pearly fruit with ruin for its centre.

The thing that sits expectant in our bosoms
Contriving heaven out of very little
Demands such delicate immaculate blossoms
As no malicious verity makes brittle.

and this, to show a different manner, from "Miranda's Supper":

A pair of cameos clasp her throat,
Wherein Psyche, pink and cream,
Slim-handed slants the candle-beam
On Cupid, swooning in carnelian;
Such trifles are antique Italian.

AT ALL BOOKSHOPS

Alfred A. Knopf BORZOI BOOKS *Publisher, N. Y.*

How The Outstanding Books Are Chosen Each Month

The Book-of-the-Month Club has a group of five critics to select the most readable and important new books each month —Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. They also choose the most outstanding book amongst these, and this is sent to all subscribers, *unless they want some other book which they may specify*. Or they need take none at all! Over 85,000 discriminating people now use this sensible and convenient service, to keep themselves from missing the best new books. It has, however, met with this interesting criticism: "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books." What force is there in this objection?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that *now* move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you *must* read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, *from some source*, that determines you to read it. True, your choice is completely free, but you exercise your choice *among recommended books*.

Now, what would be the difference, if you belonged to the Book-of-the-Month Club? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice *you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice* and, above all, you would actually *get* the books—without fail—that you decided to read. How?

How the "Book-of-the-Month" is Chosen

The publishers of the country submit what they themselves consider their important books to the Book-of-the-Month Club, far in advance of publication. Each member of the Committee reads these books independently. Once a month they meet, and choose the one they agree upon as being the most outstanding among those submitted —this is called the "book-of-the-month"—and usually they select from fifteen to twenty other books, which they consider worthy of being recommended for one reason or another.

What is the effect of this? You will readily admit that books so chosen are *likely* to be ones you would not care to miss. Certainly, they will have as strong a recommendation behind them as behind the books you are influenced to read through other sources.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not considered infallible, and you are not compelled, willy-nilly, to accept it.

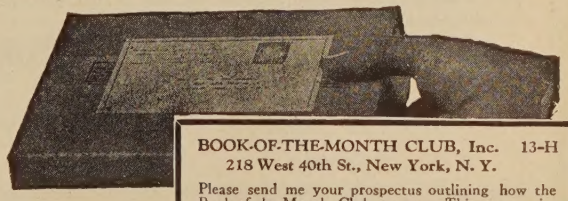
Before the "book-of-the-month" comes to you, and a month before it is published, you receive a carefully written report describing the sort of book it is. If you don't want it, you specify that some other book be sent instead. You make your choice from the other important new books, which are recommended by the Committee, *and carefully described in order to guide you in your choice*. If you want no book at all, in any one month, if none of them appeal to you, you specify that none be sent. The only obligation you have as a member is to take as few as four books a year—out of from 150 to 200 that are reported upon by the Selecting Committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club!

Satisfaction Guaranteed

The ultimate result, therefore, is that you really choose your own books—*but with more discrimination than heretofore*—and moreover, you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with every book you obtain upon the recommendation of our Committee.

The cost of this thorough-going, sensible and convenient service is—nothing! The cost of the books is the same as if you got them from the publisher himself by mail!

Send for our prospectus which explains how smoothly this service is operating for over 85,000 discriminating people. Your request will involve you in no obligation to subscribe.



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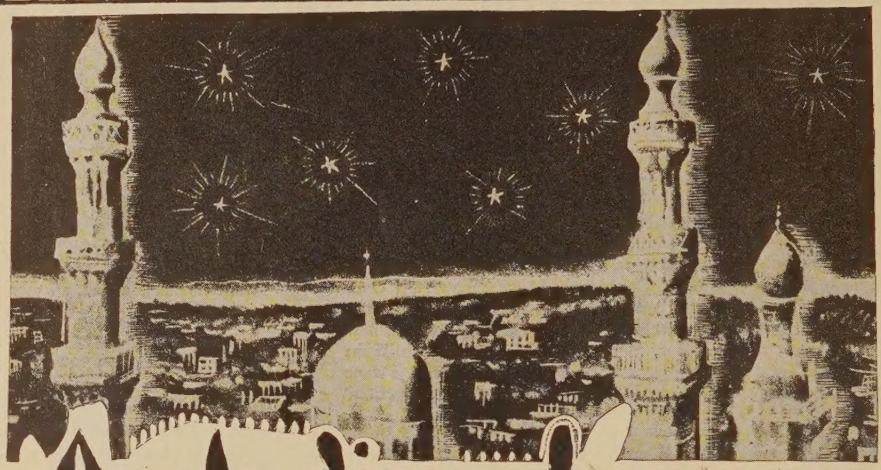

An Indian Journey

By Waldemar Bonsels

Waldemar Bonsels, having spent over a year in India has written a book which gets close to the heart of that country, at the same time pervaded with the mystery and terror which exotic jungles exert upon Western minds. *Profusely illustrated by Harry Brown $4.00*

"Quivering Shadows Against Eternal Mystery—"

"This is the way we see Emily Jane Bronte in this biography! A very beautiful book."
—*New York Times*

"Emily's life was one of the most terrible tragedies on earth . . . Very difficult it is to write of the inner things of life, to write of love that is come too late, that is born of a discovery which stinks of betrayal, for Charlotte got past Emily's reserve by something very much akin to treachery. She pried into a life that had defended itself against intrusion for twenty long years."—pages 242-243.

THE LIFE AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF EMILY JANE BRONTË

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By Mary Butts

"Reading her books is a delicious exercise, as if one experienced mind as an actual mechanism, within his own person."—*Elizabeth Madox Roberts.*
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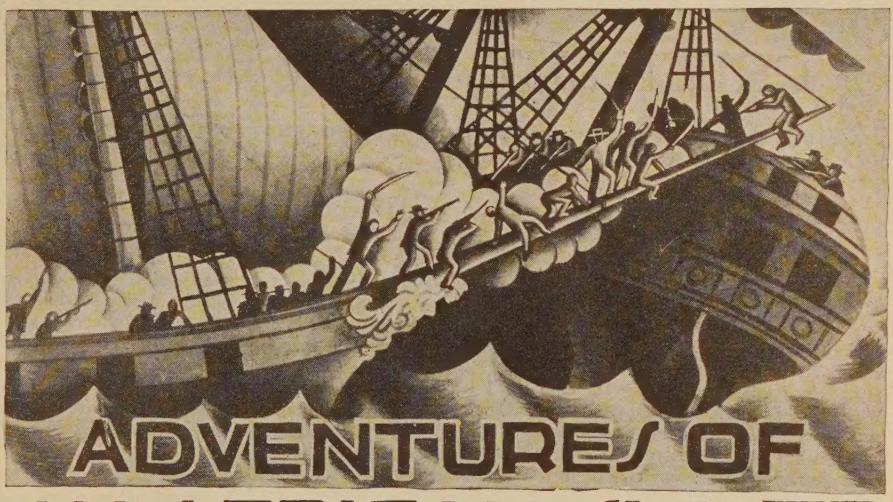

ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER

By CAPTAIN CANOT

Edited, with an introduction by Malcolm Cowley

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER is a true story of slaving on the Guinea Coast, of slave smuggling in the Caribbean, and of piracy, mutinies, and sea fights in the Middle Passage.

It deals with a time at which the slave trade had already been outlawed, when slavers received the same swift punishment as pirates. Under the whip of danger, the picturesqueness and cruelty which had always characterized the trade were incredibly magnified, and the Guinea coast became the theatre of such adventures as the world has rarely seen.

Young soldiers and sailors, robbed of a profession by the ending of the Napoleonic wars, enlisted by hundreds in this desperate profession. Their love of danger helped to make it possible. In return, it satisfied their thirst for the unknown; it led them, over new horizons, toward battles, disease, strange lands, strange women, long cruises over forbidden waters, rivers of champagne, rum, brandy, and at the end of the voyage, a last magnificent carouse on the *paseo* of Havana.

Captain Theodore Canot was a leader among these men. He was French by birth and American by adoption, but his real character was that of an Italian *conditiero*, born four centuries out of his time. Like his great prototype, he was suave, ambitious, politic, and unforgiving. He had many vices and few weaknesses. His feelings, usually repressed, burst forth in terrible rages, and the natives called him Mr. Gunpowder.

From piracy to slaving, from a French prison to the quarterdeck of an American brig, from Manhattan to the highlands of Futa Jallon, he went seeking money and danger. Finally, at the end of his dark career, sitting like Trader Horn before a scribe, he told his exploits to the journalist Brantz Mayer, who, in a bombastic and picturesque style, has preserved the memory of this admiral of fortune.

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

TRAVEL

CONTEMPORARIES OF MARCO POLO.
Edited by Manuel Komroff. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 8⅝ x 5⅝; 358 pp. *New York*

The travels presented in this extremely interesting volume are those of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, 1160–1173; Friar John of Pian de Carpini, 1245–1247; Friar William of Rubruck, 1253–1255, and Friar Odoric, 1318–1330. The first three thus antedated Marco Polo, who did not set out until 1217. Rabbi Benjamin, a pious Jew, traveled through Italy and Greece to Egypt, Palestine, Persia and the region of the Euphrates and Tigris, and reached the borders of China. He was gone from home thirteen years. Friar Odoric, a Franciscan, went to India as a missionary, and after visiting China by way of Java, Sumatra and Borneo, returned overland through Tibet and Persia. During a part of his journey he was accompanied by an Irish friar named James. Friar William of Rubruck went to Russia as an envoy of St. Louis of France, who had heard that the Tartars there had become Christians. They sent him to the court of their great Khan, Mangu, at Caracarum, a journey of 5000 miles. Friar John, another Franciscan, headed a mission to the Tartars sent by Innocent IV. He saw the coronation of Kuyak Khan and brought back a defiant letter to the Pope. Lately it was discovered in the Vatican Library. Mr. Komroff has done his editorial work with skill. The translations he presents are all good, and his notes are interesting and useful. At the end there is a good bibliography, and the book has an adequate index.

THE PEOPLE OF THE TWILIGHT.
By Diamond Jenness. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 247 pp. *New York*

Mr. Jenness spent two years, from August, 1914, to July, 1916, on the shores of Coronation Gulf, in the Western Arctic, as a member of a Canadian scientific expedition. The Eskimos of the vicinity are very primitive, and many of them had never before seen a white man. They have no wood and are thus compelled to spend the whole of the long Winter in snow-houses. The author and his companions, bringing in lumber, built a better habitation, but in the main they lived the life of the Eskimos, and so became intimately acquainted with them. His account of their doings is very interesting, though his style is somewhat pedestrian and commonplace. His book is illustrated with drawings by Claude Johnson and with photographs.

THE INNOCENTS OF PARIS.
By C. E. Andrews. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5½; 279 pp. *New York*

This is not a book about Paris for the hurrying tourist; but it is for those who would idle along the quays, wander in old streets, and stop for an *apéretif* at one of the countless bars. Mr. Andrews knows and loves the "innocents"—the workmen, the itinerant pedlars, the apaches, the book and antique stall-men, the people of Montmartre, and the crowds that gather at the street fêtes. The illustrations by David Snodgrass are delightful.

A GLOBEGADDER'S DIARY.
By Ralph Parlette. *The Parlette-Padget Company*
$5 9½ x 6; 379 pp. *Chicago*

Four hundred "globegadders" left New York January 6, 1927 and returned May 25. They visited twenty-five countries and covered 37,500 miles of land and water travel. There are sundry interesting extracts from the log-book of one of the travelers. The volume is copiously illustrated.

SPAIN FROM THE SOUTH.
By J. B. Trend. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 8⅝ x 5⅝; 256 pp. *New York*

An interesting study of Castille and the Castilian spirit. Mr. Trend sets out from Algeciras and travels northward through Cadiz, Seville, Cordoba, Granada and Toledo, following as far as possible the course of Spanish history. His observations, particularly upon the Moors and their influence, are of value to the student as well as to the tourist. There are an appendix of selected books on Spain in English, an index, maps, and many charming illustrations.

INCREDIBLE SIBERIA.
By Junius B. Wood. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$4 8 x 5½; 261 pp. *New York*

Mr. Wood, who is the Moscow correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, here describes Siberia—the country, the people, the trains, the food, the amusements—with great vividness. "Russia always was a mysterious, shivery, scary country," he writes. "Dangers increase with distance; both vanish altogether. . . . Unfortunately for thrills in truthful stories of travel, Soviet Russia is neither dangerous nor unfriendly. The thrill is always 1,000 or 5,000 miles away. . . . Things move slowly and without system, with much talk and little organization, so why worry?" An entertaining book. There are numerous illustrations.

Continued on page x

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The Literary Guild is close to the heart of the book world. Its editors are writers, educators, literary specialists. By arrangement with the leading publishing houses, they know exactly what major manuscripts will be published. From these they choose the most important ones each month to *read*. A final selection is then made of the ONE book that represents the most significant and worth-while literary achievement of the month. Carl Van Doren is Editor-in-Chief of this advisory board.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

TAMBO.
By James Jenkins. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$3 8 x 5; 225 pp. *New York*

A colorful account of a mule-back journey through forgotten Peruvian villages, full of a strange wild beauty. Mr. Jenkins writes charmingly and vividly; he describes Moyobamba as "a mere blotch of roofs, thatched and tiled, tumbling into yellow ravines that gape widest at the river's shores. Forests spreading in every direction their soft green pestilence, like a night's rank growth, unchecked by hill or river." The book is beautifully printed, and illustrated with reproductions of lithographs by the author.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE ROAD TO BUENOS AYRES.
By Albert Londres. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 8¼ x 5½; 251 pp. *New York*

M. Londres went from Paris to the Argentine to make a study of the traffic in women. His book is an account of his findings there, particularly in Buenos Ayres, the capital of the trade. He tells about the procurors, the women themselves, and the houses where they live.

DELPHOS, *or, The Future of International Language.*
By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6 x 4¼; 95 pp. *New York*

Miss Pankhurst here argues the logical necessity of getting rid of the present babel of tongues. "The new interlanguage will play its part in the making of the future, in which the peoples of the world shall be one people," she concludes, "a people, cultured and kind, and civilized beyond today's conception, . . . when the wars of class and of nations shall be no more." The volume belongs to the To-day and To-morrow Series.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY.
By Alfred E. Smith. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8¾ x 5⅞; 392 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of campaign speeches, special addresses and state papers. In time, they cover Dr. Smith's entire political career, the last fifteen years. His reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall's charges in the *Atlantic Monthly* is also included. The editor, Dr. Henry Moskowitz, has done his work competently. There are many explanatory notes, and a good index.

MODERN JAPAN AND ITS PROBLEMS.
By G. C. Allen. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 9 x 5⅞; 226 pp. *New York*

Mr. Allen has been engaged for several years as a lecturer at a government college in the city of Nagoya, and has written a great deal about Japan for British and Japanese reviews. In this book he is mainly concerned with the effect Western civilization has had on the economic and intellectual life of the country. Japan has, of course, adopted a great many of the industrial methods of the Occident, but not to the extent that most people think. Vast numbers of the people, Mr. Allen points out, still continue the traditional mode of living in quaint houses of wood and paper, and many of them put more faith in bamboo charms, as preventatives against a neighborhood conflagration spreading in the direction of their own dwellings, than in the operations of the modern fire apparatus. "The fundamental things in Japan's civilization are still, it seems, Oriental. . . . She has [partially] accepted our factories, offices, railways and schools; she is still doubtful about our manners, our philosophies, our religions, our social and political ideals."

PRIMARY ELECTIONS.
By Charles E. Merriam & Louise Overacker.
The University of Chicago Press
$3 8¼ x 5½; 448 pp. *Chicago*

Dr. Merriam, the veteran professor of political science at the University of Chicago, first wrote this book twenty years ago; the present edition is completely revised and brought up to date. It is a mine of information about the primary practices of all the States of the Union in the last fifty years, and the comments and suggestions for improvements by the authors throughout are very sensible. Drs. Merriam and Overacker, of course, are in favor of such things as the short ballot (for elections as well as primaries) and the shortening of the time between primaries and elections, but they do not pretend that these devices would work any more than slight ameliorations of the evils in the present scheme. There are a long bibliography, a summary of the primary laws of all the States, and a list of the important cases relating to primary elections. The index, however, is much too brief.

LOCARNO: A DISPASSIONATE VIEW.
By Alfred Fabre-Luce. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 7⅝ x 5; 209 pp. *New York*

M. Fabre-Luce's plea is for an attempt to remold French public opinion, so that the false and fragile peace now existing may be converted into a real one. Since 1924, he says, "an effort has been made to effect political reform without moral reform. But those engaged in it began by leaving the Nationalists to write history." The war psychosis continues to make gen-

Continued on page xii

He was called "A Filthy Little Atheist"

NOTHING could be further from the truth. He was so earnest a believer that he founded a new church in atheistical France, and wrote one of his greatest books to save that nation from losing its faith in God!

He was so deeply religious that his ideas have brought about one reform after another in Christianity as we know it! And they are still at work like a leaven that will eventually influence the whole lump!

Incidentally, he was neither "little" nor "filthy." He stood several inches taller than the man who called him "a filthy little atheist," and his contemporaries testified to the extreme neatness of his person and the simple elegance of his attire.

For Thomas Paine our present-day Thomas A. Edison has had a life-long admiration. Lincoln worshipped him. Jefferson, Monroe, Madison, Hamilton and Washington were all devoted to him. He was the master-mind of the American Revolution, and later of the French Revolution and a long-drawn-out upheaval in England.

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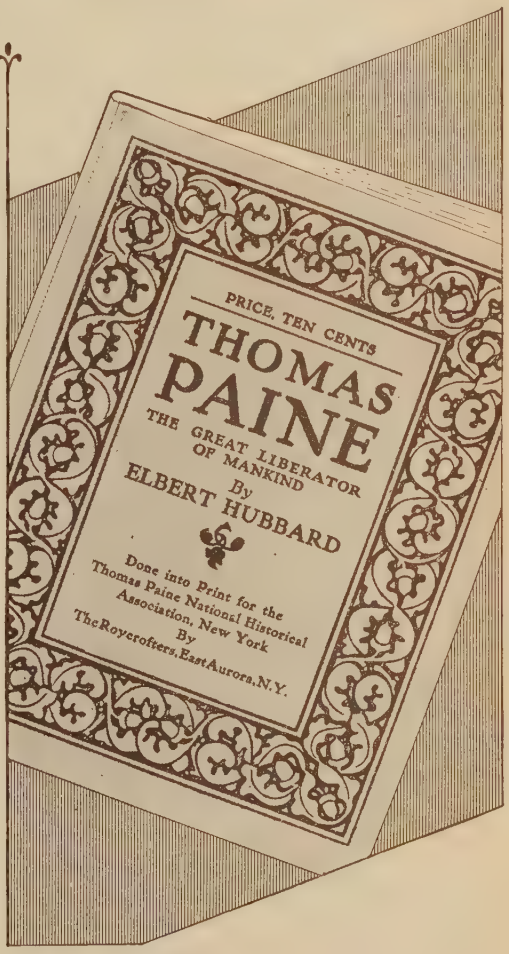

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

uine understanding impossible in Europe, but M. Fabre-Luce is full of faith that time will obliterate it, and that education may help.

THE MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHEVISM.
By René Fülöp-Miller. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$6 9½ x 6⅜; 433 pp. *New York*

The amount of information about the culture of present-day Russia in this book is very large. It is really a little encyclopedia of the subject. A good idea of its range can be got from some of the chapter titles: "Lenin," "The Philosophy of Bolshevism," "The Bolshevik Monumental Style," "The Propagandist Theatre," "Bolshevik Music," "The Revolutionizing of Everyday Life," "Illiteracy and the New Education," "The Reformation of the Byzantine Church," "The Rebirth of Russian Mysticism," and "The Ethics of Bolshevism." Dr. Fülöp-Miller has spent several years in Soviet Russia, and plainly knows what he is talking about. The chapter on Lenin is the most interesting and probably the most persuasive study of him that has yet appeared in print. Lenin, says Dr. Fülöp-Miller, was not the great scholar and thinker his disciples have led us to believe. He really was no scholar at all, despite all his abstruse writings. He was incapable of sustained and profound thinking, and his knowledge of political economy was elementary. When he did attempt to say anything original, he committed astounding puerilities, to the despair of Trotzky and his other worshippers. As for general culture, the truth is that he cared little for it. "He took practically no interest in art, and had no understanding of the value of such 'useless spiritual enunciations.'" He was the great man he was because of his powerful personality, because of the almost religious worship of himself that he was able to instil in the masses.

TEXT-BOOKS

AMERICAN ECONOMIC HISTORY.
By Walter W. Jennings.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3 8 x 5½; 546 pp. *New York*

This economic history of the United States, designed primarily for college freshmen, is a bulky book, but the facts in it are not as copious as they should be. For example, less than a page is given over to the growth and influence of the automobile, and nothing whatever is said of the single-tax movement, a matter which surely deserved some mention. Again, only one half page is devoted to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, one of the most powerful independent unions in the country, and one which has influenced the industry enormously. Thirdly, such men as Ford, Gary and Gompers are either only mentioned or ignored completely. Moreover, there are only four maps, and but two of them are of any value.

THE ECONOMIC WORLD.
By Arthur R. Burns & Eveline M. Burns.
The Oxford University Press
$2 7¼ x 4¾; 304 pp. *New York*

As a text-book on economics, intended for beginners, this leaves much to be desired. It is written in a rather verbose style, and shows glaring omissions. There is nothing in it, for example, about Socialism, the union movement, or the tremendous influence of the railroads. The section on tariffs is inadequate, and that on the theory of value is pretty muddy. Too little statistical data is given, and a great deal of what is there is of little help to the student.

BIOGRAPHY

COLUMBUS.
By Marius André. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 8½ x 5¼; 286 pp. *New York*

In this reckless and astonishing biography, M. André presents Columbus as a liar and braggart, a mountebank at heart and an incompetent sailor. He examines very waspishly the familiar Columbus legends—the story, for example, that he kept two sets of observations, one correct and secret, the other inaccurate to deceive his crew—and demolishes them with devastating irony. An iconoclastic and brilliant study, containing some excellent portraiture, particularly in its analysis of the character of Queen Isabella. It appears in excellent translation and has a bibliography, but unfortunately lacks an index.

YARNS OF A KENTUCKY ADMIRAL.
By Hugh Rodman. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$5 9 x 6; 320 pp. *New York*

Admiral Rodman has had a distinguished career in the United States Navy, and in this series of biographical sketches gives the high lights of it. A graduate of the Naval Academy, he rose through the ranks until he reached the highest rank possible, that of admiral, on July 1, 1919. During the World War he commanded the American Battle Squadron with the Grand Fleet, and after it was commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet. As one authority has said, he has never shown any professional brilliance, though he did win a reputation as a rigid disciplinarian. But it cannot be denied that he is a superb story-teller and, what is more important, a patriot of the first water.

Continued on page xiv

JAVA-JAVA

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Continued from page xii

Single-handed, he had 20,000 Navy officers and men join the American Legion, "which I believe was the greatest number who ever joined practically *en masse*, in so short a time." He did some good work in breaking up the I.W.W., but he thinks "it would be indiscreet to go into detail" on that matter. As to who caused the World War, of course it was the Germans, those "barbaric, cold-blooded, murderous . . . cutthroats and robbers." The worst of them was the Kaiser, and Admiral Rodman has "always regretted that Bill H. wasn't captured and hanged, for surely he is the world's premier cold-blooded murderer." Anyway, Germany was beaten, and the world is a much better place to live in now. And the best place on earth is the United States. "No country on earth has a better form of government, is more prosperous, offers better opportunities and promises greater rewards for earnest endeavor than does our own."

JAY GOULD. *The Story of a Fortune.*
By Robert Irving Warshow. *Greenberg*
$3.50 9⅜ x 6; 200 pp. *New York*

An adequate life of Gould still remains to be written. Mr. Warshow's book, at best, is only the work of a reporter. The greater part of it is devoted to Gould's amazing manipulations, and contains very little that is not already known to every person at all acquainted with the history of the United States in the last three quarters of a century. Less than twenty pages—and those pretty windy—are given over to the man himself, that silent, ruthless gambler who stopped at nothing in his search for gold, and who led an exemplary private life and had a passion for flowers and books and yet was extremely fond of Jim Fisk. There is no index or bibliography.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. *The Rebel and The Patriot. 1762–1777.*
By Rupert Hughes. *William Morrow & Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 694 pp. *New York*

This is the second volume of Mr. Hughes' biography of Washington, and continues the story from his thirtieth year to the turning-point of the Revolution. However debatable his viewpoint and interpretation of sources, Mr. Hughes has drawn a human and vivid portrait. The book has many illustrations, appendices and notes, a bibliography and an index.

SISTER. *The War Diary of a Nurse.*
By Helen Dore Boylston. *Ives Washburn*
$2 7½ x 5; 202 pp. *New York*

Miss Boylston kept this diary from February 8, 1918, to December 22, 1919, the greater part of which time she spent at a front-line dressing station during heavy fighting. Much that she has jotted down is trivial and boring, but there is an occasional descriptive passage that is vivid and moving. Her attempt to infuse humor and light into every situation has ruined what otherwise might have proved interesting material.

HISTORY

THE INNS OF GREECE AND ROME. *And a History of Hospitality from the Dawn of Time to the Middle Ages.*
By W. C. Firebaugh. *Pascal Covici*
$5 9⅜ x 6⅜; 271 pp. *Chicago*

Mr. Firebaugh here traces the origin and growth of the inn from its first appearance among the Egyptians and Lydians through the Asiatic cultures of the Assyrians, Babylonians and Persians, and then among the Greeks and Romans. There are chapters on the cabaret dancer, on cooks and scullions, on tokens of hospitality, on amusements and festivals, and on the night life of Athens and Rome. A colorful book, though somewhat sketchily written. It is handsomely printed, with many charming illustrations by Norman Lindsay and an index, but it lacks a bibliography and a table of contents.

THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES SINCE 1896.
By Chang-Wei Chiu. *The Columbia University Press*
$5.25 8¾ x 6; 347 pp. *New York*

A dissertation on the functions and power of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, as affected by the changes in the control of the process of legislation since the reforms that began in 1910. "Prior to 1910 the eyes of the nation turned to the Speaker," says Dr. Chiu, "who, justly or unjustly, was held responsible for the legislation of the House. Since 1910 that responsibility has been divided. Between the Speaker and the majority floor leader there exists a dual leadership. . . . With the curtailment of the power of the Speaker, one may well ask, has the House become its own master?" There are numerous notes and a lengthy bibliography, but an index is missing.

RUM, ROMANCE AND REBELLION.
By Charles William Taussig. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 289 pp. *New York*

A detailed history of rum in the American colonies, including chapters on "Colonial Rum Traders and Rum Runners," "Rum in the Tavern and the Home," and "Rum and Colonial Immorality." An instructive and well-written book. It contains a bibliography, an index, an appendix of letters to a Rhode Island

Continued on page xvi

What is the real truth about Oscar Wilde?

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Then came that tragic episode in his life that was to hurl him into the abyss.

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But out of his wretchedness came "De Profundis"—that unforgettable, agonizing cry of a tortured soul. Out of the wreck and ruin of his life came "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," which critics generally concede is the most pathetic and beautiful poem in the English language. And these are but two of the priceless literary gems that made Oscar Wilde immortal.

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Continued from page xiv

merchant of the Eighteenth Century, and the tradebook of the Sloop *Adventure*, and many charming illustrations in silhouette by Philip Kappel.

PRESIDENTIAL YEARS. 1787–1860.
By Meade Minnigerode. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$3.50 9¼ x 6¼; 396 pp. *New York*

Mr. Minnigerode presents the typical campaign literature in all the presidential years from the founding of the Republic to 1860, the year of Lincoln's first election. In the light of posterity's opinion of the various victors it makes very interesting reading, and so do the reprints of contemporary campaign songs and cartoons. The book would have been the more useful for an index and a more workmanlike bibliography.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.
Edited by W. Astrov, A. Slepkov and J. Thomas.
The International Publishers
$2.75 11¾ x 7⅝; 195 pp. *New York*

This is the first volume of a projected two-volume illustrated history of revolutionary activities in Russia from the beginning of this century to the present time. It carries the narrative down to the crucial Summer months of 1917, when the Soviets were beginning to edge into power. It is written from the orthodox Bolshevik point of view, and is made up in large part of extracts from the writings of Lenin, Bukharin, Stalin and Rykov. There are a great many excellent reproductions of very interesting photographs, some of them apparently new to this country. The whole work originally appeared in German, and the translation was made by Freda Utley. There is no index in the present volume.

NAPOLEON'S LEGION.
By W. Francklyn Paris. *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*
$7.50 9⅜ x 6; 240 pp. *New York*

Mr. Paris is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and in this sumptuous book presents a comprehensive history of that order, from its beginnings in the days of Napoleon down to the present. He says that its badge is "the most desirable outward symbol of merit which the world has ever known." It has been the custom of the Legion to confer membership, not only upon distinguished Frenchmen, but also upon foreigners who achieved true greatness in any of the arts or sciences. The number of Americans so honored has, of course, been very large. As a matter of fact, "the aggregate now is in excess of 1900." On August 1, 1924, after years of labor on the part of the author, those of the fortunate ones living were organized into the American Society of the French Legion of Honor. Membership in it signifies much more than membership in the Elks or the Shriners. As Dr. Paris says, "The Americans upon whom France has conferred its national order constitute a certain intellectual élite." At the end of the book the complete American roster from 1871 on is given. Among those included are Dr. Henry van Dyke, the Hon. Rodman Wanamaker, Dr. Charles M. Schwab, the Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, the Hon. Marcus Loew, Dr. Robert Underwood Johnson, Dr. Irvin S. Cobb, Miss Mary Garden, the Hon. David Belasco, President John Grier Hibben of Princeton, Dr. Augustus Thomas, the Hon. Grover A. Whalen, the Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, the Hon. Florenz Ziegfeld, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Dr. Frank Andrew Munsey, Senator David A. Reed, Dr. Otto Hermann Kahn, and the Hon. Joseph C. Pelletier, former district attorney of Suffolk county, Mass.

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.
By Edmund A. Walsh. *Little, Brown & Company*
$3.50 9 x 6; 357 pp. *Boston*

This rapid history of the Russian Empire from the very beginning to the rise of the Bolsheviki is a model of condensation. Very likely it is the best book of its kind in print. Naturally, the greater part of it is devoted to the reigns of the last four Romanovs, Nicholas I, Alexander II, Alexander III and Nicholas II. Dr. Walsh, who is vice president of Georgetown University and who spent some time in post-war Russia in various relief undertakings, points out that the collapse of the monarchy was as inevitable as anything in history ever was, and that about the same was true of the defeat of Kerensky by Lenin. He is no lover of the Bolsheviki, but he does not let his dislike for them creep into his recital of the facts concerning them. There are many illustrations and a good bibliography.

TRANSLATIONS

POLITICIANS AND MORALISTS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
By Émile Faguet. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4.50 9 x 6; 317 pp. *Boston*

Thirty years ago the author of "The Cult of Incompetence" wrote a three-volume work dealing with the social and political philosophers of France in the Nineteenth Century, which has since become a classic in that country. Strangely enough, it has been inaccessible to English readers for all this time, and the present volume, the last in the series, is the first to

Continued on page xviii

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Continued from page xvi

appear in translation. The men considered in it are Stendhal, de Tocqueville, Proudhon, Sainte-Beuve, Taine and Renan. The essays are masterpieces of analysis and insight. It is to be hoped that the other two volumes will appear in English before long. The translation is by Dorothy Galton.

ITALIAN TRAVEL SKETCHES.
By Heinrich Heine. *Brentano's*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 250 pp. *New York*

In addition to the travel sketches, there are included here Heine's confidential letters to M. August Lewald dealing with leading playwrights and actors of the French stage in the early part of the Nineteenth Century. As an appendix there is his brief study of George Sand. There are reproductions of water color sketches by H. D. Cobbett. The translations are by Elizabeth Sharp.

REFERENCE BOOKS

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN USAGE.
By Maurice H. Weseen. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$4.50 9 x 6; 703 pp. *New York*

This book covers a very wide ground. The author not only defines all the dreadful terms invented by warring grammarians, including such monsters as *assertory proposition, syncategorematic, regressive assimilation* and *epexegetical genitive;* he also explains all of the common rhetorical devices, describes the common metrical forms, distinguishes between words of allied form or meaning, and explains the meaning of many words and phrases. His general position is that of Whitney: "Grammar does not at all make rules and laws for language; it only reports the facts of good language." The book is well printed, and contains an immense mass of interesting matter. At the end there is a bibliography.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK. 1928.
Edited by J. A. Hunter. *South American Publications*
$1 7¼ x 4½; 362 pp. *London*

The fifth annual edition of this compact reference book on the countries, resources and products of Latin-America, inclusive of South and Central America, Mexico and Cuba. There is a colored map of these countries and an index.

LITERATURE

THE HYPOCHONDRIACK.
By James Boswell. *The Stanford University Press*
9½ x 6½; 2 vols.; 356+340 pp.
$15 *Stanford University, Calif.*

Boswell was one of the laziest, silliest and sloppiest

Continued on page xx

BEWARE MY DOG!

Warning from the Wife of a Friend of Mankind

In the "American Mercury" for May I read the life-story of Jim Tully, and what a hard time he had, when, as a young and struggling author, he brought a manuscript of his first novel to Upton Sinclair, asking help from "the renowned Socialist." "Mr. Sinclair said politely that he would look at it. Then Tully waited, in a fever of anxiety, for days, weeks, months. At last, in desperation, he sent for the manuscript, and it was returned to him—unread. Mr. Sinclair's yard was filled with fierce watch-dogs," and Mr. Tully's messenger "counted himself lucky to escape."

Upon reading that, I went digging into boxes of old letters, with the result that I produced ten letters from Jim Tully to Upton Sinclair, nine of them written several months before the publication of Mr. Tully's first novel. Several are published in the "Haldeman-Julius Monthly for August. Here are phrases (1) "Thanking you for your kindness in the past, and assuring you that I'll not soon forget the man who saw the first page of my attempt, and who told me to avoid all exclamations and make short sentences." (2) "You are the one man to keep me true in it." (3) *"Thanks."* (4) "Many thanks for that fine letter to Julius. You see beyond Jim Tully to the ideal you have followed all your life. Thanks again." (5) "I want to thank you sincerely for that big letter you wrote to Mr. Harcourt." (Alfred Harcourt, the publisher). "I wish you the best of the season, and I thank you again." (6) "If you are willing to write a review, I will see that Harcourt gets in touch with you. This will mean a great deal to me as I am very anxious to get the book in the hands of all the intellectuals and radicals possible." (7) A 553-word review of Jim Tully's first novel, written by Upton Sinclair and published in the "Appeal to Reason," April 15th, 1922; the concluding sentence being: "So here is good luck to him—and if you have a couple of dollars to buy a novel, buy this one!" (8) Carbon copy of a letter from Upton Sinclair to Jim Tully, dated November 28, 1921, stating, "I owned a dog about fifteen years ago, but I never owned a dog in Pasadena, and if your little boy was scared by a dog when he came to see me, it wasn't my dog, and this is the first I have heard about it." (9) A photograph of Mr. Tully, inscribed: "To General Upton Sinclair. 'Yours for the revolution.' Private Jim Tully. Dec. 1, '21." (10) A letter from Mr. Tully, the successful novelist, writing from the Algonquin Hotel, April 4, 1926: "Horace Liveright told me yesterday how wild you were about young Hennessy." (a tramp writer.) "It brought back memories of how lousy you treated me. . . . You at least cured me of the Brotherhood of Man stuff."

Through the years of married life, I have had one serious trouble: the fact that my husband persists in solving the problems of everybody in the world but himself; that he persists in reading manuscripts and trying to find publishers for endless persons who do not know how to write, or who, knowing how, have nothing to say. I hereby serve notice: from this time on I am going to keep a dog. *Beware my dog!*

UPTON'S BROTHERHOOD OF MAN STUFF

"Boston" will be finished in July. It is to be published August 22nd, Boston's great anniversary. It is running serially in the "New Leader" (London), "Ogonyok" (Moscow), and in Prague. Was running in Warsaw, but the government suppressed the magazine. What about Boston?

"Singing Jailbirds," which I have called "Upton's only work of art," will be produced by the New Playwrights, New York, in October. First produced in Vienna, then in Prague, then by Piscator in Berlin; Universal News Service reports "a phenomenal success." Also produced by the Phalange Artistique in Paris; "l'Humanité" reports "le succès a été grand." To be produced in Tokio, unless the cast is in jail.

"Oil!" continues the best selling novel in Germany: 55,000 in first six weeks. First part issued in Paris; Romain Rolland writes: "I am seized by the irresistible vitality." The novelist, Henri Poulaille, writes in "Le Peuple"; "There has not been since the war a single novel which can be put beside 'Oil!': not a single one, not Russian, not German, not French, not English, not Scandinavian. . . . One of the masterpieces of human literature." Amsterdam is reading "Oil!" in the "Notenkraker," Copenhagen in "Politiken." Polish, Hungarian and Japanese editions under way.

Public libraries of Sweden report the books of Upton Sinclair most in demand of any author, native or foreign. Spanish edition of "Samuel the Seeker" out. "Money Writes!" out in Moscow; German translation completed. "Jimmie Higgins" a movie in Hollywood—beg pardon, in Kharkov. After nine years an English publisher dares to risk "The Brass Check." Also "Money Writes!"—but cutting out the paragraphs on Kipling. American editions of all these books exist, and may be ordered from me or my husband.

P.S. I think Mr. Mencken ought to pay for this advertisement, as I have to pay for the dog!

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

men who ever lived, and he knew it and was always chiding himself for these deficiencies of character. The labor necessary for his Life of Johnson, despite his love for the subject, must have been Purgatory to him. It is therefore mysterious what it was that impelled him to write the anonymous series of monthly articles, under the general title of "The Hypochondriack," for the *London Magazine* for six successive years, from 1777 to 1783. Whatever the motive, it is plain, as Dr. Margery Bailey, the editor of this edition, points out, that he put some of his best work into them. They deal with such subjects as fear, war, luxury, truth, love, marriage, pity and cookery, and are written in the smooth and pleasant manner so popular at the time. There is no novelty or even sharpness of thought in them, but they are extremely readable. There is a long and highly useful introduction by the editor, and also copious explanatory notes throughout the text.

A LECTURE OF LECTURES.
By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Harcourt, Brace & Company
$1 7½ x 5; 60 pp. *New York*

This introductory volume to the Hogarth Lectures on Literature Series is an eloquent defense of the lecture method in and out of the class-room. "I yet claim," concludes Sir Arthur, "that for smaller teachers Socrates' way or Plato's way is the best ever invented for opening the mind; for adapting the experience of us elders to questions by our juniors; for agreement that it takes both young and old to conspire for a decent world. Good books have improved it, but so have lecturers whose names are now but a repute—some eminent, but many inferior, who yet . . . had the gift to attract, to compel audiences in their day."

CRITICISM

THOMAS HARDY. *Poet and Novelist.*
By Samuel C. Chew. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 196 pp. *New York*

This new edition of a work first published in 1921 and soon out of print, comprises a survey of Hardy's early life, a consideration of his novels and poetry, and discussions of his technique and style, his men and women, and the folk-lore in his books. There is a new closing chapter, "A Tentative Metaphysic." A compact and excellent volume; it has a bibliography and an index.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AUTHORS.
By J. C. Squire and others. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 236 pp. *New York*

The writers here discussed are Joseph Hergesheimer,

Continued on page xxii

Two Books of the Minute

PROPHETS TRUE AND FALSE

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Author of *Some Newspapers and Newspaper-Men*

A book of timely portraits, as daring and lively as they are pertinent to this presidential year. It includes Smith, Curtis, Hughes, Lowden, Dawes, Hearst, Lansing, Hoover, Borah, Reed, Norris, Ford, House, and fourteen other famous (or notorious) characters. Mr. Villard's book is recommended to all who wish to meet some assorted American citizens without their masks.

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Continued from page xx

by J. B. Priestley; Theodore Dreiser, by Milton Waldman; Willa Cather, by Alexander Porterfield; Sinclair Lewis, by Milton Waldman; Vachel Lindsay, by Edward Davison; Robert Frost, by John Freeman; and Edward Arlington Robinson, by J. C. Squire. A readable and well-informed but not very penetrating collection of essays, with the exception of Mr. Priestley's admirable study of Mr. Hergesheimer. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby has contributed a brief introduction.

THE SCIENCES

GALATEA, *or, The Future of Darwinism.*
By W. Russell Brain. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6 x 4¼; 95 pp. *New York*

"Charles Darwin, like Lamarck, believed that the inheritance of acquired characteristics played an important part in evolution," says Mr. Brain. "His followers have rejected this view. Is it rash to believe that the insight of the master led him nearer the truth than their agnosticism has brought his disciples, and that the future of Darwinism is—Darwinism?" The book belongs to the To-day and To-morrow Series.

GROWING INTO LIFE. *The Magna Charta of Youth.*
By David Seabury. *Boni & Liveright*
$5 8½ x 5¼; 715 pp. *New York*

This weighty volume is divided into four parts: "The Moral Transition," "Human Motives," "Neuroses in the Making," and "Preventive Psychology." It contains, in addition to a bibliography, a glossary, an appendix of elaborate charts, numerous case records, resounding definitions, and all the other gaudy impedimenta of the psychologist. To the problems of youth, it contributes next to nothing.

WHAT AM I?
By Edward G. Spaulding. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 7½ x 5; 273 pp. *New York*

Dr. Spaulding is professor of philosophy at Princeton; his book consists of six essays, four of which were originally published in *Scribner's Magazine*. He argues for the freedom of the individual, and believes that science is inadequate to account for the mysteries of personality. "It is only at a higher, a non-scientific level," he says, "that personality exists, and at this level personality comes in contact with personality, with beauty, with the good, and with the immaterial, the ideal, and the spiritual." He discusses at some length the question of religious belief, and argues that the theologians have done damage by trying to formulate it too rigidly. "It is irrational to suppose," he says, "that any two individuals can ever have

Continued on page xxiv

Some Best Things of January-June, 1928

A SELECTIVE CHECK LIST IN NON-FICTION

MAXIMILIAN AND CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO
By EGON CAESAR COUNT CORTI
Translated from the German by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS
One of the most romantic and thrilling stories in history, the true facts of which have only recently come to light.
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Translated from the Italian by ERIC SUTTON
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THE MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHEVISM
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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

quite the same belief and faith. A personality is a unique entity, and so also must the belief that arises in a personality be unique." The book wants an index.

FICTION

QUICKSAND.
By Nella Larsen. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 302 pp. *New York*

Helga Crane, daughter of a Negro and a Danish woman, is deserted by her mother when she marries a white man. A maternal uncle, however, sends Helga to college and she eventually teaches in the South. She becomes restless and dissatisfied and comes to Harlem. Here, too, she fails to find contentment and goes on to Copenhagen to visit a maternal aunt. She is kindly received and made much of, but returns to New York after rejecting a white suitor. Back again, she marries the Rev. Mr. Pleasant Green and settles in the South to a dull existence. The story has occasional flashes of much charm, but it is not free from platitudes about race prejudice and the author fails, especially at the end, to make Helga a quite convincing character.

THE VIRGIN QUEENE.
By Harford Powel, Jr. *Little, Brown & Company*
$2 7¾ x 5¼; 255 pp. *Boston*

Barnham Dunn, a successful advertising man, takes a sabbatical leave from his partner and family and goes to England. There he sets himself to writing an Elizabethan drama in the manner of Shakespeare. In jest, the play is buried by Dunn's *major domo* under the tennis court and the scholars who unearth it believe it to be a hitherto unpublished work of the Bard. The ever-believing world accepts it and, despite Dunn's efforts to explain the hoax, it is produced in New York. A highly amusing light novel.

THE GILDED CARAVAN.
By Alice Woods. *Minton, Balch & Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5½; 309 pp. *New York*

Janet and Henry Fabris go to Europe on their honeymoon and stay there. They are fabulously rich, and plunge into the gayety of the Riviera. A daughter, Rosette, is born to them. When she grows up she revolts against the lazy, though not wholly unintellectual, life they lead and decides to return to her grandparents in America. But her mother dies of a cancer, and so her father returns with her. Mrs. Woods draws a spirited picture of the gaudy doings of the Americans who devote themselves to endless play.

SOUTHERN CHARM.
By Isa Glenn. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 301 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Habersham is living with her daughter, Alice

Continued on page xxvi

SAVE ARKANSAS!

SHALL EVOLUTION BE OUTLAWED?

Another American state is menaced. The first anti-Evolution referendum ever held occurs in Arkansas, November 6th. Orthodox Christians, organizing rural ignorance, seek to emasculate education by denying children the truth of Modern Science. There is no opposition, except a group of compromising, camouflaging, scared-to-death pussy-footers, who dare not attack Christianity or the Bible, behind which the Enemy takes refuge.

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Continued from page xxiv

May, and her Northern husband, Roger, in New York. They have just met, quite by accident, another daughter, Laura, who has been "dead all these years" because she erred in her youth. Mother and daughter are in a funk because they do not want Roger and some visiting relatives to know that Laura is alive, but though they are frail, Southern ladies, they outride the storm. Miss Glenn has done a good job with Mrs. Habersham, and with Alice May, too, though many readers will probably loath her particular brand of Southern charm.

HIS MISTRESS AND I.

By Marcel Prevost. *The George H. Doran Company*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 304 pp. *New York*

Sophie Raynal, a woman doctor, meets Robert Moret in Switzerland and because she feels he loves and needs her becomes his mistress. They go to Paris to live and there encounter Antoine Hermanault, the boyhood friend of Robert, and the three spend much time together. Sophie falls in love with Antoine, tells him so, and also informs him that her lover is dying of cancer. After Moret's death they marry and are ecstatically happy until Antoine begins to suspect that Sophie, who alone treated Robert, neglected him in order to hasten his death and be free to marry Antoine. When she find that Antoine so suspects her she leaves him, saying "I love you because I am leaving you."

THE PEAT-CUTTERS.

By Alphonse de Chateaubriant. *The Dial Press*
$2.50 7¾ x 5¼; 308 pp. *New York*

A fine study of a hardy, immovable ranger of the peat district of Brière, who rules his household with an iron hand and tries to guard his neighbors' rights in their menaced industry. This story was awarded the Grand Prix du Roman de l'Académie Français. It is translated by F. Mabel Robinson.

NEIGHBORS.

By Claude Houghton. *Henry Holt & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 310 pp. *New York*

The fantastic story of a disintegrated personality, a submerged, ego-centric poet and novelist, who overhears conversations next door that so intrude upon his own thoughts that he feels like a shadow—"either a shadow cast by the living or a shadow cast by the dead." In the end he breaks down the door and discovers that he himself is Victor, the leader of the group, the man he has come to hate as "the strange personality who has dominated him for years." A labored and unsatisfactory tale.

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NEW ENGLAND DOES NOT CHOOSE *By Dane Yorke*

A brilliant and comprehensive study of the literary barrenness of the land of Coolidge and Judge Webster Thayer.

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What goes on in the heart of the consort of an elderly and somewhat weather-beaten instrument of God in those lonely moments when dreadful doubts assail her.

MID-WESTERN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT *By Marquis W. Childs*

A first-hand report of the surrender of the cow States to the spreading antinomianism and worldly culture of the East.

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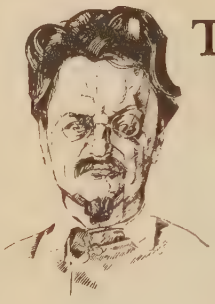

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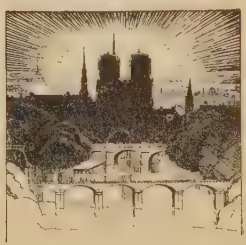

VOLUME XIV NUMBER 56

The American MERCURY

August 1928

MANY HATS

BY CARL SANDBURG

When the scrapers of the deep winds were done, and the haulers of the tall waters had finished, this was the accomplishment.

The drums of the sun never get tired, and first off every morning, the drums of the sun perform an introduction of the dawn here.

The moon goes down here as a dark bellringer, doing once more what he has done over and over already in his young life.

Up on a long blue platform comes a line of starprints.

If the wind has a song, it is moaning: Good Lawd, I done done what you told me to do.

II

Whose three-ring-circus is this? Who stipulated in a contract for this to be drunken, death-defying, colossal, mammoth, cyclopean, mystic as the light that never was on land or sea, bland, composed, and imperturbable as

a cool phalanx of sphinxes? Why did one woman cry, The silence is terrible? Why did another smile, There is a sweet gravity here? Why do they come and go here and look as in a looking-glass?

The Grand Canyon of Arizona, said one, this is it, hacked out by the broadax of a big left-handed God and left forgotten, fixed over and embellished by a remembering right-handed God Who always comes back.

If you ask me, said an old railroader, I'll never tell you who took the excavation contract for this blowout—it took a lot of shovels and a lot of dynamite—several large kegs, I would guess—and maybe they had a case or two of TNT.

Yes, he went on, the Grand Canyon, the daddy of 'em all—the undisputed champeen—that range-rider sure was righto—the elements had a hell of a rassle here!

The Grand Canyon—a long ride from where Brigham Young stands in bronze gazing on the city he bade rise out of salt and alkali—a weary walk from Santa Fé and the Mountains of the Blood of Christ—a bitter hike from where the Sonora dove at Tucson mourns, No hope, no hope!—a sweet distance from where Balboa stripped for his first swim in the Pacific—a mean cross-country journey to where Roy Bean told the *muchacho*, By the white light of a moon on the walls of an *arroyo* last Tuesday you killed a woman and next Tuesday we're going to hang you—a traveler's route of many days and sleeps to reach the place of the declaration, God reigns and the government at Washington still lives.

Shovel into this cut of earth all past and present possessions, creations, belongings of man; shovel *furioso*, *appassionata*, *pizzicato;* shovel cities, wagons, ships, tools, jewels; the bottom isn't covered; the wild burros and the trail mules go hee-haw, hee-haw, hee-haw.

Turn it into a Hall of Fame, said a rambler; Let it be a series of memorials to the Four Horsemen, to Napoleon, Carl the Twelfth, Caesar, Alexander the Great, Hannibal and Hasdrubal, and all who have rode in blood up to the bridles of the horses, calling, Hurrah for the next who goes! Let each have his name on a truncated cyclops of rock. Let passers-by say, He was pretty good but he didn't last long.

Now I wonder, I wonder, said another, can they all find room here? Elijah fed by the ravens, Jonah in the belly of the whale, Daniel in the lions' den, Lot's wife transmogrified into salt, Elijah riding up into the sky in a chariot of fire—can they all find room? Are the broken pieces of the Tower of Babel and the Walls of Jericho here? Should I look for the ram's horn Joshua blew?

III

A phantom runner runs on the rim. "I saw a moon man throw hats in, hats of Kings, Emperors, Senators, Presidents, plumed hats of knights, red hats of cardinals, five-gallon hats of cowboys, tasselled hats of Bavarian yodelers, mandarin hats, derbies, fedoras, chapeaux, straws, lady picture-hats out of Gainsborough portraits—

"Hats many proud people handed over, dying and saying, Take this one too—hats *furioso*, *appassionata*, *pizzicato*—hats for remembrance, good-by, three strikes and out, fade me, there's no place to go but home—hats for man alone, God alone, the sky alone."

IV

Think of the little birds, said another, the wee birdies—before God took a hunk of mud and made Man they were here, the birds, the robins, juncos, nuthatches, bats, eagles, cedar birds, chickadees, bluejays. I saw a blackbird gleaming in satin, floating in the scrolls of his glamorous wings, stopping on an airpath and standing still with nothing under his feet, looking at the gray desert lev-

el interrupted by the Grand Canyon. The birds belong, don't they?

V

Comes along a *hombre* saying, Let it be dedicated to Time; this is what is left of the Big Procession when Time gets through with it; the sun loves its stubs; we will give a name to any torso broken and tumbled by Time; we will leave the vanished torsoes with no names.

Comes along a *hombre* accidentally remarking, Let it be dedicated to Law and Order—the law of the Strong fighting the Strong, the Cunning outwitting the Less Cunning—and the Weak Ones ordered to their places by the Strong and Cunning—aye—and ai-ee—Law and Order.

Comes along another *hombre* giving his slant at it; Now this sure was the Gyarden of Eden, smooth, rich, nice, watered, fixed, no work till tomorrow, Adam and Eve satisfied and sitting pretty till the day of the Snake Dance and the First Sin; and God was disgusted and wrecked the works; he ordered club-foot angels with broken wings to shoot the job; now look at it!

Comes another *hombre* all wised up: This was the Devil's Brickyard; here were the kilns to make the Kitchens of Hell; after bricks enough were made to last Hell a million years, the Devil said, Shut 'er down; they had a big payday night and left it busted from Hell to breakfast; the Hopis looked it over and decided to live eighty miles away where there was water; then came Powell, Hance, the Santa Fé, the boys shooting the rapids, and Fred Harvey with El Tovar.

VI

Now Hance had his points; they asked him how he come to find the Canyon and he told 'em: I was ridin' old Whitey and the Mojaves after me when we comes to this gap miles across; I told Whitey, It's you now for the longest jump you ever took; Whitey jumped and was half way across when I pulled on the bridle, turned him around, and we come back to the same place on the Canyon rim we started from.

Yes, Hance told 'em, if they asked, how he come to dig the Canyon. But where did you put all the dirt? Took it away in wheelbarrows and made San Francisco Peaks.

Hance, sleeping near a big rock, woke up and saw seven rattlesnakes circle seven times around the rock, each with the tail of the snake ahead in his mouth, and all of them swallowing, till after a while there wasn't a snake left. Hance's wife got her leg caught between two rocks. Couldn't get her loose, said Hance, so I had to shoot her to save her from starving to death; look down there between those two rocks and you can see her bones, said Hance.

This is where we find the original knuckle-snake; he breaks to pieces if you try to pick him up; and when you go away he knuckles himself together again; yes, and down here is the original echo canyon; we holler, Has Smith been here? and the echo promulgates back, Which Smith?

VII

Down at the darkest depths, miles down, the Colorado River grinds, toils, driving the channel deeper—is it free or convict?—tell me—will it end like a great writer crying, I die with my best books unwritten?

Smooth as glass run the streaming waters—then a break into rapids, into tumblers, into spray, into voices, roars, growls, into commanding monotones that hunt far corners and jumping-off places.

And how should a beautiful, ignorant stream of water know it heads for an early release—out across the Desert, running toward the Gulf, below sea level, to murmur its lullaby, and see the Imperial Valley rise out of burning sand with cotton blossoms, wheat, watermelons, roses, how should it know?

VIII

The *hombres* keep coming; here comes another; he says, says he, I met four people this morning, the poker face, the baby stare, the icy mitt, and the peace that passeth understanding—let this place

be dedicated to X, the unknown factor, to the Missing Link, to Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy, to the Sargossa Sea, to Humpty Dumpty, to Little Red Riding Hood crying for her mother, to those who never believe in Santa Klaus, to the man who turned himself inside out because he was so sleepy.

IX

Steps on steps lift on into the sky; the lengths count up into stairways; let me go up, for the Redeemer is up there; He died for me; so a Spanish Indian was speaking—and he asked, When the first French Jesuit looked from Yavapai Point four hundred years ago, did he murmur of a tall altar to go on a mile-long rock shelf down there on a *mesa*? Did he whisper of an unspeakably tall altar there for the raising of the ostensorium and the swinging of censors and the calling up of the presence of the Heart of the Living Christ? And he went on, Where the Son of God is made known surely is a place for the removal of shoes and the renewal of feet for the journey—surely this is so.

Came a lean, hungry-looking *hombre* with Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas on his wind-bitten face, and he was saying, Sure my boy, sure my girl, and you're free to have any sweet bluebird fancies you please, any wild broncho thoughts you choose to have, when you stand before this grand scrap pile of hats, hammers, haciendas, and hidalgos.

He went on, Yes, let this be dedicated to Time and Ice; a memorial of the Human Family which came, was, and went; let it stand as a witness of the short miserable pilgrimage of mankind, of flame faiths, of blood and fire, and of Ice which was here first and will be here again—Faces once frozen you shall all be frozen again—the little clocks of Men shall all be frozen and nobody will be too late or too early ever again.

On the rim a quizzical grey-glinting *hombre* was telling himself how it looked to him—the sun and the air are endless with silver tricks—the light of the sun has crimson stratagems—the changes go on in stop-watch

split seconds—the blues slide down a box of
yellow and mix with reds that melt into grey
and come back saffron clay and granite pink
—a weaving gamble of color twists
on and it is anybody's guess what is next.

A long sand-brown shawl shortens to a glimmering
turquoise scarf—as the parapets and chimneys
wash over and out in the baths of the sunset
and the floats of the gloaming, one man says,
There goes God with an army of banners, and
another man, Who is God and why? Who am I
and why?

He told himself, This may be
something else than what I
see when I look—how do I
know? For each man sees him-
self in the Grand Canyon—
each one makes his own Canyon
before he comes, each one brings
and carries away his own Canyon—
who knows? and how do I know?

X

If the wind has a song, it
is moaning: Good Lawd, I
done done what you told me
to do.

When the scrapers of the
deep winds were done, and
the haulers of the tall
waters had finished, this
was the accomplishment.

The moon goes down here
as a dark bellringer do-
ing once more what he has
done over and over already
in his young life.
Up on a long blue platform
comes a line of starprints.

The drums of the sun never
get tired, and first off
every morning, the drums of
the sun perform an intro-
duction of the dawn here.

SERVING THE GENTRY

BY JOHN ARMSTRONG

It is well known that waiters rely on tips to supplement their meagre salaries. In the case of banquet waiters in New York, especially since Prohibition came in, and boozing became heavy, these tips are invariably handsome. With a table seating ten people a waiter can expect to collect at least eight dollars on a "good" party; occasionally it is more, especially if the people he serves succumb completely to their liquor. The custom of the town is for each guest to drop a dollar in the tip plate, which is set conspicuously in the center of the table after dinner. This kitty is the waiter's own, and he splits with no one. The bus boys get a split in the hotel restaurants downstairs, but not in the banquet rooms.

Moreover, after serving a dinner at seven o'clock, a waiter may be called upon to officiate at an eleven o'clock supper, nearly always of souses, and thus collect eight or ten dollars more. If he is in good standing with his head-waiter and is booked for both dinner and supper, he may leave the hotel at four or five o'clock in the morning with perhaps twenty-five dollars in tips, and a couple of half quarts of drinkable Scotch, and, incidentally, be somewhat cock-eyed himself into the bargain.

Thus the myth that waiters are suffering menials, to be pitied and coddled by sentimental social reform, is pure hooey. A good waiter, who respects his head-waiter and belongs to the Geneva Association—the international waiters' welfare organization—accepts his social status without a murmur of dissent; he is a fatalist, a philosopher and a cynic. More, he doesn't want the public to stop insulting him by tipping him. Tipping is too lucrative, especially on modern parties in the big hotels, where everyone automatically gets stewed as a protest against the Eighteenth Amendment.

The life of a New York banquet waiter, indeed, is a kind of indefinitely prolonged souse party during the Winter season. It is a party accompanied by plenty of the best food obtainable, excellent cigars and cigarettes—which the waiter pilfers from under the guests' noses with a skill acquired through many years of practice—, entertainment of a high order, and plenty of tips. The waiter enjoys himself as much as the guests do, though he may deny it, and even profess scorn for the people he serves. Nevertheless, he eats the same food the guests eat, he picks up an awful lot of the guests' liquor, and, during a good season he can make enough in tips to keep him throughout the Summer at some quiet mountain resort, with or without a job.

Dozens of waiters in the big Broadway hotels own parcels of Long Island real estate and have money in the bank. And if they don't acquire locomotor ataxia or delirium tremens before their tours of service are over, they retire to Germany—usually—and live for the rest of their lives like the gentlemen they profess to despise. Of course, there are others of the tribe without a penny; but this does not necessarily mean that they haven't made money. It merely means that they have squandered what they made on the horses or the gals. For Broadway waiters live full and gaudy lives.

The moment a large booze party—say a

dinner and dance under the auspices of the Friendly Brothers of Erin, or the National Association of Shaving-Cream Manufacturers—enters a hotel ballroom, the head-waiter is on the lookout for the committeemen who will dispense the official tip when the racket ends. This official tip is to be distinguished from the table tips, which go to the waiters. All mere waiters must keep away from the party committeemen. If the head-waiter sees any of them loitering in their vicinity at any time during the course of the party, he knows what they're after, and so places them on a certain kind of list. In consequence, the waiters studiously avoid the committeemen, for to be placed on the head-waiter's list is tantamount to suffering a sharp reduction in professional opportunities and takings. Every waiter knows that he must never cut in on the tips of the head-waiter.

The ballroom ushers, however, whose only duties are to guide the guests into the banquet rooms and later show them the location of the wash-rooms, do not believe that they are bound by this convention. Consequently, when an usher has an opportunity to isolate a committeeman and intimate that he'd just as soon have his tip on the spot, he does not hesitate to do so. But for a waiter to follow a committeeman is an abominable transgression of the laws of waiterdom, punishable by the utmost severity—a severity that invariably takes the form of being kept from serving at the heavy wet dinners and suppers, where the real money is. A waiter must never under any circumstances look tip hungry. The fact that he is positively voracious must be cleverly concealed, at least in the presence of the head-waiter.

A racket of the kind I have mentioned is inevitably extremely wet and boisterous; and this means plenty of extra work, and money, too, for the ushers and waiters. The booze comes into the ballroom in suitcases, hand-bags, packages, and hip pockets, and during the course of the party, bootleggers often deliver it boldly at the ballroom door. It likewise comes into the hotel in large quantities in the guise of ginger ale.

The head-waiter, conveniently forgetful of the Eighteenth Amendment, personally sees that it is delivered to the committeemen. Sometimes, in great tubs of cracked ice, it enters the hotel through the service entrance, like an ordinary parcel. Whoever handles it remains completely ignorant of the fact that it is booze, but the head-waiter sees that it arrives at its destination. This is, however, a somewhat dangerous proceeding, and the rules of all high-toned hotels forbid it. But the head-waiter knows that if the booze isn't delivered to the committeemen, his tip will be outrageously inadequate, or missing entirely. He will not, under any circumstances, permit that. So by one route or another the booze arrives at the dinner tables, and what is not stolen by the waiters and ushers is guzzled by the guests.

In most of the big White Light hotels there are what are called booze-waiters, who do absolutely nothing but distribute the liquor to the diners at the tables. These men are distinct from the waiters who serve food. If, as is usual, they are attached to the staff of the hotel, they are formally discharged before dinner and turned over to the committeemen. Sometimes the party brings them in from the outside. In any case, their activities as dispensers of booze are under the jurisdiction of the committeemen, and the hotel is thus theoretically absolved from responsibility.

During the course of a racket, these booze-waiters are naturally much sought after. They are usually roaring drunk before it is over, for the supply of liquor is almost entirely in their hands, and they make the most of their chances. Many of them act as if the liquor actually belonged to them; the intense proprietorship they assume over a bottle of booze is really quite touching.

A booze room is partitioned off from the ballroom proper, and there the liquor is stored. The head-waiter, the party committeemen and the head booze-waiter are

constantly buzzing around this room, counting the bottles and keeping the booze-waiters as sober as possible. Each waiter has one or two tables, which he is supposed to keep supplied with booze. Whenever the head booze-waiter gives him a bottle of whiskey, champagne, brandy, or whatever it is, he visits his tables and refills the glasses.

Every booze-waiter is watched almost bitterly. The head-waiter is constantly nagging him to serve the booze and not drink it; the ushers are after him for drinks; the other waiters, who serve the dinner, demand a couple of shots; a captain of waiters in charge of a certain section of tables has his glass ready; a policeman will come in from Broadway in search of something to heat his belly; and perhaps even a guest at the table he serves will offer to buy the bottle in his hands outright, and as many more bottles as he can get hold of. Thus the booze-waiter has a hell of a time doing his duty. It is no wonder that he usually gets squiffed as soon as the party begins, and remains in that state until it is over.

When the booze has begun to circulate freely, the diners,—perhaps there are nine hundred of them—begin to rush for the wash-rooms. Cries of "Where is it?" and "Which way?" assault the ushers' ears.

II

The fundamental motive that actuates a good head-waiter is a feverish urge to get the tips, at no matter what cost. The chief banquet waiter, who very seldom presides at a party in person, sets him in a particular ballroom, and he is all suavity when he first greets the committeemen. If he does not know the party, he consults his enormous fund of banquet experience, and is guided accordingly. If he does know the party—if it has frequented the hotel before—his duties are automatic, and his tip is sure. Year after year, certain parties frequent the same hotel, and the head-waiter is thoroughly familiar with their needs. Some parties require a certain laxity, which is not permitted in other hotels. A few very fashionable and smart parties come to certain hotels because the legal relations between men and women guests are not too intensively scanned by the hotel personnel.

A cheap party naturally gets short shrift: it is fed as speedily as possible, the waiters, taking the cue from their chief, aren't any too careful in the service, and the guests are hustled from the ballroom on the dot. The committeemen speedily find themselves tangled up in some detail of the service that leaves them floundering for hours. The head-waiter will deliberately keep in the background, allowing the defiant committeemen, who, by their actions, make known the small size of their probable tip, to proceed on their own initiative.

Perhaps booze is stolen from the guests at the tables. If so, the head-waiter, though he undoubtedly knows precisely who pilfered it and where it can be recovered, makes little or no effort in that direction. If souvenirs are to be given to the guests during the party, a great many of them mysteriously disappear, and the head-waiter hasn't the slightest idea where they went. A dozen and one other accidents may happen to a cheap party. It can even be ousted from the hotel, if it gets too boisterous and the head-waiter is not appeased. This has happened time and again.

Indeed, the suave and deadly pressure a seasoned head-waiter can exert on such a party is often painful to contemplate. He is a shrewd manipulator of human vanity; he has an informal knowledge of psychology that is amazing; and when his tips are touched, you dig into his heart, his very bowels, and he naturally retaliates. It is, therefore, wisest to tip him adequately if you want your party to run along smoothly, for it is completely impossible to combat a head-waiter on his own ground. He will outwit you in some fashion, for he knows his business too well. Years of experience are required before a waiter becomes a head-waiter. And among waiters, the ban-

quet head-waiter represents the ultimate pinnacle of achievement.

When no tipping at the tables is to be the rule at a party, a lump sum is given by the committeemen to the *maître d'hôtel*, who, in theory at least, divides it up between the chief head-waiter, the head-waiter who was actually in charge of the party, the captains under him, the waiters who serve, the ushers who guide the guests into the ballroom, and perhaps also the hat-stand attendants, the maids in the ladies' rooms, the housekeeper, and the head houseman.

When the individual waiter collects his tip at his table, he feels that he is getting only what is coming to him; he has the cold cash in hand, given him on the spot by the people he serves. He splits this tip with no one; none of the head-waiters or the captains have anything to do with the individual table tip. It is up to the waiter to get it. If he fails he is out of luck.

Sometimes, at a no-collection-at-the-tables party, the boozy guests will tip anyway, despite the fact that they have been warned not to do so by the committeemen; it is almost impossible to keep an American from tipping, however slight the provocation. The waiter thus collects his part of the lump sum tip from the head waiter and also approximately the same amount at his table. He naturally says nothing about this last. If he accidentally happens to be scrupulous and protests that the committee is taking care of the tips—which is indeed a rare circumstance—the guests invariably make him take the table tip anyway.

The waiter would much rather be tipped at the table. He doesn't know the amount of the lump sum given by the committee to the head-waiter or *maître d' hôtel*, and he possesses no means of finding out. It is entirely up to the chief head-waiter to decide how much of this lump sum the individual waiter is entitled to. After the *maître d'hôtel*, the head-waiter and the captains have deducted their shares, the waiter gets his. He is called into the chief head-waiter's office, given a white slip of paper with a certain sum indicated on it, and requested to sign a receipt. The white slip is later converted into cash at the cashier's office.

The waiter, as I have said, doesn't like this arrangement. A cynic by trade, he doubts the amounts indicated on the white slips. However, he never argues about the split; he is trained to take what he gets and say nothing. If he squawks, he is not booked for the heavy booze parties and thus loses money. If this penalty is not sufficient, he is booked as an usher, and the real waiter hates to be an usher. Or he is stationed in some isolated spot where there are no chances to grab tips.

The doubt, nevertheless, lingers. The waiter doesn't know what goes on after the committeemen have given the *maître d'hôtel* their lump sum tip, but he has a fairly good idea. He knows human nature too well to thoroughly trust anyone. His sole reliance in the matter is his private knowledge of the head-waiter's integrity as manifested in other activities of the profession. The ushers, too, distrust the lump sum arrangement. It is far easier to leave an usher out of the split than it is to leave out a waiter.

An usher employed in a famous New York hotel once had a chance to check up on a lump sum distribution of tips at a dinner dance. By sheer luck he discovered a list of attendants working on the party made out by the head-waiter to be given to the committeemen. The head-waiter happened to be slightly cock-eyed, or the usher never would have got his hands on the list. Beside the waiters, three ushers were indicated as being on duty throughout the party. One took tickets at the ballroom door, and the other two saw that the guests were correctly informed as to the locations of the wash-rooms. The head-waiter obviously collected tips for these ushers—perhaps two or three dollars a piece—but they never saw a penny of the money.

A certain head-waiter in the same hotel

made a practice of withholding all the tips delivered to him in lump sums. This fellow was a ruthless monster who despised the waiters under him. For months, they did not see a penny of the tips that were supposed to accrue to them from no-collection parties. The waiters, of course, knew what was happening, but none of them had the courage to voice their suspicions, for fear of being placed on the head-waiter's certain kind of list. This melancholy situation continued for possibly a year, and then the head-waiter suddenly evacuated the country, with many thousands of dollars in lump sum tips. It is said that he now lives in luxury in Austria. He will undoubtedly be slaughtered if ever he returns to America and collides with the waiters he swindled. It must be said, though, that most head-waiters dispensing such tips are known for their integrity.

III

There are dozens of other ways of seducing tips from the guests on parties in the big hotels. The ushers who stand in the reception corridors are cognizant of many of them. Naturally, the most prolific sources of tips are the souses, who are now numberless. For instance, a gentleman hopelessly squiffed may suddenly realize the utter necessity of getting some air. He knows little or nothing about the intricate passageways, the multitude of doors and blind alleys in the hotel; even if he did, his burden of liquor would not permit him to utilize his knowledge. So he wanders around in a hopeless daze, his dinner clothing in disarray and his eyes bulging. Finally, he manages to find a wash-room, but when he returns he can't find his party. With possibly a dozen rackets in progress throughout the hotel, it is a difficult matter to locate one of them. He may belong to a racket on the eleventh floor, and may have come down to the main floor in his search for a wash-room.

When a skilful usher nabs such a fellow, the souse usually parts with a couple of dollars for being guided. Provided, of course, he can walk at all. First, he is taken out and given the air, and then, by a devious and very mysterious route, he is guided to a drug-store within the hotel, and dosed with bicarbonate of soda and orange juice. If he doesn't really want to sober up and is making a nuisance of himself, the usher guides him to a lounge in one of the empty reception rooms that lead off from the main ballrooms; there he can sleep comfortably until his racket is over.

Or perhaps the usher keeps the souse in tow for the rest of the evening or morning, thus deterring him from tearing legs off ballroom chairs, throwing water bottles at the waiters, or invading the ladies' rooms by mistake. This last happens frequently. When the fellow finally comes to his senses, he rewards the usher with a bill of decent proportions. Occasionally, however, the proportions are indecent; it depends upon the usher's luck and the state of the souse's pocket-book.

The head-waiter is naturally on the alert for such transactions, and if he happens to see any money pass between the guest and the usher, he demands the utmost particulars. The head-waiter must know where the tips are going; and, if the party is "good," he doesn't want the guests mistreated or pursued for tips. If the party is no good, that is another matter. But when an usher begins to make too much money, there is something doubtful about his activities.

A paralyzed lady is another matter. There are always at least a dozen present, in New York, at a party of any magnitude. Generally, when a lady has a few cocktails in her, she is susceptible to an invitation to visit a "party room" in the hotel. If she is squeamish about entering a public elevator, there is an obscure door near the ballroom that can be used with comparative privacy; this door leads to the rooms in the hotel proper. Guiding guests to this door, which is known only to the initiated, invariably results in decent tips for the usher.

The squiffed lady, in the end, is usually turned over to a maid to be dosed with bicarbonate, or to have her dress cleaned, if that be necessary, as it often is. I have seen women of fifty and sixty years so completely intoxicated that they were unable to waddle a foot. Younger women sometimes get terrifically silly on cocktails—Alexanders preferably. And when they get that way, their inhibitions tend to decline. Thus it is common at hotel parties for young women and the men with them to be discovered necking in dark, empty reception rooms, or in isolated areas known only to the waiters and ushers. Under such circumstances, the head-waiter hops around feverishly, trying to confine the racket to its proper place. Sometimes he has to literally lock a party in its own function room.

If the maid who handles a squiffed lady realizes any money in attending her, she is supposed to split with the usher who brought her the job. He who gets the nasty end of the stick in dealing with party souses is the houseman who has to supply the sawdust and sweep it up later. Many pounds of sawdust are used on a large racket, and the ballroom has to be cleaned up many times during the night and morning. The houseman knows that tips are passed when the use of sawdust is necessary, and he is naturally annoyed when he gets absolutely nothing for performing the most realistic end of this highly unpleasant task. For that reason, a houseman detailed to a certain racket will sometimes hide himself, and the usher or waiter has a difficult time in rooting him out. A fierce animosity exists between these three classes of workers, and it has its roots in tipping.

At three or four o'clock in the morning, when most of the waiters have gone home, the ushers and a trusted captain remain. The head-waiter, of course, is also on duty to the bitter end, even if the party lasts until eight or nine o'clock in the morning. During these small hours, an usher may be required to replace the heel on a dancing slipper—one of those fragile, totally inadequate slippers that can be used only once. Of course, at such an hour there are no shoemakers' shops open, and the usher is confronted with the problem of having the job done somewhere down in the lower reaches of the hotel—and of escaping the necessity of splitting his tip with whoever does it.

Perhaps the usher tries to glue the heel on himself; he therefore searches for glue and finds none. The only glue that can be used on the slipper is to be obtained in the engine-room. So he sees the engineer and that gentleman curses him because he is a ballroom usher and therefore too insufferably high hat. After lecturing him on the ghastly oafishness of the people upstairs, the engineer maybe condescends to glue the heel on the slipper, with the provision that the usher instantly return and split the tip with him. The usher promises faithfully to do so, disappears, and is seen no more. The lady generously dispenses a quarter for his services, and he learns that while he was away from the ballroom he missed an opportunity to make several dollars by lifting souses into taxicabs.

The water tables in the ballrooms are an extremely profitable source of tips, provided the waiter or usher in attendance is fortunate enough to be serving a party which has brought along plenty of liquor. The water table is situated at the edge of the dancing floor, and it is set up immediately after the dinner is over and the dinner tables have been cleared from the ballroom. The head-waiter selects the water table attendants. An usher who happens to be in his good graces knows that he has an opportunity to make twenty or twenty-five dollars before the party is over, if it is ever over.

Officially, the hotel strictly forbids its employés to accept tips at the water tables; for when they do so it looks as if the guest is made to purchase the water he drinks between dances. The head-waiter, therefore, does not want to see the attendants accept tips at these tables, but he well knows that they do, and so he appoints men who will not run counter to his

wishes, and he knows exactly how much they will make on the party. He does not require a split of the proceeds, but he does demand discretion when the *maître d' hôtel* or the chief head-waiter makes the rounds of the tables to see that no money is being passed.

Three small plates are set at the corners and in the center of the water table, and on these plates there are several coins, a quarter, a dime and a nickel, which are placed there by the attendants as bait for the guests. This same stunt is used at the hat-stands. Occasionally, only a nickel is placed on the plates; this particularly when the party is composed of college boys or high-school students. The water table attendants rapidly and unconsciously appraise the psychology of a party and are guided accordingly.

The guests are thus literally compelled to buy their drinking water. Sometimes the tip plates are actually rattled under their noses. This is done if a guest comes up for water more than once and refuses to contribute to the kitty. If he is soused, he invariably tosses a quarter into the tip plate whenever he appears for a glass of water; and soused guests are perpetually thirsty, especially if they are dancing, or trying to.

It requires a decidedly hard-boiled guest to appear often for water without contributing to the kitty, especially if a woman accompanies him. He is spotted by the attendants and glared at. Every American has a fear of being made to look cheap before a waiter; and he will sacrifice anything, including his self-respect, to avoid such a humiliation. It is somehow titillating to his vanity to gain a nod of grateful recognition from a waiter at the expense of a quarter. The waiter dispenses the nod and cynically accepts his tip. Incidentally, addressing a guest as "sir" is in the same category; the appellation gives the guest a sense of his own dignity and causes him to tip generously.

The instant the head-waiter is seen approaching the water table, all money is quickly cleared from the tip plates. The head-waiter, knowing that it has been cleared, scans the table briskly, disappears, and the bait is once more placed before the guests. The head-waiter merely performs the ritual of his duty and is thereby absolved from responsibility. He knows what his waiters and ushers do when the party is wet and money circulates. Nothing on earth can keep them from getting their share. In fact, they are considered suckers if they don't get it. After the head-waiter has disappeared, the attendants continue to dispense water and accept tips.

At a large water table there are two or more men in attendance, and they split the proceeds of the kitty. All of them therefore watch the tip plates incessantly, for no man trusts another in the business. None of them will leave the table unless it is absolutely necessary to do so; for every one knows what will happen to the kitty the moment he is out of sight.

IV

Water taps are adjacent to the tables and the water bottles are refilled therefrom, each attendant taking his turn at the task. At the end of the racket, at perhaps five or six o'clock in the morning, the squabble over the kitty takes place. This is inevitable if a souse personally gives an attendant a five dollar bill, for instance. There is a bitter argument as to whether or not the bill is included in the kitty. Usually, the man who got it will not part with the bill, for it was not flipped into the tip plate; it was personally handed to him. However, the other attendants maintain that all money whose distribution was actuated by the presence of a water table—a money "spot"—must go into the kitty. The matter must be speedily adjusted and without advertisement, for the head-waiter must not be compromised to the extent of having it known that he has even tacitly agreed to the acceptance of tips at the water tables.

Booze parties are always extremely difficult for waiters to handle. On a certain party, not long ago, one waiter was tossed

into a fountain, and the head-waiter, when the racket became so boisterous that it was positively dangerous to remain in the same room with the souses, barricaded himself behind several heavy screens and quivered in his boots. Glasses were being tossed about; the hotel linen was cut to shreds; and one of the guests received a nasty gash in the forehead from a piece of broken water bottle.

The house detectives—there are usually two or three men and one woman—are helpless in a case of this kind. The hotel authorities do not like to summon the police except as a final resource. The head-waiter and the waiters are instructed to let the racket run its course, with the devout hope that the hotel furniture will survive and no casualties result.

On another occasion, an extremely damp stag party happened to be situated adjacent to a ballroom wherein there was a dinner which was being addressed by none other than the late chief counsel for the Anti-Saloon League. The contrast was poisonously ironical. Heavy sound-destroying boards were placed between the two rooms, so that neither party was disturbed by the noise of the other. The smaller ballroom housed perhaps a hundred men, all laden with enough liquor to keep them saturated indefinitely. In the larger room, an absolutely dry lot of guests were cheering the assertion that the Amendment was a screaming success. Unfortunately, during the address of the late chief counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, one of the souses wandered out of the smaller ballroom and entered the dry dinner party.

Before the head-waiter could have him hauled from the room, the fellow evoked a tremendous uproar among the sober guests near enough to the door to see his dramatic entrance. The souse could scarcely totter, and, as usual, he was seeking a wash-room. The late counsel for the Anti-Saloon League, speaking in the midst of perhaps five hundred diners, was entirely unconscious of the incident, but the thirsty dinner guests in the other room, who had seen the souse leave, followed him. They hauled him back to his own room and gently asked him to remain there. The wet party was immediately locked in its space; all doors leading to the larger ballroom containing the dry dinner were secured, and the head-waiter retained the key that opened them.

These measures were necessary, for the wet racket later became hopelessly boisterous. All the waiters were ordered out of the function room; the coat-room boy disappeared when some one tossed a fork at him; and the head-waiter in charge of the party stationed himself outside the door, his face white and his knees knocking together. Some of the guests had their heads in large bowls of cracked ice; others were draped over a piano and on lounges along the walls; many more were singing and howling. Cigar and cigarette stubs, bits of food, torn napkins, bent knives and forks, and dozens of empty booze bottles cluttered the room.

The climax arrived with a smash at one o'clock in the morning, when several chorus girls from a Broadway show entered the room against the vigorous protests of the head-waiter. One of the monkies, as they are called, sang and did an infinitely torrid dance, sufficient to raise the temperatures of the souses. At once they began to fight for her favor, and proceeded to sock each other mightily. The assistant manager of the hotel, the *maître d'hôtel*, the chief head-waiter, the second head-waiter, and the house detectives moved to the function room in a body.

Blood flowed; the women screamed and dashed out. After they were out, the souses were securely locked up and allowed to fight it out among themselves. When some sort of order was restored several hours later, they were brusquely commanded to leave the hotel at once, under pain of arrest and prosecution. They left, carrying each other out to taxicabs. The guests at the dry dinner, who had departed at eleven o'clock, must have wondered why they were permitted to leave only through certain doors.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR

BY A. F. VAN BIBBER

I AM A country doctor. It is an obsolescent trade, apparently destined to disappear over large areas of this land with the present generation. Already there may be heard with increasing frequency the cry "We need a doctor!" from some forlorn district back in the mountains or on the prairies. That cry is sure to swell louder and oftener and more desperate as the years take their toll of the old fellows still plying their clinical thermometers and obstetrical forceps back in the sticks,—and it will rise in vain.

The graduates emerging nowadays from our ultra-scientific and highly expensive medical-schools feel no urge to bury themselves and their painfully and tediously acquired education in the backwoods. Who shall blame them? Certainly I do not! There are only about enough of them to keep filled the ranks of the specialists, each of them has devoted from eight to ten of the best years of his life and many thousands of dollars to his equipment, and they simply cannot see themselves in the rôle of country doctors, ploughing through mud, dust or snow, day and night, for the meagre reward that is (sometimes) bestowed on these humble practitioners. They very reasonably elect to remain in the cities, where they have access to libraries, laboratories, clinics, scientific societies and other means of professional stimulus and inspiration; where specialists of every kind abound, great hospitals offer the last word in method and equipment, and they have only to ask for it to obtain the coöperation of the best consultants. How to solve the problem of supplying medical and surgical care to the rural districts requires a wiser head than mine, and, anyhow, why should I excite myself about it? *Apres moi, le déluge!*

Medical education was a very different business thirty-five years ago, when I suddenly decided to take my grandmother's advice and study medicine. In those simple days no boy not an utter illiterate was ever declined as a student on the ground of insufficient preparation, nor, indeed, for any other reason so long as he was able to pay the very modest fees: competition between the medical-schools was very keen!

A friend of mine who, by the way, is now in the very van of the profession, and a scientific pioneer, had been compelled by bitter poverty to leave school and go to work at the age of twelve. He later studied medicine, received the degree of M.D., was appointed interne in a hospital and then, while serving in that capacity, attended, incognito, a preparatory school, and after obtaining a higher hospital appointment arranged with a college and a tutor to read for a degree, and was actually graduated A.B. several years after receiving his doctorate. Such a boy, so situated today, would have about as much chance of obtaining a medical degree as I have of being appointed a Cardinal by the Pope. The higher standard of medical education has been expensive in more ways than one. Think of the brains of which it has deprived the profession!

Thirty-five years ago it took only three years to become a doctor, or rather three terms of six months each. We were required, of course, in addition to attending lectures, to dissect during the first and second terms, and there were also rather

sketchy laboratory courses in histology and pathology. But after my graduation I found it necessary to take a post-graduate course in microscopy to equip myself with the very moderate amount of skill required by a general practitioner. In my senior year I was one of the fortunate few to be appointed "resident students" in the hospital and so obtained, for a full twelve months, actual bedside training. Thus, when my stately Latin diploma was handed to me on the stage of the old Academy of Music, I was not quite an utter ignoramus at my trade.

I do not want it to be inferred that the teaching we got was altogether vain and useless. The gentlemen of the faculty were very eminent practitioners and several of them were scholarly and brilliant men. But it was the day of the now justly contemned didactic method, the most inefficient possible way to train a physician, and so we learned less than the young men of today.

In another way the three years of my novitiate were certainly not wasted, for they were among the gayest, most charming years of my life, and they have left with me a multitude of delightful memories. At that period a medical student was a real Bohemian, a gay, irresponsible young dog, ever ready and eager for devilment. The bar-rooms of Baltimore in the nineties, as I recall them (and I can modestly claim to have been a connoisseur), were very pleasant places. An elderly German by the name of Matzke kept a saloon in Lombard street near the University of Maryland, and took a fatherly interest in all of us. We regarded him as our friend, philosopher and guide. Other pleasant oases that I vividly recall were Ted Brown's, where there was a bagatelle table and unlimited dill pickles (free); Bob's Palace—we always spoke of it as Bob's Gilded Palace of Sin—; Neale's; Gottschalk's; Bennett's "Club," at the corner of Charles and Saratoga streets, its walls covered with wicked nudes; Theodore's, where the Johns Hopkins students resorted chiefly; the Studio; O'Brien's, and Clark's. A classmate and I (his name is carefully omitted, for he is now, unlike myself, one of the most eminent and revered of specialists) took great pride in our record of having achieved a state of alcoholic exhilaration every single Saturday night of our senior year.

I was graduated in 1896 and I have been sober ever since. All desire for alcoholic joys seemed to depart when my student days ended, and there was no need to exercise any will power about it. But it was a joyous interlude and I shall always recall it with pleasure and pride.

II

And so, after a year of post-graduate work in Philadelphia, I came home to my Maryland country town and had a shingle painted and hung it out, thereby committing a grave tactical error. In the case of the physician it is surely and profoundly true that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Not until I was partly bald and had lost most of my teeth did people who had seen me grow up begin to regard me as old enough to trust.

But I was well equipped in temperament to bide my time and finally to develop into a fair average specimen of the country doctor. I was (and am) intellectually lazy, void of ambition or avarice, kind, calm and patient. A good constitution, a keen sense of humor and a genuine love of the country, combined with simple tastes and no bad habits, enabled me to wait while my practice slowly grew to respectable proportions. And I had a miraculous piece of luck: I married exactly right. My wife, ever since, has supplied the common sense, forethought, business judgment and thrift that I lack, and she has been able to conquer a lot of my natural laziness and flabbiness without the least friction. Of our four children one has graduated from college *magna cum laude* and is making a brilliant start in life; the others are still in college. My wife and I are now left alone in our

home most of the time, of course, but we grow even more congenial with the passing of the years, so we are content to have it so.

I am able to look back over my life without regret; in fact, with keen satisfaction. My professional work has been interesting, sometimes gratifying, occasionally delightful. Necessarily there have been disappointments, failures and mistakes, but such painful experiences must befall every man, and I am happily so constituted that I never brood over them. My memory is perhaps my best-trained faculty; it automatically selects for preservation only the agreeable episodes of my life.

It seems to me that a trade or profession of a creative or constructive sort must be a truly enviable possession, making tremendously for happiness. Engineers, bridge-builders, composers of music, authors, painters, architects, poets, shoemakers and surgeons share in this great blessing and ought to be happy. To do a tangible job of work that one can contemplate and take an honest pride in: what more delightful experience can life offer? Here the practice of medicine falls sadly short. There is too much difficulty in determining between *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. We do our best, *secundum artem*, and the patient, perhaps, survives, but who shall say whether it is because of, or in spite of, our interference?

Once I administered a particular serum to a boy desperately ill with erysipelas of the face. His pulse and temperature immediately dropped to normal and he made a most dramatic recovery. For years I cherished the memory; *that* life, at least, I *knew* I had saved. Then, one day, I saw an exactly similar case in consultation and of course advised the same serum. But this time it could not be procured until the next day, and in the meantime the patient did exactly what the first case had done: he recovered just as suddenly, but *without* the serum. Thereby he robbed me of all the satisfaction I had been enjoying so long!

But I have classed the surgeon among those who may enjoy the thrill of achievement, and we country doctors are of necessity surgeons as well as physicians, hence we are not always deprived of this pleasure. As an instance, I was once called in the middle of the night to a poor fellow suffering with an abscess of the throat. I found him sitting in a chair, for he could not breathe lying down. His face was livid, his eyes starting, his respiration labored and slow. Altogether, a more heart-rending picture of agony and terror I have never seen. By the dim light of a coal-oil lamp held at my shoulder by the patient's wife I undertook what I feared would prove an impossible attempt to evacuate the abscess that was slowly strangling him. Using the handle of a spoon I painfully and with the greatest difficulty forced down his jaw until finally I was able to glimpse my point of attack above and beyond the swollen tongue. There was barely enough room for my knife and I could scarcely see what I was cutting. But in a moment more the pus was rolling out into his mouth, and in less than an hour the patient who had so lately been on the very threshold of what we are assured is a better world was sleeping peacefully and out of danger.

Happy? As I drove homeward that night I doubt if even a Methodist evangelist who has just defrauded the devil of his legitimate prey by converting the wickedest man in town or a criminal lawyer who has snatched a millionaire murderer from the gallows could possibly feel more jubilant and uproarious. Incidentally, about six months later I collected four dollars for that job. I felt a little bit ashamed of accepting it, for I had already been so richly, so magnificently paid in the pleasure the experience gave me. Put yourself in my place. Wouldn't you rather enjoy an adventure like that than clean up a few thousands in the stock-market or at the race-track? I believe any normal man would.

Not long ago I was called to a frail little old woman who had fallen and dislocated her shoulder. I found her nursing her arm as if it were a sick baby and crying like a child with pain. I spread a blanket on the

floor, coaxed her to lie down on it, gave her a whiff of chloroform and reduced the dislocation. She woke up laughing, and when I left she was still laughing, because the pain was all gone.

These are surgical experiences that really warm the cockles of the heart. I could repeat plenty of them, and so could any country doctor. Here is another story, not so happy. One Sunday afternoon I was called to a canning-house about six miles away. I found there a Negro boy with a dislocated elbow. He was in great pain, and drunk, and gave me a lot of trouble. Finally I induced him to lie down, gave him chloroform and reduced the dislocation for him. When he came to, the pain, of course, was gone and the function of the arm restored, so he professed great pleasure and gratitude.

"What's de chahge, Doctah? I'se got money and I wants to pay you right now."

I did some quick thinking. I had never seen him before; he was ragged and dirty; he professed to have money,—but how much? He belonged to a race that quickly forgets both injuries and benefits. He was willing to pay me now, but if I named a greater sum than he had with him he would make profuse promises and never think of them again. Better make my fee small enough for him to pay while he was in the humor! These reasonable thoughts flashed through my mind, and I told him my fee would be five dollars. "All right, suh," he said, "wait till I gits my coat; de money's in de pocket," and he went down to his shack after the cash. Then—too late!—the bystanders informed me that a crap game had been going on all the night before, and that my patient had cleaned out the crowd! On his return he produced a roll of money literally as big as his arm, and from it he peeled off a single five-dollar bill for me, remarking as he did so, "Doctah, you done me fifty dollars wuth of good!"

Another time a well-to-do farmer with a thrifty soul brought his wife to my office. After having gone into her digestive difficulties and prescribed for them I found other symptoms present that suggested some pelvic trouble, so I said that I should have to make a physical examination. The patient demurred, appearing much embarrassed, and saying she would return the next day; it appeared that she wanted to change her clothing. The husband asked if that would involve a second fee. (I charged a dollar in those days). I said it would.

"All right then, Jenny," said he, "go ahead and let the doctor examine you now. Never mind about your clothes!" And he made her do it, too!

On another occasion I had been attending for a year or more the wife of another farmer. They were an old couple, now left alone, their numerous children having all grown up, married and scattered abroad. The old lady had recurrent attacks of that dreadful disease, angina pectoris. Consequently, when on top of this she developed pneumonia I told her husband to call the children home that they might say goodbye to their mother. They came, about a dozen of them, counting the husbands and wives they had acquired. My patient had frequent distressing attacks of dyspnoea (shortness of breath), to relieve which I had ordered oxygen. They summoned me in the middle of the night and I found a touching scene. The poor old woman was propped high in her bed, around which were grouped all her children. She was gasping painfully for breath, and the old husband, a venerable patriarch with long white hair and beard, knelt by her bedside holding her hand, his head bowed, apparently in prayer. One of the sons was struggling with the oxygen generator, which had ceased to function. I had previously explained its workings to him, but I found that he had not clearly understood, and had been allowing the gas to go to waste. I showed him again how to manage the machine, and cautioned him against wasting the oxygen.

"When you are not giving it, turn it off, —so," I said. "You know it's expensive."

We were at the far side of the room and

I was speaking in an undertone. But the word "expensive" reached the old man's ears instantly, and the gray head came up with a snap. "You're not charging it to me, are you, Doc?" were the shocking words I heard.

Once I attended a confinement case at a distance of about five peculiarly villainous miles. The husband was extremely explicit as to just when and how he would pay me; but, as not infrequently happens, the appointed time came and went and nothing was heard from him nor did he pay the slightest attention to the bills I sent him. About six months later, on the day of a primary election, I heard my name called and here he came across the street after me. He was enjoying a mild jag.

"Doc," he began, "I expect you're beginning to think you're not goin' to get that money!"

"Well," I said mildly, "it does begin to look that way, doesn't it?"

"Now don't you worry, Doc," he assured me. "I've had a heap of trouble and I couldn't get the money for you when I said I would, but I'm goin' to pay that bill. Yes sir, you can count on me! I'll pay that bill *if it takes me twenty years!*"

Alas! he has defaulted on his promise again; that has been twenty-five years ago, and I've never seen nor heard from him from that day to this.

III

In my community the doctor is the one person who cannot resort to the law to shake down recalcitrant debtors. He has, of course, the same legal rights as everybody else, but there is a tradition stronger than law; it simply is not done. This rule, of course, like others, has its rare exceptions, and there used to be a certain canny old doctor not far away concerning whom amusing tales were told. He had a very fatherly and benevolent manner. The story goes that once he attended a man who died, and the widow owned one piece of tangible property, a cow. The doctor brought her a paper to sign, explaining that it was a mere formality, "a little due bill," simply evidence of her debt in case the doctor should die. Unsuspectingly she put her name to what was really a bill-of-sale for the cow, which animal was presently driven off by the sheriff. Later on, the widow and the doctor happened to meet. She burst into tears and asked him how he could have had the heart to take her only cow.

"Now, now, honey," soothed the fine old man, "you mustn't feel like that! I assure you I did it just as much for your sake as for mine!"

Once I drove about eight miles in Winter in the teeth of a howling north-west gale that cut to the bone. It was back in the horse-and-buggy days and it was one of the coldest drives in my recollection. I went in response to a desperate call from a lady who said her husband was dying. Sure enough, when I arrived I found him quite unconscious, but an examination soon led to the diagnosis: plain drunk. His wife had evidently never seen him in that state before and was genuinely terrified; she thought he had had a stroke. I relieved her fears, carefully avoiding anything that might lead her to suspect the truth, and gave a placebo to be administered to the patient. She was very grateful and asked what was my fee? It was five dollars, I told her, and she paid me.

While I was wrapping myself up again to face the storm the corpse revived and when he saw me he immediately wanted to know why the hell she had called the doctor? His wife explained how ill he had been, but he, knowing, of course, the true nature of his disease, was not placated and profanely declared that the doctor must never be called without his sanction. She reasonably explained that, he being unconscious, she had had to act on her own initiative, but this did not soothe him. With another burst of profanity he demanded what the doctor had charged, and when he was told he gave a kind of howl. "Five dollars! Oh, my God! Why didn't

you just send for Dean [the undertaker] and get a cheap coffin?"

I have related these episodes because they have amused me, but I hope it will not be inferred that avarice and ingratitude are typical of the people of my community. Indeed they are not. I could tell of many more instances of loyal friendship and real nobility of heart; but the better side of human nature, however edifying, seldom makes a good story. I can truthfully say that after thirty years' experience I like people more than ever.

Mine has been a busy life, and I have thrived physically. At fifty-six, I feel like a young man and can still hold my own, however rough the weather and the roads. I can spend a hard night with an obstetrical case and then go all day and into the following night without much fatigue. Of the purely physical hardships I have gone through I could tell a lot of stories. For example, during one very sleety Winter my car skidded on the ice and turned over on three different occasions without ever hurting me. Once, during a Summer freshet, it stalled in the middle of a swollen stream. I knew what the trouble was—I had run out of gas. I climbed out over the front, poised myself on a fore fender and leaped ashore, barely making it. Then I walked to the nearest house, the home of a patient of mine, who drove me to town, where I procured a five-gallon can of gasoline.

Then we returned to where, out in the foaming stream sat my car, a Ford coupé of the vintage of '22, with its gasoline tank in the back. The only way to fill that tank was by wading nearly waist-deep! I had no idea of ruining my clothes. True, it was on a public road in mid-afternoon; but there were no houses in sight and that road is not travelled much. So I took a chance and stripped. Then I waded out with my can of gasoline and filled the tank. After that, I got into my car, put my foot on the starter and off she went. As I drove up out of the water my friend Jake, who had brought me there and who now stood by the roadside, said in his solemn drawl "Don't forget to stop, Doc!" He still reminds me of that episode when we meet.

I have, of course, had my car dragged out of mudholes by horses innumerable times, and I know all there is to know about tire troubles. And I can truthfully say this—human nature, politics and the death-rate in pneumonia may not have improved much in the past ten or twenty years, but automobile tires surely have. Once, after changing a tire when the thermometer stood somewhere near zero (it was a particularly tough job, for the casing was frozen hard and fast to the rim), I actually found a little icicle, an inch long, of pure sweat hanging from the sweat-band of my hat.

I am proud to say that in a community where friction and heart-burnings growing out of professional jealousy and the punctilio of medical ethics are prone to arise among the brethren I am perhaps the only doctor in the county who is on excellent terms of friendship with all the others.

Dr. B—— and Dr. D——, two fine old fellows, both now gone from the earthly stage, hated each other magnificently. They lived just over the line in an adjacent county. One day Dr. B—— came along in time to see Dr. D—— driving out from the home of a patient who had been ill a long time. Pulling up his horse, Dr. B—— rudely addressed his enemy as follows: "Well, Dr. D——! haven't you killed that patient yet?" The outraged Dr. D—— replied with great dignity, "Dr. B——, I have been practicing medicine for nearly forty years, Sir, and I would have you understand that I have never killed a patient yet, Sir!" To which retorted Dr. B——, "Well, Dr. D——, if that is true, Sir, all I have to say is, you ain't worth a damn, Sir!"

The world is notoriously censorious, and, of course, like every other practicing physician, I have in my time been accused of murder; one is prepared for that. But once I was accused of theft, a crime more germane to the legal profession. I had driven about twelve miles one day with

another doctor to see with him one of his patients, Aunt Jane Britton, a little old black woman with senile dementia. It had been decided to send her to an asylum, and that required the certificates of two physicians. We reached her cabin, interviewed and examined her, found her indubitably insane and made out the papers, which I carried back to Bel Air and turned over to the authorities. It was several days before she was taken away. The day following our visit the other doctor happened to drive past Aunt Jane's cabin and she came out and stopped him.

"Doctor," she said, "dat dere feller you brung here wid you yistiddy done played de debbil wid me!"

"Why, what has he done, Aunt Jane?"

"Done! he done a plenty! Don't you know dat dam rascal come back up here las' night an' stole my washtub!"

The amount of joshing I had to take over that can be imagined.

Another time, I was examining an old Negro as to his sanity, with a colleague who asked the old man a sufficiently foolish question, I thought. "Uncle," said the doctor, "in what year were you born?" Imagine asking that question of any Negro in Harford county, however sane, and expecting a correct answer! This old darky smiled and said apologetically, "I'se afraid I can't answer dat question, Boss. You see, I was a little, small feller den, Suh!"

The closest friend I ever had in the profession was Tom Emory, who died, poor fellow, twelve years ago. He was a very remarkable character. An only child, and delicate all his life, his parents spoiled him dreadfully, which accounts for many of his peculiarities. Entirely selfish and self-centred in small matters and capable of almost miraculous rudeness, he nevertheless was gifted with splendid traits and qualities, and was true as steel to his friends. He really feared nothing on earth and was entirely incapable of an underhand act. Plenty of things he said were not true, for he was full of prejudices and mistaken opinions about people and things, but I do not believe that he ever knowingly told a lie.

He was really a genius as a surgeon. Had his health been good I am certain he would have made his mark. But he had a very bad stomach and a strong predisposition to the disease that finally ended his life, tuberculosis, and city life was not for him. I have always lived in or near the village of Bel Air, but Tom's home was twelve miles out in the real country. It was a big farm and had a rambling old colonial mansion, and here he commenced to practice. Before long he began a series of very remarkable major surgical operations in the homes of his patients, at which I had the honor and the pleasure of assisting. Those operations will not soon be forgotten throughout that section. The automobile had not yet arrived, roads were terribly bad through a large part of the year and the nearest railroad was many miles distant; so it was always very difficult and often downright impossible to get a patient with a surgical illness to hospital in time.

Here Tom Emory shone. Fearless, sublime in his self-confidence, careful, painstaking, in love with his work, he went ahead slowly, relentlessly, surely, indifferent to all obstacles, and achieved the impossible because it was his will to carry his operation through to success. I recall only one failure; once a patient died on the table. A more experienced surgeon would never have attempted that case at all. But all his other patients, I believe, recovered, and some of them were desperately ill.

The story of his first appendicitis operation is worth telling in some detail. The patient was a young Negro who lived in a little log-cabin out in the middle of a tract of waste land—woods that had been cut over and had grown up into a tangled thicket. It was in June. There were three of us, Tom, old Dr. Abe Price, a physician of the old school whose will was of the best but who was quite innocent of modern surgical technique, and myself. We reached the place early in the morning. First, we

had to prepare. The cabin had two rooms, one below, one above, and to the latter one ascended by a ladder. The patient was upstairs. We carried him down, then stripped the upper room of everything in it, and then pitched in and scrubbed it out. Floor, walls, windows, ceiling,—we scrubbed until we had it as clean as any hospital operating-room. We moved the stove out of doors to get rid of the heat, we kept the little darkies busy stoking the fire, and we boiled! boiled! boiled! Sheets, towels, dressings, instruments, in short, everything that was to touch the patient. The sterile water we needed had to be dipped from a spring branch, first filtered and then boiled.

We built our operating table of boards across trestles, and set it up in our purified upper chamber. We carried the patient back upstairs,—up-ladder, rather—and then we cleaned him up. It was well into the afternoon when the operation began. I was the anesthetist and Dr. Price assisted Tom, sponging and handing instruments. The good old man kept us both on tenterhooks of anxiety, never having been trained in aseptic surgery. Of course we had no nurses,—it was a strictly masculine function. Finally, after the gangrenous appendix had been removed, drains inserted, the wound closed and dressings adjusted, the patient was put to bed in good condition and we drove home very tired but triumphant.

Once we did an appendix operation in a village called Madonna. There was huge excitement over it, and the entire community congregated around the house. We operated on the second floor and some boys climbed up into a tree in order to look through the window at the awful sight. The boy who had the highest perch and the best view saw more than he could stomach; he was violently sick, to the sad detriment of those below him.

IV

In conclusion, I have this to say: if, among the medical students and recent graduates of today there should chance to be a man without either scientific or mercenary ambition; who feels no itch for immortal fame, no need for riches or taste for luxury; who lacks the American instinct to do Big Things in a Big Way; whom a modest competence will suffice, with the opportunity to help those who so sorely need the skill of a competent physician; who loves the country and would rather watch the sun setting behind the wooded hills than see the electric signs light up, and prefers clean, clear air to soot and filth; who hates to be jostled by the crowd and to bruise his feet on hard pavements—if such there be, let him go to the country to practice. I can assure him he will be welcomed with open arms, and that,—if he behaves himself,—he will be happy, as I have been.

EDITORIAL

One of the few charming things to be said about the human breast is that it is always bulging with hope. The fact gives life upon this ball a continuing imbecility, and so saves it from boredom. An intelligent laboratory rat (*Mus rattus*), surviving the infamies that the late William Jennings Bryan endured in 1896, would have retired to his hole and sought refuge in Christian resignation, but Bryan was ready for another dose in 1900, and for a third in 1908, and it was surely not his fault that he was not on the block in 1904, 1912, 1916, 1920 and 1924. Thus he made life gay and pleasant for multitudes, including the present subscriber, and no doubt earned the gigantic rashers of ham and cabbage that he consumed while incarnate.

I could name many other such public benefactors, but refrain politely. Suffice it to point to the American Communists, perhaps the worst beaten party in all human history. Beaten? I have said it—but surely not disposed of! Nay, they are still full of hope, and they will continue to be so inflated, I daresay, until the last galoot's ashore. I turn to their interesting organ, the *Communist*, always ably written, always instructive, always entertaining, always full of hope. It records the most appalling series of disasters ever heard of—the unions all losing members and on the run, their bosses all licking the furry paws of the Money Power, the labor banks collapsing and closing, the striking miners butchered by Cossacks and resigned to starvation by the Red Cross, injunctions bristling on all sides, and every breath of radicalism sinking to a whisper. Certainly Communism may be said to be in a low state in America, if a man down with the terminal pneumonia of leprosy may be said to be in a low state. And yet the pages of the *Communist* radiate nothing but hope. Its general air is that of a June bride. It not only has faith; it actually exults. The dawn, it appears, is upon us. Triumph is just around the corner. The party has struck "an inspiring, ringing note"; it has shown "a tremendous increase in vitality"; there is "not the faintest reason for anyone being pessimistic."

Such optimism as this, I confess, exhilarates me, as I am exhilarated every time an airplane buzzes over my house, and I rush out on the chance of seeing it plunge down from 10,000 feet and land upon the Y. M. C. A. And I am exhilarated even more when I examine the specifications behind the high hopes of the Communist brethren, and find at once, upon the word of the Hon. Alexander Bittelman, that they still have faith in the farmer. The plan, it appears, is to enlist him for the Marxian Millennium, and so give the city proletariat an irresistible reinforcement. Where the white lights gleam and needle-beer is on draft, the honest toilers of shop and factory will erect barricades, skin a few policemen, and seize the banks, trust companies, investment bond houses, and other great citadels of government. And out on the land, where the common drink is half Peruna and half radiator alcohol, the honest toilers of the plow and dung-fork will labor in the sunshine to victual the revolutionists. The result, whether it is reached by shedding blood or by mere outcry and alarm, will be "a workers' and farmers' government." The boys who sweat, joining forces, will run the rest of us who only fume. And so the United States will take its place among the emancipated and enlightened nations of the world at last, alongside the U. S. S. R.

Try to imagine anything more lovely! Or anything more idiotic! Try to imagine farmers—*American* farmers—making any sacrifice for the city proletariat, or for the common weal! It would be easier, I think, to imagine streptococci doing it. Nay, the yokel is the eternal enemy of the city man, and can think of him only to make plans to squeeze him. It has been so at all times and everywhere. It is so in Russia today. The Bolsheviki hold out there, not with the aid of the farmers, but in spite of their bitter and relentless opposition. They were against the new dispensation from the moment their farms came into their hands, and they remain against it to this day. For all the *kulaks*, or rich peasants, have done or cared about it, the urban Russians might all be starving now. Grain has been got out of them only by the use of force, and their resistance to that force has more than once brought the Bolsheviki up standing: it was the question of how to meet it, indeed, that caused the row between Trotsky and Stalin. And in so performing, they perform exactly true to type. If the city man survives in the world today, it is only because his wit is greater than the farmer's, and his enterprise bolder. At the first sign of weakness in him, the farmer would leap upon his belly, furiously and with glad hosannas, and finish him.

II

Thus it seems to me that the hopeful American Communists, if they really believe that the soviet system of government would be a boon to this realm and thus yearn honestly to bring it in, had better turn at once to other allies—say the Republican National Committee or the D. A. R. For of all the yokels in the world, the American yokel is the most implacably self-seeking and unsporting: put beside him even the Russian *kulak* seems almost like a philanthropist. It is completely impossible for him to imagine any man's good save his own. He not only cares nothing for it; he can't even formulate the concept of it. His political theory is so naïve that it appears almost honest; there is no room in it for the usual euphemisms and equivocations. He is in favor of anyone who will promise to get something for him for nothing, and against anyone who proposes to make him work or pay for what he gets. The McNary-Haugen bill afforded an excellent measure of him. If Wall Street ever tried as crude a raid upon the Treasury even the editors of the New York *Times* would yell for the smelling salts.

But the Communists continue to have faith in him, as they have faith in the Marxian rumble-bumble and in a long list of corollary imbecilities. Their plan, it appears, is to fabricate the yokels and the city proletariat into a massive *bloc*, and then employ it to raid and ruin the rest of us. It is a forlorn hope, but they are specialists in forlorn hopes. It is impossible, but they believe only in impossibilities. Give them something probable and plausible to gnaw, and their teeth crumble upon it. They eat only the uneatable, and credit only the incredible. Their cast of mind is peculiar, and perhaps morbid, but I confess that I find something agreeable in it. Reading their sombre periodicals is somehow like watching a worthy young man march to the altar of God, his bride upon his arm. He is silly, no doubt, and his future is full of clouds, but while he treads on roses he is charming. So, indeed, is the bride, though perhaps in less measure.

I marvel that so few persons, not Communists, read the Communist papers. The fact that the D. A. R., the Minute Men and other such associations of fools are in favor of putting them down should be sufficient testimony to their attractiveness. They are full of complicated and indignant syllogisms—the usual falsetto of logic (a female, maybe even an hemaphroditic science) converted into horrible double-bass brayings. They predict the imminence of Revolution on the ground that capitalism is fast going beyond all reason and decency, and then they predict it on the ground that capitalism is worn-out and in collapse.

They see hope in the Save-the-Union uproar among the miners, and they see it in the open shop. They believe in both Trotsky and Stalin, which is like believing in both Tom Heflin and the Pope. They are violently anti-religious, but sing only hymns. Best of all, they continue to put their trust in the farmer—an act of faith, it seems to me, which places them in the fastest sort of company. These Communist sheets thus make racy reading, and I commend them to all connoisseurs of literary pathology. They are far more intelligible than the poetry of T. S. Eliot, and far better written than the *Wall Street Journal*. Whoever likes *Variety* will enjoy them.

III

They leave me, I almost regret to say, with a belief in capitalism verging upon the superstitious. It always appears, after they have denounced it roundly, to be far more plausible and reputable than it was before. Here I may seem to yield to cynicism, the bane of the literati, but it is really not so. Communism is so potent a cure for doubts that I think it ought to be expounded in the public-schools, and herewith make a proposal to that end. The difficulty is, I suppose, that the schoolma'ms, male and female, would try to edit it, as they now edit history and physiology, and so all its powers would ooze out of it. I can't recall any time when I had any serious doubts about capitalism, for I was brought up in a high-tariff Republican house and as a boy I was taught to believe that even poor Gene Debs was a scoundrel. But certainly there were times, in the past, when I questioned this or that detail of the capitalistic gospel. There were things that made me cough sadly behind my hand; there were even things that made me roar. But since I have been reading radical periodicals, and especially Communist periodicals, I find myself swallowing the whole dose, willingly, without gagging, and in the hearty manner of a policeman knocking off a beaker of wood alcohol.

Well, why not? Capitalism undoubtedly has certain boils and blotches upon it, but has it as many as government? Has it as many as marriage? Has it as many as religion? I doubt it. It is the only basic institution of modern man that shows any genuine health and vigor. Marriage is everywhere sick, religion is everywhere decaying, and government is everywhere bankrupt. So on down the line. But the only serious criticism of capitalism comes from ladies and gentlemen who are palpably somewhat balmy. The trouble with all of them is that they are constructive critics: not content to tear down, they try to build up. It is a fatal error, and one which critics of the fine arts are seldom fools enough to fall into. Diagnosis is quickly made absurd by the ensuing treatment; pathology becomes engulfed in osteopathy, chiropractic and Christian Science, that boozy moonshine. So the patient leaps out of bed, and is presently at his old tricks. I doubt that capitalism improves much as year chases year. It would be helped, no doubt, by occasional clouts *a posteriori*. But certainly it grows no worse.

Most of the crimes laid to it are really the crimes of government, its drunken master. I find page after page of the Communist papers filled with denunciations of capitalism that are really denunciations of all government: it would be hitting below the belt to point out that all of the high torts and misdemeanors complained of could be matched precisely in Russia. Government is the universal pox of mankind. It is completely and incurably evil. But we must endure it, it seems, until God is ready to let us up, as women must endure the pains of labor. There is no human cure short of universal suicide. Under government, capitalism sweats as everything else sweats. Seeking escape, it flings its arms wildly, and occasionally knocks down a bystander. But to blame it for that writhing is as absurd as it would be to blame a bootician because the Prohibition agents blackmail him, and so raise the price of his merchandise. H. L. M.

POLITE CONVERSATION IN GEORGIA

BY HENRY DARIUS POTTER

My first intimation that the proud and materialistically aspiring Commonwealth of Georgia is not of this world came at an Atlanta dinner party.

Fate and business—or it may have been a ruse of the Hound of Heaven—had sent me to the Klan's original holy ground. On the evening of my arrival old family friends were entertaining me—people who had known my parents and grandparents, and had shown a tender though only vaguely comprehending interest in my own career from my pre-kindergarten days.

Theoretically it was just a pot luck summons, but all was in keeping, Southern style, with the best Emily Post standards of informal decorum. Dinner coats were taboo, since this was a family occasion, but bits of heavy silver of the Andrew Jackson wedding present and Old Massah period gleamed from an aged damask cloth that had escaped Sherman's raiders. The best china displayed a pattern, not impressively antique, yet revealing that on a modest income good taste was possible to the right people even in the early Cleveland era of ceramics. An aging Negress, a little formally attired for her duties, padded in and out on a service that was half perfect efficiency and half a personal—and tip-compelling—friendship.

Obviously, these were no tooth-pick-swallowing Fundamentalists.

There had been grace before meat, but it had been genially delivered, it appeared out of habit rather than as a trick to bend the heathen guest's stiff neck in compulsory reverence. And both before and after grace there had been fairly potable corn cocktails. Shrilled by the stimulus a little beyond the normal Georgia tonal sharpness, the voices of six women rose and fell in a clatter now merely of female conversation for conversation's sake, now of mildly scandalous innuendo. More solemnly the men boomed at me statistics of Atlanta's growth and the State's agricultural prospects, their doubts of Al Smith's political potency in Dixie, their not too convincing excuses for the State's recent prominence in Ku Klux Klan geography, which had "disgraced and misrepresented the real Gawgiuh, seh."

This world might be off the beaten path and faintly old-fashioned. Certainly it was not wise-crackingly intellectual in the Telegraph Hill or Harlem manner, since in the first hour neither a book nor a single sex aberration had been mentioned. But in its own way, one felt, it was tolerant, restrained, well bred, and even suavely sophisticated. Provided the corn cocktails did not induce chronic heartburn, here was at last the ideal refuge from professionally emancipated Kansans and the grandsons of Confederate veterans bent on clearing themselves of the charge of being professional Southerners by sounding their r's and sneering at the Methodists.

Then out of the clear sky of the coffee service the blow fell. To balance sex ratios and consolé the wifeless state of my journey, my hosts had procured for me a cheerful and comely virgin of some twenty-five Summers as dinner companion. And also present as an extra, presumably too young for companioning, was an elfish, fair-haired girl of fifteen or less, a house-guest

and in some remote Southern degree a kind of grand-niece of the hostess. By her frank appraising eye and shrewd silences one would have taken her for the sort of child who in any prosperous suburb of Indianapolis would just be making her acquaintance with Anatole France, Margaret Sanger and the propaganda of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism.

But in Atlanta in 1928, at the first general pause for coffee intake, she turned upon my dinner companion a voice eager with unction and demanded:

"Miss Annie, what church do you belong to?"

"Why Betty May, child," Miss Annie replied, as proudly as though claiming kinship with the Jeff Davises or the Barons of Baltimore, "I'm a Baptist, of course."

I waited for the deprecatory smiles with which an over enthusiastic sectarian avowal would have been apologized for even in the better ecclesiastical circles of Des Moines. Instead, the elfish little girl leaped up and down in her chair, clapping her hands and shouting "Oh, goody, goody!" And from the whole room came a suave spatter of applause and congratulations.

It was as though a group of very young Amherst graduates, lunching together in Los Angeles, had received the joyous telegram: "Our track team has just beat Williams."

Afterward, my hostess drew me aside and, learning that I had recently spent some time in Texas, plied me with questions uttered in a tone of bird-like but burning concern about the present outpourings of the spirit east and west of the Pecos. I gave her edifying accounts of the relative exhortatory and spiritual powers of the Rev. Dr. Brooks of Baylor University, the Rev. Dr. George W. Truett of Dallas, and half a dozen other great sorcerers whose names, never having heard them before this astonishing evening, I have since forgotten. I reported—fortified with a corn highball which my host mixed in considerate proportions—on the glorious progress of the Baptist missionaries to the Rome-cursed Mexicans below the border and cheered her with prophecies that the Protestantization of Latin-America, while still in the hand of God, was not necessarily so far off as when the rude sailors of Columbus first began the propagation of mestizos. I might have edified her still further by dismissing all the homicide, arson and egocentric scandals repeated about the Rev. Dr. J. Frank (Two Gun) Norris of Fort Worth as the fruit of papist and infidel malice. She obviously wished to believe in this sanctified swordsman's holiness, but after all she had taste and even, in her element, reasonableness. When I assured her that the Fort Worth mountebank was scorned by even the better class of Texas Baptists, she sorrowfully accepted my word as that of a depressing but devoutly conscientious witness.

Still, I left her cheered with the thought that the cause was advancing in Texas even faster than her prayers and her missionary endeavors had warranted her in expecting. For a brief period I was in doubt as to what "the cause" was. But eventually I deduced that for her it meant the early and literal conversion of all heretical sects to the true Arminian and total immersion doctrine. Here, in other words, was a woman of maturity and social poise, accustomed to travel and a life of genteel leisure, not yet sixty, decorously rouged and in a ladylike way conscious of her cocktails, who actually looked forward to the transformation of too logical Presbyterians, too emotional Methodists and ritually depraved Roman Catholics and Episcopalians into Southern Baptists as the only means of saving their souls and restoring the world to its proper condition of Edenic felicity! Moreover, at her own dinner party, she could think of nothing more entertaining, more tactfully stimulating, to talk about!

Partly, I suppose, because it was one of those breath-taking experiences which leave one with nothing to do except to

stammer forth politeness, I departed in her good graces. It was so fortunate, she murmured, that I had arrived in Atlanta on the very week-end when the great Dr. Massee, the Fundamentalist eminence who was setting all New England in a blaze by his sermons in Tremont Temple, was there for a preaching engagement. To hear him would be one of my unforgettable raptures, and the family pew next Sunday was open to me.

I launched the false but only possible alibi of a previous ecclesiastical engagement, and staggered forth into the night. It couldn't be real, I kept telling myself in my Peachtree-cruising taxi. In spite of the general suavity of manners and dinner service, I had fallen, not among typical Georgians, but among eccentrics. I was to learn that I had merely refused to learn my lesson when I had the chance.

II

For the truly effective adrenal stimulus leaps into the Georgia salon's blood when it is discovered that the stranger within the gates is an infidel. This is the moment when the Georgia gestures, eyes and vocabularies expand to twice their normal circumference; when the Georgia intellect simmers in the heat of other-worldly illumination and the cadence of Georgia polite conversation swings suddenly into the yearning quaver of a Baptist choir or a pack of hunting angels. Then, while enraptured Georgia faces scan the ancestral wall portraits and the blank parlor ceiling for new light on the mysteries of the spirit, it becomes suddenly and surprisingly evident that religious exaltation is the first of Georgia sports.

Naturally my own infidelity had to be discovered before all this became clear to me. But at a second dinner of the group this was accomplished so simply and easily that I was actually going under the theological third degree while I still thought I was merely accepting another corn cocktail from my hostess.

A prominent official of the State D.A.R. was present, and it appeared that she was stinging from the rebuke which a daring pastor had recently administered to her for her excessive jingoism and capitalistic bias. Without warning and evidently as nothing more than a ladylike deference to male authority, she demanded if I thought such a reproof was justified by the ethical teachings of Jesus.

An experienced traveler would have realized that such a question would not have been asked in polite society north of Lookout Mountain, and I should have been on my guard against Georgia traps for the innocent. Instead, I insanely strove to comfort the lady with rationalism. If Jesus lived and was correctly reported, I suggested, He apparently intended His pacifist and communistic teachings to be taken quite literally. But I took the liberty of disagreeing with Him on these points, and was therefore happy to find myself standing with the D.A.R. lady for preparedness and property rights against the gentle whimsies of all pulpiteers too proud to fight or play the stock market.

I vaguely noticed that the D.A.R. eyes —very blue and rather charming—fixed themselves on Heaven with a brief prayerful look. In the instant's silence, too, my hostess, with a look of tender sympathy, poured me a fourth and seemingly quite unnecessary cocktail. Although she knew what was coming and by her later actions showed her conviction that I deserved it, she neither then nor at any time in the next four hours held back on proper fortifications. Let justice be done even by those who have survived Atlanta! It is the paradox of Georgia civilization that its better bred hostesses are never neglectful of a victim's physical comfort.

Then it came—the storm and whirlwind of their hurt anthropomorphism—and always running through it the small but not still Georgia voices in their rapturous, convert-hunting cadences. While I attacked salad and dessert, they assaulted my blindness with proof that Jesus, far from being

an oriental mystic, was the historical *Urvater* of Georgia patriots.

I gathered that, born in 1885, He would have been the first to volunteer for all dangerous over-the-top bayonet expeditions and would have had His rendezvous with death along with the Lost Battalion —if not, in order to set an early good example to the Wilson dalliance, with the Lafayette Escadrille. Resurrected, His first activity would have been to counter the post-armistice Bolshevist propaganda with some bigger and better version of the parable of the servant who made the best investment of his talents. Before ascending, He unquestionably would have performed some instructive miracle to put the Negro khaki legions firmly and kindly in their place after their return from their demoralizingly democratic contacts with German bullets and French grisettes.

Curiously enough, they seemed indifferent for the moment to my doubt concerning His actual existence. The error of supposing Him eligible to the D.A.R. blacklist rather than to the Georgia department's honorary presidency appeared to demand attention first. Lilting their utterance like Methodist pastors aping Episcopalian service rhythms, they flung at me all the scraps of bellicose scripture from the prophecies of Daniel to the attack on the money-changers, to lure me out of my heresy. Obviously, if faith in a Georgian Godhead were necessary to salvation, Georgia hospitality was not going to let a guest go to Hell while he could be headed off.

In spite of the corn, their attentions sufficiently humbled me, and indeed put me in flight. I sternly resisted an inner temptation to inquire, since His militance was at issue, whether He would have fought in the Civil War with Ben Butler or Quantrill, or whether it would have been more fitting for Him to triumph with Grant or be crucified with Jefferson Davis. In fact, I began a solo conversation on the merits of last year's Georgia University football team, and thought from their momentary polite indulgence that I was getting away with it. But the dinner was over, and on their feet someone recalled my major infidelity. And immediately what had been, with all its follies, a fairly decorous argument addressed to the intellect became a seance of exhibitionists.

The Georgians got up from their chairs to wander tensely about the room. Their hands clenched. Amid the smoking-stands and the living-room floor-lamps they made sweeping exhortatory gestures as though calling home cows or reclaiming a universe of lost sinners. Male and female both, their voices rose and fell in the turgid periods of Southern oratory. The men stared me down with a kind of hard incredulous pity; while the women's pious eyes sought the Fundamentalist Heaven just above the ceiling, bright with unshed tears.

At first it was a trifle confusing, since Georgians in their ecstatic moments tend to talk simultaneously. But gradually I inferred that, abandoning Scriptural proofs, they were trying to persuade me of the Christian salvation by confiding in me the miracles it had worked in their own lives. Plainly their way of entertaining, and incidentally edifying and improving, a guest was to treat him to a religious experience-meeting, eased with informality and glorified through intimacy. Moreover, like old-fashioned hosts who force guests to play charades or listen to recitations against their better judgment, they were doing this because they enjoyed it above all other amusements themselves.

Shamelessly they unrolled before me the scandals and emotional vibrations of half a dozen strictly prominent Confederate families. The men rumbled in confiding basses about temptations to lechery, violence and business chicanery overcome by the power of prayer. There was a peculiarly touching instance, "if you want straight-from-the-shoulder proof of God's love, seh," in the immediate family of a male guest with a Shriner's pin on his coat lapel and a habit of referring jocosely to

successful real estate deals. His "own brother, seh," at a Sunday morning dance in a Memphis brothel years ago, had been stricken as though "by an arrow of light" and forthwith reclaimed for a beatific career in the Christian ministry.

At once my D.A.R. nemesis was reminded of the experience she had enjoyed when her husband, owner of a prospering motor-car agency, was taken. She had not precisely seen or spoken with God—she was calling him "Gaa-ood" now, to emphasize His emotional status—but it was as though a light were all around her while she knelt alone by the coffin and a voice said: "Take comfort. I know My own."

My hostess had considerately poured me another cocktail to prepare me for this. Now even she went over to the enemy. They would all remember, she was sure, the case in her sister Annie's family. But since I was new to the circle, they would not mind hearing it over again. So I learned that Sister Annie's sister-in-law, taking her husband in adultery, instead of going to Reno about it had gone to God in a year-long prayer vigil. Not only had it worked, but just as the erring husband returned contrite, her uncle Ed died and left her a snug fortune. To be sure, the penitent was not—God's punishments being sure—permitted to enjoy it. A few weeks later a paralytic stroke laid him low. But his domestic fidelity was permanent, and after a few years of touchingly considerate invalidism he died a beautiful death.

For hours they spun out these holy bed-time stories to each other, each one stirring up the next with a "That reminds me" like drummers in a Pullman smoker. In fact, the bliss of the sacred memories so entranced them that I plausibly hoped they had forgotten me and that my occasional "How interesting!" would be enough. But at 11 P.M. they turned and challenged me to fight out with them the question of what they called, in a phrase suggestive outside of Georgia of the 1880's, "all this higher criticism rot." Thus for another hour they amused themselves answering each of my forcibly extracted defenses of evolution and unorthodox historical scholarship with the crushing retort that since God had inspired the Bible it was wicked to question it. The D.A.R. comrade at length ended this phase of the entertainment by quoting verbatim whole paragraphs of a letter written in the '90's explaining to an unsanctified suitor why she could not bring herself to read a book he had sent her—she had, she was thankful, even forgotten the name of it—and which had obviously been written to destroy her faith.

It was past midnight. But while I vainly tried to break the spell by asking how the Stone Mountain Memorial was getting on and when the dogwood would bloom on the Mercer University campus, they had at me with a strictly personal sympathy. They spoke of me in the third person as of someone very far off, already dropping in the pit of Gehenna. Their guile appeared only in the way they made excuses for me.

It was Eastern college skepticism that had ruined "him," they accused piteously, blessing the evangelical spirit of the Mercer laboratories for the orthodoxy of their own offspring. That and "his" newspaper work, my hostess offered, recalling that her cousin Arthur, now an ornament of the Georgia bar, had been made "cynical" by association with politicians and police court characters during a brief reporting experience in New Orleans in 1897 and had never quite got over it. No, it was "his" mother's influence, theorized the D.A.R., remembering a certain schoolmate's persistently unconverted state at a Kentucky boarding-school forty-five years ago.

Their attitude asked for confessions but I gave none. "You're all wrong," broke in my host with a genial effort toward tact. "Don't you know it's the smart thing with the young people nowadays to pretend they haven't got religion? But they'll get over it. Henry's too smart a boy not to see the light."

It was one o'clock in the morning, the corn had worn to a thin heartburn and I permitted myself the luxury of being snappish. "Boys" within eighteen months of their fortieth birthday, I reminded him, were too old to accept new illuminations. And why was it that the only compliment the Christians could pay their adversaries was to suggest that some sweet day, if they kept on trying, they could become just like them?

Touchingly, they deprecated my flippancy. They desired no one to imitate such imperfect Christians as themselves. But as a friend of the family's and a young man of good conversational talents—of miraculously restrained temper, I added silently—they did desire me to know "Gaaood's" love. With that a rooster crowed and they let me go home.

Until breakfast my heart pounded with corn stimulus and the sensation of being engaged at Armageddon with the intelligence service of the Emperor Simmons.

III

I had supposed that it was all over, but two days later my Georgia business was interrupted with a slight illness which required me to go to a hospital for a few days. My late hosts were, after all, cocktail-drinking, bridge-playing, even dancing Christians and, to their honor, they did not leap on me and pronounce this God's judgment. With the craft of their breeding uppermost they merely regarded me, in my delicate condition, as a blossom unusually apt for plucking.

They visited me and brought me flowers. They sat by my bedside, while poultices and dressings were changed, telling me how, during their war work in the hospitals, they had prayed with influenza victims and pictured Heaven to the moribund as they liked to imagine it. I blessed them in these labors and acquired almost an odor of sanctity by indorsing them as an agreeable diversion for the dying, provided they really asked for it.

Finally, the last morning of my stay, came the Lord's D.A.R. fowleress. Under the bedclothes she pinched my toes playfully and remarked with a cheering sickroom giggle that she had done something for which I might scold her if I wanted.

I insisted that I scolded charming Georgia girls—even at sixty—for nothing and she confessed that she had been to church that morning and prayed for me.

I thanked her with due graciousness; but the imps of infidelity prodded me, and I mentioned my genteel regret that I could not return the compliment.

"Why can't you?" she whimpered, her voice all holy seduction.

"Because," I jested warningly, "I don't know the Persons to whom one prays, socially."

"Don't you know," she spoke like a lady martyr reproaching the hangman, "your Fawthuh?"

I thought of a certain lamented old boy whose embarrassment before reverential addresses from admirers, or even from his own children, was likely to be profane. But there was no use going into details she would not have understood. So I told her the morning wisecrack of the hospital's Negro orderly and she replied with the latest one from her cook. Just one week too late I learned that Georgians do not insist on talking divinity if you will only give them a fair chance to enlarge upon the jest cracked by Jehovah in creating Senegambians.

THE GIDEONS

BY W. C. CROSBY

A TRAVELING man who is, oddly enough, a good church member, sat in his room in a North Carolina hotel, refreshing his soul by reading the Bible which the Gideons so kindly provide. A bellboy, delivering laundry, entered, and seeing the salesman's occupation, stopped short in amazement.

"What you doing with that, sir?" he asked, pointing to the book.

"I am," replied the pious drummer, "reading it."

Light dawned upon the Tarheel bellhop.

"I always thought," he exclaimed, "that those things had *some* use beside to prop up the bed when the caster breaks."

The Gideons themselves are well convinced that the presence of Holy Writ in the hotel rooms of this great nation serves diviner uses than propping up balky beds. To skeptics who doubt the efficacy of the Word, Mr. W. O. Williams, their national field secretary, testifies: "Hotel men tell me that the presence of the Bibles in the rooms saves the furniture. People who go to hotels with an intention of becoming obstreperous are checked by the presence of the Bible—that is," he adds cautiously, "if they have been brought up under the influence of the Book."

Since the Association began planting Bibles for traveling men to read, the word drummer has been lifted from synonymity with bummer, and the once despised race of peddlers has been raised to the respectability and professional dignity of the realtors and morticians. "Untold numbers of discouraged, sorely tempted commercial travelers have been saved from falling, from sorrow and death, by the Gideon Bibles." Girls marooned in hotels have been dissuaded from abandoning themselves to wantonness. Husbands have been saved for their wives and children. Bachelors have been snatched from gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery. All these results have been accomplished by the simple presence of the pudgy black Gideon Bibles in the guest-rooms.

The protective power of the Book was never more inspiringly illustrated than by the experience which lately befell a traveling friend of mine. This young man put up at a small hotel in Kansas. Having to write his reports, he retired to his room after dinner and sat working busily. He had not been in his room long when the door was pushed open by a shop-worn daughter of joy who smiled invitingly. When my friend shook his head in an emphatic No, she withdrew. But a few minutes later the same soiled houri inquired again, withdrawing quietly when she received the same answer. Business must have been slow that night, for a third time she returned, entering the room boldly and bodily. Being an impulsive chap, as well as a better Christian than most, my friend seized the Gideon gift from the desk, and hurled it at the hussy with cruel accuracy. The glorious old Book delivered a well-merited rebuke *a posteriori*, and saved another traveling man from Hell.

The same unquestionable authenticity and unassailable veracity which marks this incident stamps also the testimonials received and published by the Gideons. Many a traveling man has written in big-hearted and untutored gratitude: "It sure looks good to see the Book when one gets

to his room far from home." Sometimes a knight of the grip is moved to report an experience more in detail. "He said he had spent a restless evening there [in the hotel] lately, trade was dull and he was so nervous he could not sleep, so he arose and walked about his room, when, seeing the Gideon Bible on his dresser, he picked it up, read every one of the references on the slip that was pasted in it, and was so *quieted* and *calmed* that on returning to his bed he was soon fast asleep."

Not often, however, do the Gideons receive so breath-taking a testimonial as this one, which they have published dozens of times:

MISSED THE OTHER WOMAN.

A wife and children were on the point of being sacrificed by me tonight, when I picked up this Book in a half-cynical, half-curious moment of a passing fancy. Alone here in the room, I became interested before I realized. The minutes passed and I read on unconsciously. Finally, when it dawned on me that I had an appointment, I looked at my watch. It was an hour late. The train had gone and the woman with whom I had agreed to go East probably was wondering where I was.

I am glad I missed the train.

(*Signed*) MAY IT HELP OTHERS.

The hotel managers of the Republic are said to be enthusiastically in favor of the Gideon Bibles. When a new and high-toned hotel was opened in New York recently, the management caused the Bibles destined for its rooms to be carried in parade through the streets of the modern Gomorrah by Boy Scouts. By this artful procedure the hotel grabbed so much free publicity that Silas Bent was moved to speak of the business as a new wrinkle in the methodology of ballyhoo.

I asked one hotel manager whether he agreed with Mr. Williams' theory as to the furniture-preserving power of the Bibles.

"It would take more than a Bible to save the furniture when a Prohibition party gets started," he answered, "but it's nice to have the Bibles in the rooms. People may not read them, but it's nice to know they are there if they should want to read them."

This statement reflects the attitude of most of the managers with whom I have talked. The Bibles cost them nothing, and nobody, of course, objects to receiving something for nothing, whether it be a novelty in hotel furnishings or only a drink of hooch.

II

Every step in the history of the Gideons, say the historians of the order, has been directly inspired by the Almighty Himself. As evidence of this divine guidance, the chain of coincidences which led to the establishment of the organization is often cited. It was through a man by the name of John H. Nicholson, of Janesville, Wis., that God sent the original impulse which resulted in the founding of the Christian Commercial Travelers' Association, as the Gideons are known to their lawyers. Mr. Nicholson seems to have been a praying brother who carried his faith with him as he peddled goods from one small Wisconsin town to another. When he came, late one evening in September, 1898, to the town of Boscobel, he found, like another celebrated transient before him, that there was no room at the inn.

"Nick," said the proprietor of the Central Hotel, "I can take care of you if you will share a double room with Mr. Hill, whom I can vouch for as being all right."

"Sure," replied Nick, "anything to help you out."

So Mr. Nicholson was introduced to a Mr. S. E. Hill, who was registered from Beloit, Wis., and in this chance meeting germinated the acorn which grew and grew into the stout, wide-spreading Gideon oak.

As the two men prepared for bed, Mr. Nicholson courteously asked Mr. Hill's permission to keep the light on a few minutes longer, explaining that he always read a chapter of the Bible before going to sleep. Producing his small, worn Book, he began to read.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Hill interrupted.

"I'm a Christian too, and I wish you would read the chapter aloud." Mr. Nicholson complied, and the two men had their evening devotions together.

Mr. Hill was not only a devout Christian; he was also a man of vision and action, and it was into his head that the Lord inserted the idea of doing something big and worthwhile for other traveling men.

"It seems strange," he said to Mr. Nicholson, "that if we were Elks, or Knights of Pythias, or Masons, we should be wearing some emblem of our order, but as Christian traveling men we have no way of recognizing each other." Struck by the idea, and sadly impressed with this deplorable deficiency of Christianity, the two talked earnestly of the matter until late that night. They did not get to sleep until almost eleven o'clock. Nothing, however, came of the conversation until May, 1899, when Mr. Nicholson accidentally met Mr. Hill again, this time on the street in Beaver Dam, Wis. This chance encounter was the second coincidence proving the Lord's solicitude for sinful traveling men.

"Nick," said the dynamic Mr. Hill, "we should get at it and organize at once. Let's not talk about it, but get right at it, start the ball rolling and follow it up." Promptly the two men decided to call a meeting at Janesville, to invite their traveling friends, and to prepare for the organization of a Christian lodge. The date they set was July 1, 1899.

Before July rolled around Mr. Nicholson was forced by the exigency of another crowded hotel to share a room with Mr. W. J. Knights, also of Janesville. Mr. Nicholson repeated his courteous request for time to read his chapter. Mr. Knights, who was also devout and a man of action, responded as Mr. Hill had done, and drew the same lesson from the incident. When he learned that the formation of a Christian travelers' society was under way, he impulsively offered to write letters of invitation to his drummer acquaintances. His form letter reflected his ardent spirit:

Janesville, Wis., June 12, 1899

My dear friend and brother:

It has been suggested by a few of our Christian traveling men that we might increase our usefulness and also our helpfulness to each other by quietly coming together to plan some simple organization that we might better know each other, and possibly widen our influence, and by preconceived plans surround the arch-enemy of our souls, and give him a black eye by the help of Him who is altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousand.

The rest of the letter set forth the details of the July meeting. It fetched many encouraging replies from Christian traveling men. But on the Saturday afternoon appointed there appeared in the parlors of the Janesville Y. M. C. A. only three men: Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Knights. Undiscouraged, the three formed themselves into the new order, electing Mr. Hill president, Mr. Knights vice-president, and Mr. Nicholson secretary and treasurer.

The organization completed, there arose the question of choosing a name. Several were suggested, but upon none of them could the three agree. Finally, one of them suggested that they take the matter to the Father of All in earnest, silent prayer. The man into whose mind first popped a name was to shout it out. Down on their knees went the faithful three. After a few minutes, Mr. Hill burst forth with the name, Gideons. Recognizing that the suggestion came from the Holy Spirit, they selected Gideons without further debate. Mr. Knights then read the seventh chapter of Judges to show the reason for adopting this name. From the lesson of the Hebrew general who displayed such admirable stealth in massacring the Midianites, the pious three drew the moral, which remains to this day the motto of the Gideons, that "Gideon was a man who was willing to do exactly what God wanted him to do, irrespective of his own judgment as to plans or results."

The embryonic order developed slowly until September, 1899, at which time another meeting was called. To this gathering came seven drummers, one of whom was a Mr. W. J. Ennis. Mr. Ennis wanted

to know what about selecting an emblem. Someone asked what he had to suggest. Being a man who was nothing if not prepared, Mr. Ennis drew from his pocket a pencilled sketch of a button, describing it as "a white pitcher on a blue background, with a red flame protruding from the opening of the pitcher."

"Glory to God!" shouted Mr. Nicholson, jumping to his feet. "We have the national colors and the order will become national."

The pitcher which Mr. Ennis designed was the familiar one-handled utensil with the pouring lip: it stood in the wash-bowl of every American hotel room in that Golden Age of the Saturday night bath. Not until 1910 did the Lord prompt some member to denounce it as an anachronism. Then the design was changed to the two-handled oriental water jug which the original Gideon had used.

With the adoption of the button, and the completion of plans for the next year's work, the Gideons came into formal existence, numbering twelve charter members. The first step had been taken on the road to becoming a national institution. But it had not yet occurred to the Lord that He needed Bibles in hotel bed-rooms; not one of the charter members had an inkling of the principal future work of the Association.

III

Mr. Nicholson and the other praying drummers succeeded in establishing the new order, but it required a super-salesman, smoke-eating and as hard as nails, to save it from a bankrupt's end. Jehovah displayed great business acumen when in 1909 He guided the Gideons into elevating Mr. W. E. Henderson from the ranks of the insurance agents to the office of national secretary.

The happy coincidence, no doubt also of the Lord's directing, of Mr. Henderson's chance encounter with a young drummer who had the writer's itch, has preserved for us a contemporary account of the incident. The drummer wrote a description of the meeting and published it in the celebrated *American Magazine*.

"Mr. Henderson," he wrote, "is a big, handsome, magnetic man who makes you feel an immediate confidence in him and his business. . . . In Mr. Henderson's line of business, trade is booming all the time and the market is always good. He doesn't even have to give tips to express agents to get his trunks and sample cases put on the proper trains." After recounting the fact that Mr. Henderson left the insurance business to join the Gideons, the writer continued: "Since 1909 his business has been soul-insurance policies, and he doesn't intend to quit until he has put one of these policies—to wit, an English Bible—into every hotel room in the country."

By an indiscreet admission in Gideon literature one learns that in 1912 the Gideon Bibles cost "38c on cars, New York." A book-dealer who is in a position to know assures me that even in this era of high prices, they can still be bought in large quantities at considerably less than $1. Keeping this fact in mind, the slogan, "One Dollar ($1.00) Places a Gideon Bible in Any American Hotel" becomes interestingly significant.

But properly to appreciate Mr. Henderson's contribution to the Bibling of the nation's hostelries, one must inquire at least briefly into the history of the Gideons between 1899, the time of their founding, and 1909, when Mr. Henderson took charge. As we have seen, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Knights established a new Christian lodge, the emblem of which enabled churchly traveling men to recognize one another. Almost at once the fervor of the early members transformed the order into a band of peripatetic part-time evangelists who harangued their fellow drummers on every conceivable occasion. It is in the records that Gideons conducted impromptu prayer-meetings on the slow railroad trains of those days, preaching so powerfully that case-hardened conductors and brakemen fell swooning to the im-

provised mourners' bench, tearfully confessing their sins. A Gideon stranded in a hotel over the week-end would organize meetings for Bible searching on Sunday afternoons or evenings, herding in the sin-ridden knights of the grip for the good of their souls. If he could not arrange a hotel meeting, he would offer his services to the local pastor, to harass the sinners of the community. The Chicago camp even held open-air services after the manner of the Salvation Army, a practice which was soon frowned upon by the national officers. The annual national conventions of the organization were rip-roaring camp-meetings, poorly attended, it must be confessed, but hot.

All was thus jake with the souls of the Gideons, but their material concerns did not prosper. In fact, it must be reported sadly that the officers, especially the treasurer, were having a devil of a time. In the free and easy first years of the order, any Christian could join who had a dollar to buy an emblem, but growth and age brought their problems. The order could not expect the full-time services of national officers for nothing, and gratis part-time work would not serve its needs. So salaries were voted, and the conscientious historian must report, painful though the duty, that certain loud squawks rose above the hosannas of the brethren. Annual dues were imposed, and initiation fees. Members became suddenly hard to recruit, and the names of many tried and true soldiers of the cross disappeared from the roll. Debts piled up; salaries remained unpaid. The members of the Cabinet—the national steering committee—had to make personal notes for a thousand dollars at one time to stave off the sheriff. An occasional messiah appeared who for a short time put the Gideons back on their feet and restored harmony in the ranks, but trouble persisted in happening.

The end of the order seemed in sight. Then suddenly the gathering gloom was rent by a burst of light; a Great Vision flashed before the wondering eyes of the remaining Gideons. The Lord directed that the order devote itself to the Bibling of the nation's hotels. Since that day the course of the Gideons has been easy, and showers of gold and gratitude have fallen upon them.

There can be no doubt that it was the Lord who suggested to the order the adoption of its new programme. The drummers themselves had not been able, in eight years of effort, to think of the idea. It is true that they had, in the 1900 convention, resolved: "That every hotel which the Gideons patronize, furnish a Holy Bible for the benefit of its patrons," but this was far from being the altruistic and laudable scheme which was evolved when the Lord took the matter personally in hand.

IV

The mechanism employed by Him to bring His new plan to the attention of the order supplied another almost miraculous coincidence. A member of the national Cabinet, Mr. Dennett by name, made a trip to England. When he returned he brought the news that a Commercial Travelers' Christian Association had been working in Great Britain for forty-two years, placing Bibles in hotel rooms. Mr. Dennett exhibited a sample Bible, and added the information that the slow-going Britishers had succeeded in distributing only 17,000 volumes in the long period of their activity. The Cabinet, to which Mr. Dennett imparted his news, promptly dispatched a resolution of congratulation to the newly discovered English colleagues, and just as promptly decided that the Lord quite plainly intended that the idea should be borrowed.

A committee was at once appointed to arrange for purchasing the Bibles from the manufacturers. When the committee reported that favorable terms could be secured, the 1908 national convention formally adopted the new objective. In 1909 the Heaven-led Mr. Henderson put

his hand to the plow. He placed twenty-seven thousand Bibles in the first year of his labor, and seventy-three thousand in the second year.

A pastor named the Rev. E. R. Burkhalter was an important instrument chosen of God to assist in getting the Bibles into hotels. After the new objective had been announced, Dr. Burkhalter exhibited a desire to have them placed in the hotels of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he was then pastoring. But who could pay for so many? Certainly not the Gideons, who had difficulty paying their own officers. So Dr. Burkhalter went before the Ministers' Union of Cedar Rapids, and persuaded his colleagues of the cloth to collect the money from their parishioners. They found that the church members responded generously to the novel appeal. The money was turned over to the Gideons, who then installed the books amid proper jubilation. The Gideons found this plan so satisfactory that they have used it ever since. The church members of the cities where Bibles are installed pay for the books and get the satisfaction of doing a good deed; the traveling men get their souls saved; the Gideons get the credit, the publicity, and the incidental profits. Mr. Henderson thus found a neat plan ready to his hand, and the records contain no trace of his ever having complained of its operation.

The office to which Mr. Henderson was elected was that of national secretary, a salaried job whose duties consisted largely of routine clerical work in the Chicago headquarters. But soon after his election he turned over both the clerical work and the salary to an inside man, and went bravely into the field alone, unprovided with salary or expense account, trusting to the good cause to keep him from starving. The Lord did not exactly send ravens to feed this latter-day prophet, but the Bible usufructs served just as nicely. The official history of the Gideons ungrudgingly admits that it was Mr. Henderson who "put the Bible work on the map, so to speak, in the matter of publicity."

> The Bible work was his special interest, and being a great Bible student himself, and having committed to memory such a large part of the precious word so he could recite it verbatim and make it a prominent part of his frequent addresses, he won a fine coöperation wherever he worked.

The biggest chunk of bacon Mr. Henderson ever brought home was an order for 25,000 Bibles, to supply the hotels of California. He sold this order early in 1911. He was able to deliver the books in a dramatic manner. An international convention of Sunday-school workers met in San Francisco in June, 1911, and he timed the shipment of Bibles to arrive during this meeting. Getting the coöperation of the convention officials, he staged a real show. Twenty-five thousand adult-class members paraded the streets of the city, each with a Bible in his hand. At the conclusion of the big parade, each member deposited his Bible in a pyramid on the platform of the convention hall, where the huge stack remained during the meeting as an object lesson. Later the books were distributed to the hotels of the coast cities. The show was so successful, and attracted so much publicity, that to this day, when Bibles are placed in a new hotel, they are first exhibited in a pile in the hotel lobby.

Another large order sold by Mr. Henderson was for the hotels of the city of Boston. *Harper's Weekly*, then under the sprightly editorship of Col. George B. M. Harvey, spoke somewhat jocosely of Boston's need for Bibles in its May 11, 1911, issue:

> There are several Bibles in Boston now—one in the Public Library for use, one in the Harvard College Library that belonged to Increase Mather, and some more in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, but when the Gideons get through with Boston in May every guest in every hotel who goes to bed in good order will be able to read a verse before he turns out the light.

The writer went on:

> Of course it isn't a new thing to have Bibles in the hotel bedrooms. The hotels used to have them, but the hotels of twenty-five years ago are mostly gone, and their Bibles with them; and in the new hotels that give you hot and cold everything, telephone, press the button twice for Martini and three times for Manhattan, and all

that, we don't remember to have noticed much provision of Bibles. So the work of the Gideons is timely.

Since Mr. Henderson's time the Bibling work has gone forward with the impressive gait of a snow-ball rolling down a hill, each year's accumulated total growing larger and larger. In 1914, when Mr. Henderson resigned, 237,000 Bibles were in place. During the present month, the Gideons hope to complete their first million.

Curiously, the membership of the Christian Commercial Travelers' Association has decreased instead of increasing since the revelation and adoption of the Bibling programme. This shrinkage is the more surprising when one considers that the Gideons have memberships to fit every purse. Any Christian drummer can purchase a regular membership for five dollars, but he must pay this amount annually to retain his status. If, however, he will contribute ten dollars he can become a sustaining member, and not be bothered with annual dues. Occasionally the agents of the Association find a big business executive who is willing to buy a membership; they usually try to sell him a life membership for one hundred dollars. A man who cannot qualify either as a Christian or as a traveler can still enjoy Gideon privileges by paying five dollars or more annually for an associate membership. Business firms, Sunday-school classes, and other organizations are eligible for associate memberships also. The Gideons pass along a gentle hint to Big Business:

> Some firms, employers of commercial travelers, give us $50 per year, in appreciation of what our work has done to make their travelers more profitable to them.

Certain captious critics have blamed Mr. Henderson for the falling off in membership, claiming that he devoted himself too narrowly to selling Bibles, and that he neglected the slogan of the order: "Winning Commercial Traveling Men For Christ." But Mr. Henderson ignored this destructive criticism, and later national officers have followed his example. They rarely mention the fact that "in no one year have more than 2,500 [members] paid their dues," preferring instead to point with pride to the number of Bibles distributed. After all, the criticism is largely academic. The national officers are satisfied with their jobs; the State officers are not dissatisfied with their 20% commission on the funds which they collect; and the members have registered no protest serious enough to worry the officers. The State officers did kick a little when, in 1919, the national officers cut their rate of commission from 40% to 20%. But when they realized that the cut was necessary for the good of the cause, and that if they did not like it they could get out, they complained no more.

V

After the World War the Gideons conceived the scheme of a million dollar endowment fund, to be contributed by their well-wishers. The interest from the endowment fund would have eliminated almost all of the irksome necessity of appealing for funds. The hotel rooms of the country, by that time, were practically saturated with Bibles. A few books each year to replace worn-out copies and to supply occasional new hotels were all that were needed. These the endowment and the regular Bible Fund would have cared for easily, besides paying all salaries and traveling expenses. It was a lofty dream, that endowment fund. But it did not materialize. Every other organization in the country was putting on a drive at the same time. Churches, colleges, missionary societies, organized charities, and Y. M. C. A's. all sent out canvassers and mailed expensively printed appeals for aid. More drives went whizzing down the national pike in the period from 1921 to 1925 than in any other era of the world's history. The Gideons got lost in the shuffle; a measly $30,000 was all they could garner. Still, $30,000 is better than nothing.

In 1927 they received the shock of their

lives. The American Anti-Bible Society announced its organization for the purpose of "discrediting the Bible," and "dislodging it from guest rooms in hotels." Shocked though the Gideons were, they were not alarmed. The mere announcement of such an evil purpose, they realized, would bring the good people of the country scurrying to the defense of the Book. Hopefully they scanned the newspapers for signs of the alarm which all citizens must surely feel at this foul threat to revealed religion. But the public was curiously apathetic; it did not seem to care whether the Gideons had Bibles in the hotels or not. A Mr. E. H. Hornbostel, of Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote a letter to the *Herald Tribune* about the matter. The New York *Sun* published a short editorial, and the *Herald Tribune* followed suit, mildly chastizing the atheists. The Philadelphia *Record's* paragrapher aired his feelings on the subject. The *Literary Digest* ran a short résumé of the affair. But these defenses were all that the Gideons could find.

It must be added that they were as much horrified by the kind of defense made by these papers as they were by the attacks of the Anti-Bible Society. The old whoopee about the Bulwark of Civilization, the Foundation of the State, and the Hope of Salvation was strangely missing. How the editors of 1909 would have hurled those good old phrases, had the atheists dared attack them, thought the Gideons! But the comments of the 1927 editors were unbelievably mild. The comfort to be obtained from the Bible "may be purely literary, for there is no better writing to be found anywhere," observed the Philadelphia *Record*. The Bible offers "a liberal education," added the *Herald Tribune*. The Gideons could hardly believe that God would let such indifference continue unchecked. They wailed for "Financial Assistance In Protest," but the next day's mail contained no staggering load of checks. The great American people seemed to have lost their faith in the Bible. But the Gideons did not worry too much. They were well provided, and any "Financial Assistance In Protest" they might have received would have been just like money picked up in the road.

In the early days of the present century, when the Gideons were getting started, the great masses of the American people still believed, among other things, that the Bible possessed an occult talismanic virtue which would protect them from harm. This virtue was something entirely apart from the meaning of the contents of the Book. It was supposed to work in about the same way that a rabbit-foot operates in bringing its wearer good luck, or in the way that a pin cures warts if the afflicted one scratches the wart with the pin and then throws it over his left shoulder.

The American Christians of that guileless age believed that one could foretell the future by dipping into the Bible—that is, by opening the good Book at random and reading the verse upon which the finger touched. The verse thus designated, they believed, would invariably apply to the problem then confronting the dipper. This belief in the occult power of the Bible was nothing new. Bibliomancy, or soothsaying by means of the Word, was a custom borrowed by the primitive Christians from the Greeks and Romans, who dipped in the same fashion into the books of Homer and Virgil. In the Middle Ages it was believed that a Christian who was beset by fleshly lusts was enabled to resist temptation by having the Gospels hung upon his neck by a cord. St. Augustine himself believed that the Gospel of John would cure all manner of fever if placed upon the head of the sufferer. The Encyclopedia of Ethics and Religion condemns such bibliolatry as the sign of a low level of religious development. Whatever the fact, it is true that much of the old belief in the occult power of the Book has passed out. The Gideons are discovering this to their loss and sorrow. Even the Y. M. C. A. now speaks slightingly of "the limp-back Bible period," when the evidence of a secretary's godliness was his ability to

spout from memory whole chapters of the Holy Word.

The Gideons themselves still have faith in the power of dipping to guide the conduct of believers, and in their literature they print authentic accounts of how men and women have been guided in a great crisis by opening the Book at random and accepting what they first saw as a divine revelation. But since this is a busy world, and many people do not have time to do their own dipping, the Gideons have helpfully done it for them. In the front lining page of each Gideon Bible is pasted a label setting forth what passages are especially helpful in certain circumstances:

> If lonesome or blue and friends untrue, read Psalms xxiii and xxvii. Luke xv.
> If trade is poor, read Psalm xxxvii. John xv.
> If you are all out of sorts, read Hebrews xii.
> If very prosperous, read I Cor. x, 12–13.

The weary traveling man who comes to his room at night feeling lonesome and blue and turns to the appropriate reference, Luke xv, will be comforted with the parable of the lost sheep, which concludes,

> I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

and includes also the famous story about the Prodigal Son and the stay-at-home brother who was annoyed by the killing of the fatted calf.

For the drummer whose commissions are shrinking the Gideons advise:

> Fret not thyself because of evil-doers, neither be thou envious against workers for iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass and wither as the green herb.

"If you are all out of sorts" you will find in Hebrews xii the encouraging statement:

> For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.

And those afflicted with too much prosperity learn, in I Corinthians x, 12–13:

> Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.
> There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it.

On the label in each Gideon Bible there are thirty references, each one as pat and to the point as the samples quoted.

But these thirty references, it seems to me, do not begin to exhaust the possibilities of helpfulness which the Bible contains. Indeed, a searcher with an itch for Service could easily compile a list to fit practically every predicament into which a traveling man might fall. For instance, what drummer in a poorly heated hotel room would not be cheered by this: "If your bed is cold and your feet are frigid, read I Kings i: 1–4." And of what inestimable comfort would this passage be to an elderly traveling man troubled with thinning hair: "If your hair is falling out, or your poll is bald, read II Kings ii, 23–4!"

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

THE American spirit in the rising town of Searcy, as reported by the Associated Press:

> A new technique for settling basket-ball games was introduced by Carl Moore, a player, who last night bit off the end of the time-keeper's nose in exchange for an unfavorable decision. Not to be outdone, the time-keeper, Prince Byrd, bit deep into his assailant's thumb and was attempting to gouge out an eye when dragged off by spectators, officers said. In addition to his nose, Byrd lost a finger-nail, also bitten off.

NEWS item in the *Scott County News* of the town of Waldron:

> The lady who had her husband accidentally killed on Ross creek a few days ago and who also got her house burned is in need, and anyone who can help her either with clothes that she or her children can wear, food, or can give her work it will be much appreciated.

CALIFORNIA

SERMON-SUBJECT of the Rev. Dr. Horace S. Cushing, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Inglewood:

> Playing Golf with God

A MINNESOTA savant gets a characteristic California welcome from the editor of the Perris *Progress:*

> The Rev. Jacob Berger, of Faribault, Minn., famed mineralogist and inventor of the Berger divining rod, was a guest the past week at the James Coburn home on East Fourth street. Mr. Berger has been on the Minnesota iron range and in the Texas oil fields and has affidavits from men who accompanied him on his trips that show he has never been known to fail in locating oil.
>
> While visiting his friends here, Mr. Berger was driven over the valley by Mr. Coburn's daughter, Mrs. R. W. Michler, and a number of places were visited where Mr. Berger stated oil could be found. In fact he said there were innumerable pools where wells could be drilled without a doubt of success in producing oil or gas. Mr. Berger not only locates oil and gas but also tells how deep to drill and at what depths the sands lie and their thickness.

THE HON. JOHN F. YOUTSEY, a Lazarus of Riverside, testifies to the potency of Truth in the eminent *Christian Science Sentinel:*

> I was healed of profanity, insomnia, and the drug habit in one treatment. . . . Chronic bowel trouble of twenty years' standing was met in about ten days. Hemorrhoids from childhood, supposedly inherited, yielded to the power of God, good, in a very short time. Broken bones were entirely healed in four days without the fingers of a surgeon; pneumonia, in which I was bleeding from both lungs, quickly yielded to the power of Truth. Influenza was completely eradicated in four hours; pleuro-pneumonia of both lungs yielded in less than a week's time; teeth have been extracted without pain; and recently a cancer was completely healed in less than four months. Burns, cuts, bruises, and a weak heart were healed promptly through this loving ministry, and broken arches in a very short time.

HAPPY news from the fortunate town of San Anselmo, dug up by the enterprising local correspondent of the San Rafael *Independent:*

> Past President Dr. Edward Wicher of the San Anselmo Rotary Club has received his official appointment as the representative of Rotary International, to organize a Rotary Club at Jerusalem.

WOODLAWN dispatch to the celebrated San Francisco *Chronicle:*

> At the Don Huff ranch yesterday Huff's champion Duroc-Jersey boar ate out of a trough in the same room with the Woodland Rotary Club.

CULTURAL notice in the illustrious Los Angeles *Times:*

> TO THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY AND FRIENDS OF THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY
>
> Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood has had three most memorable opening night events, brilliant dedications and spectacular premières.
>
> We believe, in fact we know, that these openings have inspired keenest interest, not only in Los Angeles, but throughout the entire United States.
>
> And we shall go as far as to state that even the great cities of Europe have been intrigued

by the first nights at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Hollywood.

The spotlight is now being focussed on a new, a still greater, an even more spectacular première, more gorgeous and more endowed with scintillating grandeur than any of its predecessors in Greater Hollywood.

On Monday evening, this marvelous event will occur with the initial presentation of

"THE TRAIL OF '98"

a production epic representing two solid years of preparation on the part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Mr. Clarence Brown, director of this, probably without doubt the greatest cinematic achievement of the last decade, has not only done an outstanding piece of work, but he is destined to go down in history as one of the greatest of all directors.

Statistics carefully compiled at one of the Grauman Chinese Theatre openings brought forth the facts that 77% of the opera chairs were occupied by featured film stars, directors, and producers, and 23% by the socially élite of California aristocracy, and Eastern visitors of note.

This announcement is made so that you may purchase, if you have not already done so, seats for this momentous occasion.

Cordially yours,

SID GRAUMAN

For the première $3.30, inc. tax, regular Grauman Chinese prices thereafter—on sale Owl Drug, 6th and Bdwy., or Chinese Theatre pagoda box office. Phone Gladstone 5184.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE HON. COLE L. BLEASE, of South Carolina, favors his colleagues in the Senate with a treatise on Southern ethics:

There are not enough marines in or outside of the United States Army and Navy, in Nicaragua, and all combined, to make us associate with niggers. We never expect to. We never have; but we treat them fairly. If you promise one of them $5 for a day's work, if he does the day's work, I believe you should pay him.

THE United Press sends out a gloss on recent dispatches from Nicaragua:

Lieut. Com. M. M. Witherspoon, Navy chaplain, believes the U. S. Marines are following in the footsteps of the Galilean. In a sermon Sunday night he said: "The men of the Marine Corps walk in the way first laid out by Christ. They are two-fisted fighting men, as He was. They have courage, as He had. They serve their fellowmen, as He did."

FLORIDA

A JAPANESE-AMERICAN unbosoms himself in the celebrated Daytona Beach *Times:*

Once someone said that the School, Church and Society, is the only thing we can depend on as a great guidance of the human life, if it is making substantial progress in its effort to correct the evils, and safeguard our young people.

But, I have seen enough of it from year to year, it become difficult with peculiar sort of situation, meanwhile, it growth more serious condition in the country while a great many laws of land are enacted and enforcing the laws of their country.

Casually, increasing the crime, violence, corruption, and habitual lewdness, has been widespread among the young generation everywhere in the world.

"Why do you consider every man and woman who are well educated would do nothing but good?"

"All right then, if you are so sure, what does the world to have so full of young students criminal?" they are evidently well educated and member of a Church.

"That's just I said if the learned man begin to despoiled, there can be no other way than to see the world become uncontrollable situation and I don't mean maybe."

Well, one day last week I stood around and listened about a man's argument: "Doggone it," complained a man at beginning with a cunning smile.

"The strangest coincidence I ever heard of!" a stranger pointed his finger at my face as he started to say, perhaps you, too, suffer from restless night, and worried about harassed days, but as we look back over the past about couple dozen of years ago, there was hardly any violators of law among the real Florida Crackers, especially in the old Daytona, he said.

It is true, I lived here long enough to know all about it, I, too, remember it perfectly, indeed, it looked as though the whole Daytona was very quiet, I thought it was wonderful.

In those days, Mr. Zubber, was only man who had appointed as a Police man, and that One man's Police force wearing no uniform, and without a gun. And even so he didn't have much to do.

I now begin to realize that the history of Daytona, is really interesting. "Yes, it was funny there was very seldom to hear of criminal case, however, in the Negro section they usually had some cutting and shooting once in a while.

At that time, Eighteenth Amendment has nothing to do with the local Police-man. But now the most active duty.

During the last several years the city of Daytona Beach has been rapidly growth and become a famous play ground of all nations in the world.

Isn't it wonderful? In the meantime, we have seen enough of violators, of course the fact somewhat this cannot be helped, but what I want to say now is no matter how humblest or destitute of knowledge on which the things are going on in this moderated world, if a man's conduct are fitted for human society he is much better quality of man than educated criminal.

THOMAS OYAMA

THE progress of the uplift in the grand city of Tampa:

> Courage Hall, where moods of discouragement and perplexity will be changed to cheerful, active thought, will open tonight at 322 Plant avenue under the direction of Wesley Roberts and a committee of sixty women members of Hyde Park churches, headed by Mrs. J. C. McKay. At eight o'clock, persons in despondent moods will be entertained with music, humorous readings, and refreshments and then offered advice and encouragement by Mr. Roberts and his associates. The establishment of Courage Hall has been in charge of the Wesley Workers, an organization of church women. It is a branch of the League of Encouragers, a national organization with headquarters in New York.

GEORGIA

PUBLIC notice in the celebrated Dahlonega *Nugget:*

> TO 'PHONE DEAD BEATS
>
> Dahlonega telephone rates are made low with the understanding that the 'phones in residences are for the use only of the people living therein, and others using them are simply deadbeating the company for service which belongs to those who pay. It is just as dishonest as covering children from the railroad conductor to save your fare. If you have to save the price of a telephone be honest enough to carry your messages or mail them at one cent each. However, you will have to pay for the stamp. If you are a pauper and will show that you need a 'phone in your business we will contribute one to save our regular subscribers being bothered. Borrowing 'phone service is somewhat similar to a borrowed newspaper. Both after being loaned may need laundrying. But it can't be done. Pay for your talk or walk.
>
> DAHLONEGA TELEPHONE COMPANY

FROM a reader of the eminent Macon *Telegraph:*

> In Georgia, thank God for its orthodoxy, the leprosy of infidelity has been largely kept out in the past; may she not lower her banner and permit German or other infidelity to come as a hand down from cursed Northern universities and roost in our bounds as buzzards, where the dove of purity has hovered heretofore with its olive branch of truth brought by our sacrificing ancestors who suffered to give us truth. Let us not now be traitors to them, ourselves and to God and His word.

ILLINOIS

THE sublime process of lawmaking under Prohibition, as reported from Chicago by the Associated Press:

> The word *brew* must enter the lost lexicon, E. C. Yellowley, Prohibition administrator ruled Saturday. Owners of soft-drink parlors and restaurants were visited by a squad of Prohibition agents and ordered to remove immediately all signs containing the word.

How laws are enforced in the grand old town of Litchfield, as described by the Chicago *Tribune:*

> Professional courtesy was extended today to Judge Fred Rents by Judge W. N. Morris, who gave the former a $3 fine instead of the usual $5 fine on a drunkenness charge. "You might be brought before me sometime and I can treat you likewise," was the plea of Judge Rents in asking special treatment.

RABBI W. WILLNER, in the *Lion*, national organ of the Lions Clubs:

> I submit that if there is any society among the angels and archangels, even divine beings, it is the Lions Club.

KANSAS

FROM the letter column of the world-famous Emporia *Gazette:*

> A CHRISTIAN MOTHER
>
> *To the Editor of The Gazette,*
>
> SIR: Emporia Christians are grateful to the Baptists for supplying the City Club's demonstration home with a Bible. No home can really be a home without a Bible, no matter how many electric appliances it has. And now I want to know who is responsible for putting a magazine called THE AMERICAN MERCURY on the table next to this Bible. In looking through this magazine, I noticed it was filled with nasty atheistic attacks on the Methodists and Baptists, and on all religion. Is this the kind of home which the City Club thinks we should strive to copy?
>
> *Respectfully,*
> AN AMERICAN MOTHER

KENTUCKY

NEWS of the strenuous life in Hodgenville, as reported by the New York *World:*

> A. G. Bush, veteran engineer on the Hodgenville and Elizabethtown Railroad, had just started on his run from Hodgenville for Elizabethtown, twenty miles away, yesterday when he leaned out of his cab and sneezed. He hurled his false teeth into a ditch beside the track. The train ran nearly a half mile before he could recover from his surprise, reverse his engine and back to the scene of the misfortune. Both crew and passengers joined vainly in the search. Bush climbed into his cab and started again. Looking backward to where a local searching party still was active he saw some one waving to him. He backed up, recovered his teeth, restored them to their place amid applause of the passengers and resumed the journey.

LOUISIANA

ECCLESIASTICAL notice in the *Eagle Dispatch,*

leading religious organ of the Aframericans of Baton Rouge:

CHICKEN SERMON TO BE SERVED BATON ROUGE

The Rev. A. A. Hebert, evangelist from Beaumont, Texas will deliver a series of sermons on a chicken with four legs.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

AN ADVERTISER in the Bel Air *Times* pays his respects to Law Enforcement:

$50 REWARD

I will offer the above reward for definite evidence as to the party or parties who circulated the report that I am a Revenue Officer.

R. L. MONKS

MICHIGAN

WANT ADVERTISEMENT in the Detroit *News:*

TWO MEN, experienced sewer diggers who can play banjo or violin in spare time. Euclid 0836.

FROM the catalogue of Battle Creek College:

ARISTOCRACY

A new secret organization is being formed on the campus. The purpose of this society is to further the ideals of Race Betterment. Only such persons will be admitted as are known to follow in their own lives the practices and rules of good health. Persons qualifying must also be fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, physically, mentally and morally. Special privileges will be offered to those who qualify for membership, and who are actively promoting the cause of Race Betterment.

NEW JERSEY

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Weehawken:

A case against Babe Ruth for speeding has been quashed. Chief Doland explains why: "Babe Ruth is the greatest baseball player in the world. And he's a friend of mine."

NEW MEXICO

WANT advertisement in the Las Vegas *Daily Optic:*

If the party who carried off my trousers and what was in the pockets will bring them back and slip into my room, I will split up with him and no questions asked and he can go to Hell. CHARLES CHAPMAN, *Eldorado Hotel*

NEW YORK

THE REV. JOHN BERNARD KELLY, of the Catholic Writers' Guild, speaking before the Fenelon, a celebrated Catholic cultural organization of Manhattan, as reported by the *Times:*

Christ was the author and founder of big business. . . . God was the wealthiest big business man of all time.

FROM the questions and answers department of the *Watchword*, national organ of Christian Endeavor:

Question: Do you think it is wrong to dance, or to go to dances, if they are carried on in a good manner?

Answer: Dancing is a dangerous pastime always. Modern dances particularly are suggestive and lead to temptations to which nobody has any business exposing themselves. However, it is nonsense to denounce everybody that dances as depraved and immoral. Many fine young people, because of their early training, never think of dancing as sinful. Certain sincere young folks, who would never think of patronizing a public dance hall, where promiscuous dancing is the vogue, see no harm in private dances among close friends and acquaintances.

A girl of my acquaintance was accustomed to dance with a select group of old friends. She was absolutely straight, and had no thought of harm. One evening she and her friends were dancing in a familiar room. They did not notice a new picture which hung on the wall. Suddenly, as this girl danced her startled eyes caught sight of this new picture. It was an artist's interpretation of Christ in Gethsemane. Only a picture it was, to be sure, but as she gazed at it Christ himself looked into her soul. She danced no more that night in that room!

Could you be happy dancing in the same room with Jesus? That is the ultimate test, isn't it?

WHAT it means to live in the metropolis of a great free nation, as reported by the *Times:*

Charles O'Brien, fifty-four years old, of 307 East Tenth street, Manhattan, self-styled representative of the Proletarian Party, was held in $500 bail in Fifth Avenue Court, Brooklyn, on the complaint of James J. Donovan, Bay Ridge real estate dealer, who alleged that during an outdoor meeting at Fifth avenue and Fifty-second street, Brooklyn, O'Brien made remarks derogatory to the late President Woodrow Wilson.

According to Donovan, who lives at 348 Sixtieth street, O'Brien said: "President Wilson sent his right bower, Colonel House, to Sweden to hold meetings with the Crown Prince of Germany while the United States soldiers were fighting in the trenches, and those meetings were attended by European capitalists."

Donovan called Patrolman George Dailey of the Fourth avenue precinct and caused the arrest of O'Brien. At the arraignment Donovan asked Magistrate Rudich to delay the case long enough to permit him to ask the immigration

authorities to deport O'Brien to Canada. The specific charge against O'Brien is disorderly conduct.

NORTH CAROLINA

DISPATCH to the eminent Baltimore *Evening Sun* from the Christian town of Salisbury:

A few minutes after delivering a Prohibition lecture in which he berated Al Smith for his wet stand, the Rev. Arthur Talmadge Abernathy, militant Prohibitionist, eminent Methodist and candidate for Congress on a bone-dry platform, was arrested here on a charge of driving while drunk. He pleaded guilty, paid a fine of $100 and lost his operator's license. Mr. Abernathy said he had become fatigued while delivering his temperance lecture and felt the need of something stimulating.

OHIO

THE celebrated Cincinnati *Enquirer* on the late Frank Bartlette Willis, A.B., A.M., LL.D., Senator in Congress, candidate for the Presidency, agent of the Anti-Saloon League, and author of the dictum that the Hon. Harry Daugherty was and is "as clean as a hound's tooth":

Ohio has looked into the soul of Frank Willis, and found that he was clean. Through long observation the discerning people of this State had come to be impressed deeply with his sterling character. Thus the late United States Senator, former Governor, former Congressman, former State representative, teacher, and lawyer, has come now to take his place with the cherished political household memories of Buckeyedom.

PENNSYLVANIA

LIFE among the swells of Philadelphia, as described by the illustrious *Inquirer:*

The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Racquet Club was held last Tuesday at the club house on Sixteenth street. President Robert K. Cassatt presided and for the first time in many years announced that the club had been able to set aside from earnings a substantial sum for emergencies. A recent instalment is the electric sunlight room, which has become decidedly popular. Laboratory tests have shown that, under this light, hens will lay more eggs than under any other conditions. Its benefits are becoming widely recognized. There are five cots and an average of about fifty-five a day are using the room.

THE learned and alert editor of the *Weekly Advertiser*, of the great town of Royersford:

The greatest business man of all times was Christ, who did everything in a big way. He relied on faith instead of relying on personal cleverness to put over His big deals. When He was in the healing business He healed any disease and even restored life. When He was in the catering business He served five thousand people from five loaves of bread and two fishes, and the serving was in a big manner. He not only satisfied their hunger, but there were twelve basketfuls left over. When He was in the teaching business His teachings were not confined to a few, but He taught thousands of persons from all walks of life. His teachings went over big—in fact so big that for these 1900 and more of years no business has ever found a satisfactory imitation, and the Golden Rule was no doubt the first slogan ever adopted by any business.

PHILOSOPHICAL advice by the resident Pestalozzi of the up and coming town of Homestead, handed out to all high-school students in his domain:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

A good student
- does not like to day dream
- does not care to own a revolver
- does not care to become an aviator
- likes to study
- thinks that rules should not be broken under any circumstances
- thinks that a passing mark should be a requirement for eligibility on a varsity team
- does not care to visit a mountain moonshine still
- does not care to become a short-story writer
- does not care to own poker chips
- does not care to have a wild time in general
- does not believe in betting
- does not care to own a bull dog
- does not care to own a cigarette lighter
- would like to attend a lecture on travel
- does not like auto speeding
- does not want to forget school
- does not care to play poker
- does not care to own a set of dice
- does not want to become an actor
- does not care to become a football coach
- thinks it wrong to display "nerve"
- does not care to own a rifle
- would like to own a set of golf clubs
- does not care to be chased by a traffic policeman
- does not care to walk out on the edge of a cliff
- does not care to become an athletic coach
- does not care to go to the city to "knock around"
- does not care to stay out late at night
- thinks that it is wrong to shoot craps
- does not care to own a pack of cards
- does not care to own a bicycle
- is not interested in beating another fellow in some way
- does not care to become a professional baseball player
- does not care to go to the races
- does not care to listen to smutty stories

would like to visit an art museum
does not care to go to a good burlesque show
prefers a good education to wealth

PORT ECKLES
Superintendent of Schools

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE HON. COLE L. BLEASE, Senator in Congress from this great State, tells his fellow Senators about the wonders of Law Enforcement within its Christian borders:

A man told me at home the other day, when I said, "It is a wonder that they had not got you before now, boy," "I got the law bought." He told me that on Friday last, right on the streets of Columbia. I said, "How have you got the law bought?" And he named the man that he was paying the money to. He said he had immunity. That is the kind of officers that have been sent down there in my section of the country to enforce the law. They seize a man's automobile, take the best parts of it off, and put them on their automobile, take the old, worn-out car into town, and sell it; they seize his liquor, take it to their rooms, and sell it instead of turning it in as they ought to do.

TEXAS

FROM the *Lions' Weekly*, organ of the Lions' Club of San Antonio:

At our recent meeting a vote of appreciation was extended to our esteemed Lion members, Col. W. G. Higgins and Judge W. A. Wurzbach, for their untiring and successful efforts in putting over two events of interest and benefit to the community as a whole—the Chicago Grand Opera, and the International Live Stock Exposition, respectively.

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the town of Eastland, the pride and glory of this Christian State:

Humanely inclined Eastland citizens obtained a court order today against the sealing of a horned toad in the cornerstone of the new court-house and the toad, placed in the stone Saturday, was released, none the worse for its 48-hour entombment. Protests calling for the reptile's release "out of respect for Christianity and the humane citizenship of Texas," moved the commissioners' court to order the stone unsealed and the subject of the experiment liberated.

CAPTAIN C. C. INGRAM, World War veteran, speaking before the Houston Lions Club, as reported by the *Post-Dispatch:*

History bears me out that the pendulum of advancement always swings back when a civilization is at its highest. I am wondering if the pendulum is ready to swing back and all the arts and sciences again be buried in oblivion. If the Lions Club keeps up its work of enlightening the world, and teaching unselfishness, the pendulum will not swing back.

WASHINGTON

NEWS item in the Spokane *Daily Press:*

Mrs. Walter Grob, of Rocklyn, was elected queen to represent Davenport at the Harrington Mule Show. Mrs. Walter Harms, of Larene, will act as her attendant.

WISCONSIN

THE HON. ALBERT R. CURTIS, star poet of Milwaukee, discourses on his art in the *Journal:*

My poems now come just like water out of a faucet. I merely put down the first line and the rest comes right along. I write on any subject, humorous or pathetic, with equal ease. Some of my verses are being widely published. One of the best, I think, was "Be Kind to My Pal, the Dog," which the Wisconsin Humane Society immediately took up and printed in its bulletins. That poem is being read in public schools all over the State and I think it will do a lot of good.

PERU

BUSINESS advertisement in *El Comercio*, of Lima:

THE AMERICAN EVENT
OF THE YEAR

TOMORROW EVENING

We cordially invite to every american residing at Lima, and seasides, to the meeting that is going to be held at the

THEATRE "COLON"

FRIDAY EVENING

in order to signify with its presence, and as a testimony of sympathy to the Universal Pictures Corporation, for his magnificert production.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

(Titles in english and spanish)

which just reaches its *fifteenth* consecutive show. Not a single amecan should miss this opportunity.

THE COMMITTEE

Tickets on sale at the Theatre:
Boxes: $10 Orchestra 2

RESURGAM!

BY BENJAMIN DECASSERES

MY RESPECT for all drys is zero. My respect for nearly all wets is zero minus. A dry and his friend, the bootlegger, know exactly what they want, and they belch it out. But nearly all the so-called wets I have met have a sneaking suspicion that Prohibition is a "little bit right." Their very souls blush guiltily at the word saloon. They stand aghast at the idea of the complete repeal of the Amendment and the Volstead Act. "There may be something sinful about rum, after all!" they murmur to themselves.

The vision of the saloon wide open again is so pleasurable to them that, like the sound Christians that they are, they feel it is a sin even to dwell on't. This is in line with American psychology: anything that is free-and-easy, that is unrestricted, that can make you unrestrainedly happy is somehow wrong. A hatred and a fear of freedom are inherent in all the descendants of the original squatters in this Land of the Free. The unblended American wet is inevitably tainted with such qualms. Visions of Joe Morgan spending his last cent in Simon Slade's bar-room flittingly pursue him and "Frank Slade, you have killed your father!" booms dramatically down the corridors of his timid soul whenever his mind dallies with the programme of the only real wets: A saloon for every block!

And by the saloon I do not mean just a beer-saloon. To put this country back on a civilized basis, to bring back happiness and adventure, romance and forgetfulness, to restore the democracy of wit, good humor and equality between Mike and Fritz, to reduce crime, to destroy the hip-pocket flask, to provide comfort-stations for man, woman and child, to strike a death-blow at the universal corruption caused by Prohibition, to provide again free-lunches to the unemployed and the financially embarrassed, to set up clubs for home-sickened men, to give the Boy Scouts ocular and gustatorial proof that all the heroes they reverence were nursed on bottled fire and that the greatness of Our Country rose to the song of ten-bottle men—to do this the saloon must, will and *is* coming back in full canonicals: beer, whiskey, gin, cocktails, brandy, wines and Mamie Taylors.

The saloon is coming back because it is an organic necessity. It is essentially and peculiarly American. It was born of our hurry, our hatred of leisure, our disdain of elegancies, manners, table-cloths. In Europe the people from time immemorial have sat down to drink; they have made of it a sacrament to go with leisurely eating. But "Sacrament be damned!" said the early men of the Republic, "I want five fingers quick—and then another!" Europe sips her drinks. We sip nothing. We throw in a whiskey, a beer, a cocktail, just as we gulp down Haiti, Cuba, the Philippines, Nicaragua, a World War, all the great musicians of Europe, Proust, Trader Horn, fifty million automobiles a year, and four or five new religions.

The saloon was thus a healthy growth, a normal growth, an organic extension of our healthy gullets and bellies. "This is hell!" said a four-generation American friend of mine when he first hit Paris. "I've got to sit down to get drunk! Where's that American Bar I heard about?" An Ameri-

can seeing the word Bar in any quarter of the globe immediately returns to his tribe. His eye dances, his mouth waters, his spine runs up the Stars and Stripes. In going toward that sign, he is going home. He'll see Chicago Jim or Bowery Pete behind the long mahogany. He'll stand before a bottle and a glass, and with his foot on a shining rail he'll salute with loving thought the spirits of Andy Jackson, Kit Carson and General Grant—all grand American bar-flies in their day. You can no more ultimately dissever a real American from the saloon than you can part Herbert Hoover from his decorations.

II

The saloon-root in the American soul was never better exemplified, I think, than in the following incident. It is all the more significant in that I had never considered myself a patriot—until what I am to tell revealed to me that patriotism lies deeper than reason, and that wherever there's a bar there's at least one wandering, erring American who will come home to the bosom of Old Abe.

I went to the City of Mexico when Porfirio Diaz, the most prolific founder of cemeteries that the Western World has begotten, was in power. I arrived in the city without knowing anybody, without knowing the language, and without even being able to read the signs. I saw *cantinas* and *pulquerias* without number, and terraces where dull-eyed Latins and Indians sipped their drinks while staring at the gutter. I was lost, depressed, home-sick. I thought of ending it, like Empedocles, by plunging into the crater of Popocatepetl. Then, suddenly, on the third day, turning a corner in my melancholy walk, I saw a tremendous sign, "Coney Island." *Te Deum Laudamus!* It was an American saloon, run by Carl Spitzer, a German-American from our own Coney Island! Swinging-doors, sanded floor, white apron, brass-rail, spittoons, and everything, including a pyramid of bottles behind Carl labelled Old Crow, Belle of Nelson, Trimble, Wilson, Black Label and Holland Gin!

My loneliness was over. This God-sent saloon, where Carl provided all the paraphernalia of a regular Sixth avenue free-lunch, persuaded me to remain in Mexico. Everything about the man became of profound interest to me—his modest birth in the great city of Brooklyn, his matriculation at Val Schmidt's booze Mahal just over the bridge, his babies that he had left behind, and—when did your hair begin to fall out, Carl? Carl's only regret was that he could not let his patrons have Ehret's beer. (Mexican beer is very fine, and mostly made by Germans.) But the point is this: "Coney Island" made me a red-hot American while I was in Mexico. I understood for the first time the profound affinity between the saloon and My Country.

It is because of this adventure that I believe the one way to destroy radicalism in America and calm the fluttering hearts of the D. A. R.'s is to reopen the saloons with their whole pharmacopœia of infallible cure-alls. I can promise the Ohio, the Indiana and the Pennsylvania Gangs that they can get away with anything in Washington and no one will care a damn if they put a saloon on every corner in every city throughout the Republic. It should be done forcibly as a patriotic act, to silence those of us—millions—who have a grouch against "the way things is goin'." At bottom, none of us cares a bootlegger's oath who gets away with anything. Our howling assumptions of rectitude are merely defence mechanisms to hide—"light wines and beer" hypocrites, hear! hear!—our firm determination to bring back the saloon, which we are going to do—if the spirits of Jackson, Webster, Grant and the other great American patron saints of the brass-rail do not fail us—if it takes the rest of our lives!

In the olden days when My Country was really true to the thirst of the Fathers any one who desired could die a drunkard's

death, the best, the most painless of all deaths, seeing that most of us have to die of something terrible. But today one cannot even die a decent drunkard's death. Instead, millions of us are being slowly poisoned and our entrails are slowly rotting because of the liquids administered to us by the Volstead Borgias. The restored saloon—cheap pure whiskeys, gins, beers, cocktails, brandies and absinthe drips—at least will allow us to go to Heaven or Hell in our own way, a fundamental constitutional guarantee.

The saloon is, again, necessary for a revival of the humanities of Our Country. For eight years there has gone on a steady commercialization and standardization of good fellowship in the form of Rotary clubs and other such mechanical pumpers-up of almost-dead instincts. The saloon in its palmiest days came nearer to realizing the Brotherhood of Man ideal in its most natural and masculine form than any other institution which the Christian era has littered. If among the millions who assembled before Mike and Heinie year in and year out there were some who would knock that ideal into a cocked hat, or even a cock-eye, by "offering to clean out the ranch," they were quickly brought to terms by the Presiding Bishop, who, quickly divesting himself of his canonical apron, took a miraculous leap over the bar and propelled the misguided brother through the door in less time than it took to change water into wine at Cana.

At the moment of entering a saloon one immediately became flooded with the Christmas spirit. Pockets, hearts and lips opened and poured out their treasures on a brother, on all the assembled brothers at times, while Bishop Mike or Bishop Fritz, his face melted to that of a beneficent Allah, pontificated with the waters of life. "Ruined homes!" the Salvation Army used to tom-tom in the streets, showing us decayed exhibits of "saved" pseudo-human beings who would have made better looking whiskey corpses. Ruined homes! All homes are now in ruins from the Salvation Army's point of view. Every kitchen is a gin-mill and the decencies of the old saloon are put to shame.

Before I describe some of these delightful American sanctuaries so that the rising generation, and especially the ecclesiastically captained Boy Scouts, will know what their manhood will miss unless they throw off the yoke of the Methodist-Baptist speak-easies—before I show the post-war generation something of the glory that has passed away, but which must return as surely as God made us primarily to sin and transgress, I will recall the loveliness of New York after sunset when the lights from fifteen thousand saloons on twelve thousand corners threw their fires like guiding beacons into the dark streets and lit the way to spirituous redemption from the day's cares, worries and grouches of a million tired business men, solitary hall-bedroom thinkers and the gnarled and twisted men with the hoe, shovel, pick and spade, not to mention the day-weary proofreaders, watchcase engravers and cloak-stitchers (there was the redemptive Family Entrance for drooping corset-models, sales-girls and actresses who supported John MacCullough). On cold, snowy evenings, when the streets were deserted, these brilliantly lighted saloons made a veritable fairy-spectacle set in the midst of a dark and deserted world. Merely to look at them glimmering and gleaming down Sixth avenue or Broadway after all unnecessary lights had been turned off evoked a warmth of soul and a promise of joy that must have lured, alas! I know not how many good men of the cloth on their belated errands of spiritual comfort to the joyous damnation of their souls.

III

Some men's first memories of the happy, unbuttoned life of the appetites may go back to grandma's puddings, others to the first little girls they kissed behind the sofa, while still others may remember

their birth in sin as a surreptitious pull at father's pipe while the old man was frisking a drink of whiskey out of the medicine-closet. My own first memory of the Larger Life is on a more nearly epical scale. It is of Pop Ziegler's saloon at Eighth and Berks streets, in Philadelphia. At the age of five we moved to within three doors of this great neighborhood amusement cathedral (for there were no motion pictures, uptown theatres, radios or jazz parlors in those days, and any one who possessed even a telephone or a typewriter was what Pop called a *Grossmaul*). He kept a real, old-fashioned lager-beer saloon. In Summer (he was a tremendous, be-whiskered beer-barrel of a Fafner) he used to run his establishment openly and himself unashamedly, for he never had any glazed windows and he always appeared in nothing more than an old pair of trousers and an undershirt which never had any buttons.

In cataleptic awe, I used to stand at the door and watch Pop lining up hundreds of handles of beer. The foam from the glasses ran over everything, for he would have nothing to do with the new-fangled sud-shavers that were coming into use in the aristocratic downtown saloons. As a result, his bar was a Bridal Veil Falls. Pop himself was an eclectic. From seven in the morning until midnight he drank beer, whiskey and brandy. I used to watch him from the street doing his colossal stunts with the Twentieth Ward Falstaffs that lined his bar. That was my movie, and I dreamed of the day—and it came, for I lived on the block for fifteen years—when I could stand before this mighty, good-natured god and laugh and spit without let or hindrance just as he did.

Ziegler was one of those gorgeous ancients who lived without thought of the morrow, whose today was a seventeen-hour feast in honor of Gambrinus and Barleycorn, and whose yesterdays went into oblivion through his nether waste-pipes. On a stove at the back of his saloon he cooked meat-balls, fish-balls and corn on the cob. We boys used to run in the back way from the alley once in a while and filch a meat-ball from the stove. This amused Pop immensely—and it all came back to him in family orders for bottled beer and from alley growler runners. I do not remember ever to have seen or heard of a fight in Pop's place. It was one of hundreds of thousands of similar shrines throughout the country. Chester A. Arthur, with a full cellar, was in the White House, Grover Cleveland was putting away the stuff in Albany. All was well with Our Country.

Ah! the delicious odor of tripe and pigs' feet that greeted one on entering Gus and Frank's Old Halfway House, in West Thirty-fifth street, New York! This was one of the middle-of-the block saloons that held their own for decades against the cloak-and-suit invasion. Drinkers came from many blocks around to Gus and Frank's sawdust-and-sand arena. Gus was tall and looked something like the late Dan Daly, while Frank was a fat, happy pate. Schooners were a nickel, and good, healthy red-eye was a dime. Pigs' knuckles, sauerkraut and immense hot dogs were served all day at ten cents a plate. Between the whiskey bottles at the back there stood for some years a photograph of a soldier in the blue of the Union Army. It was Papa Frank (neither Gus nor Frank had a last name that I can now recall), "who fought mit Sigel." My whole being drips with mnemonic rapture over the pickles that Gus and Frank gave away. Gigantic, succulent Zeppelins lifted out of a tub of ice-water! A mouthful of beer and then a bite, another mouthful and then another bite, and so on, until my whole internal being became so highly and poignantly ecstasized, my esophagus became such a Ninth Symphony of fleshly hallelujahs, that I am sure I must have lost my place in line at the Second Advent.

A type of saloon which all Broadway will remember with purling gullets was the so-called business men's lunch. It began at the Battery and punctuated every

block to Twenty-third street. Outside of these places there generally dangled a big slate. Chalked on it were sausages, krauts, stews, soups, rare cuts, and other lures to the bar, where one sat on a high stool and for ten to twenty cents got one's fill of business men's food (a little tougher than Olympian guttle) and all the drinks one could carry for a nickel or a dime apiece. There were about forty such places from the Battery to Twenty-third street, and I was sib and hep to about ten of them, the best being Solly's, somewhere near Reade street. To describe the mosaics of beer, whiskey and twelve different kinds of foods that I have inlaid at noon or as the shades of e'en-tide fell while a-squat on one of Solly's leather-capped stools would require a miraculous upswirl of my early dithyrambic style, which deserted me when Holy Man Bryan successfully walked the sea of grape-juice in 1920. Solly himself was of the old school. He did his own bar-tending and food-digging, and with meticulous conscientiousness. He was always shaved and groomed to a whisper, his big black mustache lolling all over his lower face. I have never seen such politeness and *savoir-faire*, even in movie European drawing-rooms.

In the financial district the aristocratic sideboard bar flourished. A single small sideboard—often of rare wood—was all there was to it. A butler of stern phiz and in demi-evening clothes opened mysterious doors for your special label. He made your favorite cocktail with the concentration and seriousness of an idealist confecting a new republic. He never spoke unless he was spoken to, and then with a high-class accent and a Ward McAllister smile. I regret the passage of these sideboard bars, for I always patronized them on the days that I was a gentleman. They, too, will return with the Renaissance, I hope.

Lipton's saloon, at Park Row and Nassau street under the old *Times* Building, was a famous newspaper hang-out until the very year that the Blue-Nozzle Curse fell on us. This eminent saloon formed an arcade from Nassau street to Park Row and was presided over by Pat Croley, who could tell the city editors of the *World*, the *Sun*, the *Press*, the *Times* and the *Tribune* just what their reporters and copy-readers were doing—just how much and far they were doing it, too—at any hour of the day. It was a House of Call. When we got tired of standing at the bar we used to put our drinks on the floor and sit on the bar-rail. There were booths with victuals for the newspaper intelligentsia, but these were patronized only by Don Marquis, Frank O'Malley and other such three-figure check men.

A homey saloon on the Bowery was Pat Farley's place at Canal street. Pat's theory was that nobody could possibly make a whiskey that was worth fifteen cents. He was an Irishman of parts, would tolerate no obscenities or the use of the Saviour's name in his place, and always passed around five-cent Henry George cigars after the third round with a "Have one on the house, gentlemen." When the day approached the vespers hour Irish stews appeared mysteriously from under the bar and a dainty fishball was aimed at you on a fork. The place was secretly open all night for newspaper men, politicians and the quieter sort of Bowery actors. I never saw a disturbance there, and I was actually present when Pat quietly asked Big Jack Zelig to take his trade elsewhere.

IV

If I could transport some millions of the adolescent generation back to those gorgeous all-mirror, circular-bar palaces they would, in mere æsthetic frenzy, decree the instant return of the saloon when they came to exercise the inalienable right of every American pussy-head. For those of us who couldn't do Europe such establishments were the Versailles Hall of Mirrors and the Crystal Palace. Their great virtue was that they drove men from home. From mud-colored wallpaper and Brussels car-

pets made up-State, with their holes and baby-spots, to Jerry Donohue's marble floor, glistening mirrors, shining rosewood and impeccable glasses in pyramids, cones and squares—that was many a man's retreat from the thought of murder or suicide. I do not speak of the bars in the big hotels, generally frequented by Westerners and Southerners who came to New York to get bawling, crawling drunk and then return to their Methodist lairs with tales of the wicked Sodom-on-Hudson. Such bars never belonged, not even the one at the Knickerbocker or that at the Imperial. They had an alien air.

Thousands will no doubt recall two of the most celebrated all-night saloons in New York. They both operated under the ten-dollar all-night license, which I hope to see come back also with the return of the saloon. One of these places was Furthmann's, at the corner of Forty-second street and Seventh avenue. The bar was circular. I have done a total revolution around it in two hours, dragging my satellitic drinks with me. When the place was packed the motion was slower; it then took three hours for a normally laden planet to demonstrate that Galileo was right after all. I have seen a gorgeous necklace of jewelled drinks around Furthmann's bar—rainbow-tinct poussé-cafés, cardinal Manhattans, amber Ehrets, opalescent absinthe frappés, heart-bleeding clarets, saffron highballs, incarnadine Bourbons, —with the lights beating down so fiercely that you could see all the freckles on the brain of Pat the bartender.

The other place was Tim Shine's, at the corner of Thirty-sixth street and Sixth avenue, opposite James Gordon Bennett's daily ship-news bulletin, the New York *Herald*, whose proprietor, be it said in reverence to his shade, never discouraged drink in himself or others. We inmates of the *Herald* worked exclusively and in twenty-four shifts for Bennett and Tim. The corner was famous for forty years. The saloon was originally the lair of Paddy the Pig (né O'Brien), whose Negro bartender, Bob, was a continuous commuter between the bar and Blackwell's Island. Tim took over the place after Paddy and Bob went a-frisking for the watches and gold cigarette-cases of the angels, tore it out, threw on the lights (Paddy, like all deep, brooding thinkers, liked drawn curtains day and night) and made it the most famous corner *salon de joie* in New York. It was in Tim's, one morning, that Corse Payton, who by his own confession is America's best bad actor, swapped a pup and his pants belt for a collection of South American postage stamps.

Nor will the old-timers ever forget Andy Horn's place at the New York entrance to Brooklyn Bridge. Andy's bar never closed except for a few hours on Sunday morning (a slight but well-meant tribute to God), when he put everybody upstairs. Straight drinks here, no lunch of any kind, and mind your own business! The Bridge crooks were always out in force around Andy's place. This gave it a tang. Nothing, to me at least, is more pleasurable than to have a small slant on and know that murder or a dirty deed is in the atmosphere. To be on the *qui vive*, to suspect the guy standing next to you at the bar, to know that one word may cause an explosion—those great days are gone. Now, our lives are so safe that life is hardly worth living. Murders and accidents today are drab. The saloon was Expectancy. It was Adventure. It was the Unknown. It was the romance of everyday. And until Eggnog Monday, the bock-beer signs, the May-wine cards and the swinging doors are seen again in the land, we shall drift lower and lower in the stews of peace.

But the saloon is coming back. It was prophesied of old in the Blessed Book, Psalm II, 1:

"Why do the nunkey-donkeys rage and their leaders imagine a vain thing like Prohibition in New York?"

GENTLEMEN OF THE ENSEMBLE

BY DUFF GILFOND

In some towns of our America, when the movie-vaudeville show has been seen twice, time hangs heavy on the hands of the patriot seeking entertainment. But in Washington, at least during a large part of the year, there is a new performance every day in the House of Representatives. Up to date the windy Mr. Blanton, of Texas, is the only actor in that super-vaudeville who has achieved national fame, but with all due respect to his genius there are many stars, lesser perhaps, yet just as amusing, who deserve to share his glory.

For example, the Hon. Louis C. Cramton, LL.B., of Lapeer, Mich., leader of the drys in the House. Unlike most of his colleagues of the Methodist-Baptist *bloc*, this distinguished gentleman does not have to act. Just as we know by simply looking at some women that they are good, so it is unmistakable from Mr. Cramton's mien that he is dry. Not only his face, but even his doleful voice is suited to the part. When he rises to defend his benefactor, the Anti-Saloon League, there is always the fear among his listeners that he will burst into sobs.

But recently even such conscientious drys as Mr. Cramton have come to doubt the goodness of God. It must be that He, too, has been bamboozled by the unscrupulous wets, for three of the strongest sponsors of Prohibition have been betrayed in their own houses. The son of Senator Alben William Barkley, A.B., of Kentucky, the step-son of Congressman Clyde Kelly, of Pennsylvania, and the son of Congressman O. J. Kvale, of Minnesota, elected on a "Dryer than Volstead" platform, strayed far enough from the paternal fold to be annoyed by the Capital police. And the Hon. Mr. Cramton, though his family remained loyal, was outraged by a neighbor, who was caught bootlegging. One cannot be too careful in Washington. Wasn't the Hon. Mr. Lankford, of Christian Georgia, found typing in his office on a Sunday after clamoring to make the District blue?

Many Congressmen are still unknown because their contributions to the legislative process have been outshone by their other activities. I point to the Hon. Fred. A. Britten of Illinois, and the Hon. Henry R. Rathbone, B.A., LL.D., of the same great State. Mr. Britten should grab a seat among the immortals as the best dressed member and Dr. Rathbone for his devotion to Lincoln. Born of the couple who sat in Lincoln's box on the night he was shot, this agreeable gentleman has given himself to a lifelong study of the Emancipator. He has four Lincoln bills pending now. In fact, so intimate have the Congressman and the Emancipator been in spirit, that Dr. Rathbone has come to resemble his hero. Then there is the Hon. Brooks Fletcher, of Marion, Ohio. His office is stacked with works on psychology, and he has been eloquently selling the principles of success for many years. His mail is laden, not with the usual requests for canning recipes or funeral orations, but with momentous questions about the development of personality. His most noteworthy contribution to the *Congressional Record* is called "The Tragedy of Misunderstood Youth."

The Hon. John N. Tillman, LL.D., of Arkansas, should join the immortals for his courageous denunciation of necking in

depraved age and by him should sit the handsome Hon. Thomas Webber Wilson, LL.B., of Mississippi, who once shook the House by denouncing garters on magazine covers. And perhaps one should also include the Hon. C. R. Chindblom, A.M., LL.B., of Illinois, who can say foolish things with all the impressiveness of a Delphic oracle; the Hon. Charles L. Abernethy, of North Carolina, for his attempt to be a Blanton despite a handicapping intelligence; the Hon. A. L. Bulwinkle, of the same State, for his gift for making roaring speeches before one or two people; the Hon. Robert Alexis Green, of Florida, the Hon. Otis Wingo, of Arkansas, for their assiduous attentiveness to the gallery. Speaking of his youth, Mr. Wingo always refers to himself as "that handsome brute" and even today, at middle age, he can wave to more ladies in Admiration Row than any of his colleagues. Big, blond Mr. Schafer, of Wisconsin, formerly a locomotive engineer, came to Congress to fight for justice and can't be disillusioned. Egged on by his colleagues in quest of amusement, he invariably succumbs, protruding his strong chin and shaking his manly pompadour. When he dictates a letter the House Office Building vibrates.

The most versatile member is probably the Hon. William Irving Sirovich, A.B., M.D., a new Congressman from the city of New York. Beside his distinction as a surgeon, he makes classical speeches and writes bad plays. His campaign was conducted on such original lines that even Mayor Big Bill Thompson, of Chicago, could have learned something from it. Notes were dropped from an airplane soaring the East Side, which, when unfolded, revealed a coin and the following message:

A gift from heaven:
He has the patriotism of a Washington,
The love of human rights of a Lincoln,
The courage of a Roosevelt,
The mentality of a Wilson.
Who is it?
William Irving Sirovich!

The battle between Dr. Sirovich and the Hon. Nathan D. Perlman, LL.B., his predecessor, became so bitter that public issues were abandoned. The story goes in Washington that the Hon. Mr. Perlman hit below the belt first. Said he of his opponent: "Sirovich is not a good Jew. I have a good Jewish wife and a good Jewish boy. Where's his wife? Where's his boy?" Dr. Sirovich had neither, and his followers became alarmed. Who had ever heard of a good Jew who was a bachelor? But the clever doctor was not daunted. "Perlman says I'm not a good Jew," he retorted. "What has he done in Washington for the Jews? Not a thing! Now when I get there, on Friday night at five o'clock not only will I stop my work and pray, but the whole Congress will bow their heads in prayer."

II

There are at least four men in the House who prove that even in an age of standardization all the color has not yet been washed out of Congress. The first is the Hon. Edgar Howard, of Nebraska, newspaper editor, feeless lawyer and gentleman.

As Mr. Howard enters the chamber to mingle with his colleagues in true democratic spirit there is a stir in the gallery. The vulgar say, "Look what the wind blew in," but the discriminating see a figure out of the romantic past. The faded frock coat, the baby ribbon black bow tie, the coarse grey locks reaching to the shoulders, and the spectacles picked up at a country jeweler's immediately mark a character born after his time.

In the midst of the legislative hullabaloo, in the chaotic chamber where the Speaker's gavel comes down ruthlessly in the middle of the orator's noblest sentence, Mr. Howard's slow, piping drawl, whose source seems to be a distant tomb, comes out in strange heedlessness of clocks and hostile Congressmen. "Let me plead in my gentle Quaker way," he beseeches. No clamor can shake him out of his languor or dam his even flow. Although he frequently resorts to sarcasm, being a wit, the Hon. Mr. Howard is never bitter. His door

in the House Office Building is always open and whether he be dictating a letter as one would sing a requiem, or writing one of his daily editorials, (he owns a paper out in Columbus, Neb.) anybody is free to drop in. He is so gallant that when he was introduced to a Hawaiian lady, he surprised his colleagues by kissing her hand.

Discussing Prohibition, he never abuses the wets in the usual boozy dry fashion. On the contrary, he recites one of his poems. Even the most hard-boiled and atheistic wets were impressed when he once told them, in his weird way, of his visit to the land of the dead. There he heard a beautiful voice announce the death of John Barleycorn. It was the voice, it appeared, of the Constitution of the United States. On the envelopes Mr. Howard mailed to his constituents, containing the speech, large black letters said: "John Barleycorn is Dead!" His poem for the occasion follows:

There's a language of the lowly and a language of the great;
There's a language of the diplomat to conceal affairs of state;
There's a language of the heart and a language of the head;
But the queerest tongue e'er spoken is the language of the dead.

Men may not learn that language in any earthly school;
It's a language never spoken by any man-made rule;
But it is the tongue of Dreamland where John Barleycorn lies sleeping;
Where the legions of John Philip [Hill] their faithful watch are keeping.

Another time he tickled his colleagues by setting his thoughts to music. He had been listening in at the Senate hearing on the Pennsylvania campaign slush fund. Obtaining the floor in the House, he drew some bills from his threadbare trousers, and imitating an evangelist at a revival meeting, paraphrased "Abide With Me" in a high key:

Change and decay in all around I see;
Take this ten dollars, friend, and vote for me!

The wicked laugh at the Hon. Mr. Howard, but it is by such stunts that he gets the attention and good-will of his otherwise heedless colleagues, and as a result, obtains what he's after. At a night session in June, 1926, the members were debating an amendment to the Rivers and Harbors Bill. Mr. Howard was very eager to have the amendment passed, but it was growing late and his opponents remained firm. Suddenly a happy idea struck him. "I had a dream last night," he drawled in his faraway voice, "and little Bishop Sunbeams said if you dreamed anything hard enough it would come true." To corroborate the Bishop he gave the instance of his coiffure. For many years, he said, he had been pointed to with ridicule because he wore his hair long. But he clung to his fashion, dreaming all the while that some day it would be acceptable. And had not his dream been realized? Indicating the gallery, he said, "You see, gentlemen, every well-regulated woman in all America has adopted my style of wearing her hair." As you may have guessed, his dream of the preceding night had been that the members had passed the amendment—and they did.

The Hon. Mr. Howard, as he informs us in the Congressional Directory, was born just before the war—he doesn't say which. A tramp printer for many years, he wound up as the editor of a country newspaper. So proud is he of this profession that in his biography, after describing himself as a member of the Nebraska Legislature and Lieutenant-Governor, he adds, "holding contemporaneously the higher office of editor of a country newspaper, and still in that estate." He says also that he was married at a "lawful age," and, with his tongue in his faded cheek, that he is "still married."

He calls himself a "free Democrat." At a Democratic convention in Omaha he opened the keynote speech by saying: "I've been mingling with sweet spirits of Democracy all night." Another time, as president of the State Senate, upon hearing of the chaplain's indisposition, he left a festive session with the boys in the cloakroom to lead the legislators in the most eloquent prayer they ever heard.

He has his value in the House. In spite of his boast that he was once secretary to William Jennings Bryan, he is one of the most liberal of members. Moreover, he can always relieve a tense situation with a quaint remark. Congressman Upshaw, the Anti-Saloon League ballyhoo-man, once sought permission to insert in the *Record* a speech he had made in Nebraska. Mr. Berger of Wisconsin objected, saying that Upshaw spoke enough on the floor. But this privilege of abusing the *Record* is usually extended to members, and so Upshaw grew angry and the feeling between the two men became bitter. Immediately Mr. Howard rose and with all solemnity informed the House that Upshaw had referred to him "as an angel with four wings" in that speech, and that he would like them to read about him. The objection was then withdrawn.

The old gentleman's mellowness is evidenced, not only by his votes on legislation and his popularity in the House, but by the flowery bits of sentiment he circulates privately. These include odes to dogs, flowers and sunsets. For Mother's Day he wrote: "I do not surely know, but often I half-way believe, that the mothers who live away up there beyond the star-line may be listening-in at some angel radio station, and happily hearing the message of love I am speaking this Mothers' Day in tones of white from the breasts of multitudes of remembering sons and daughters."

His most famous effusion was on the oxblood rose. He was scheduled to address a gathering on Prohibition one night when he was feeling very unsteady. His friends helped him into a taxi but they were worried that he might not come through. Their fears, however, were in vain, for despite his indisposition he thrilled his audience with the story of the oxblood rose. He saw a multitude of roses on a huge estate, he said, the reddest roses he had ever beheld. They were so red that he was fascinated and stopped to inquire about them. Alas! this gorgeous garden belonged to a distiller, and now he knew why the roses were so red. They contained the blood that had dripped out of the anguished hearts of the wives and mothers of guzzling men! It was from the blood of these suffering women that distillers made their fortunes!

III

In contrast to the light-hearted Howard, ambling blithely about the House chamber, is the earnest Percy Edwards Quin, of McComb City, Miss., who, day in and day out, leans forward tensely in his seat to guard the farmer from the tricks of urban legislators. Although he shaves his head rather than his face, the Hon. Mr. Percy cannot be as easily spotted from the gallery as the antiquated Howard. One must hear him speak to recognize his distinctiveness. When he takes the floor, the offices and cloakrooms are deserted, the galleries fill, and a deafening outburst of cheers resounds in the chamber. "Hooray! Hooray for Percy!" the boys yell, and a most remarkable performance is begun.

He not only uses his voice until it becomes hoarse, but every muscle of his great body. He beats his chest, shakes his fists, rocks backward and forward, crouches, mops himself vigorously, and prances about. When he refers to the toiling farmer he goes through the motions of ploughing, and when he speaks of a coon dog he sniffs and snarls. He refuses to yield the floor to a colleague for even a second; in fact, he starts by saying he must not be interrupted. In his rolling Mississippi patois he hammers away, a little hard on grammar and logic, but always vivid and vitriolic. "The thieving Fordney-McCumber bill!" he shouts. "The nasty Esch-Cummins bill! . . . Rough-house Tincher who eats cyclones and tornadoes for dinner! . . . Dr. Kincheloe's gall!" He delights his colleagues by referring to them as "Doctor," and he relieved the tensity of the farm-relief debate by his cry that "there comes a time in the life of every statesman when he must rise above principle." At the bang of

the gavel, silencing him, cheers break loose, drowning out his further roars as he plods exultingly up the aisle.

The denizens of Mississippi are as proud of him as he is of them. When they receive reprints of his speeches, interspersed with "cheers," "laughter" and "applause," they boast they have one of the few statesmen in Congress who can get the ear of his colleagues. Moreover, they appreciate his modesty in the face of success. "Same old Percy!" a constituent visiting the Capital told me, worshipfully. "Not one bit different since the day he come here. Why, when he walks along the street nobody would believe he's Congressman Quin. 'That Congressman Quin?' I hear them say. 'You're crazy! That's a tramp!'"

"I believe that every farmer in this country deserves to ride in a Cadillac," he once thundered. He says that he would vote for the farmers if he had to act against every other constituent in his district. Alarm for his safety, however, is unnecessary, since his constituency is wholly bucolic. "Farmers," he once said, "are the salt of the earth. They generally have some good old hymn-books, and they sing the songs of God. The oldtime religion is good enough for me!"

Not susceptible to newfangled notions, nor dazzled by the rhetoric of the boys from the city, Percy has clung faithfully to his old corncob pipe, his old clothes, his dangling locket, his Baptist idea of Hell, and the old-fashioned bewhiskered Fundamentalist God. On the subject of flood control he roared:

> Prosperity continued to be the case until this great river which God Almighty in His wisdom put near the middle of the United States, was interfered with by man. God in Heaven, in my judgment, is the greatest engineer of the whole universe, and yet the War Department had engineers who said we can improve on God's work, and the natural outlets God had placed there were closed up.

Percy's value in the House today, as monitor over the extravagant city Congressmen, is the result of his hard early training. A poor boy, he worked on a farm when he was five years old, not six or eight hours a day, but, as he poetically tells us in the *Record*, "from the early dawning of the morning light until the sun went down in the west and darkness covered the face of the earth." A lucrative law practice in McComb City and shrewd investments subsequently swelled his income but not his head. During the war, while the profiteers held the country by the throat, he defied them, toting his lunch to the Capitol and wearing collars that could be laundered with a pencil eraser.

He was violently patriotic in those days. Addressing a gathering in Mississippi at the outbreak of the war, he was interrupted by a pacifist (even in Mississippi!) who naïvely inquired why we didn't wait for Germany to attack us before we went to fight. Percy was so enraged by this evidence of disloyalty that in his antics he overturned a pitcher of water at his elbow, and splashed several ministers on the platform. He apologized to the dripping clergy, explaining that when he was confronted by such a question, he simply could not control himself.

He is, nevertheless, very cunning, and knows Mississippi. Attempting to ingratiate himself with his constituents after a family quarrel, he flashed a newspaper before them with Congressman Fiorello LaGuardia's name in a headline. "See this name!" he bellowed. "I defy anybody here to pronounce it. It is not an American name. I am protecting you against these foreigners in Congress." Immediately all the hundred percenters of the Mississippi swamps rallied to his support.

Proud as he is of his ancestry, birth and rearing, Percy recently felt the need for travel. But the homage that foreigners paid to a distinguished American did not weaken his allegiance to Mississippi. "The Japs are ignorant," he told the home folks after his return. "It is a weak nation because of its low average intelligence and prosperity. It cannot be considered a serious enemy to the United States." Speaking of China he said: "I feel sorry for China. China does not know where she is or

where she's going. The Chinese are lazy."

Thus, simply, Percy Quin carries on year after year for his people in the great republic of Mississippi. Neither position, wealth nor travel, nor even his wife's admission into the D. A. R., can affect his homely ways. Pounding a table one day as he halted a raid on the Treasury, he was interrupted by a colleague who said: "Mr. Chairman, if the gentleman will yield, I wish to state to him that he is in imminent danger of losing his chewing-gum." The quid had been unloosed from its moorings on the table by the thumping!

IV

Percy Quin is a great man, but it is likely that there are replicas of him in Mississippi. One could hardly duplicate Edgar Howard in Nebraska today, but it would not have been at all impossible in the Victorian era. The Hon. George Holden Tinkham, A.B. (Harvard), of Massachusetts, however, was never tried before and will probably never be repeated. He is the sort of thing that happens only once in human history. Let the people who believe that picturesque statesmen are of the past, behold, with amazement, the Hon. Mr. Tinkham.

It is, unfortunately, only on rare occasions that he may be enjoyed, for he is not fond of Congress and seldom appears in the chamber. But when he does he cannot be overlooked. The gallery wants to know, not only who he is, but what: Balkan diplomat, rabbi, one of the Smith brothers, or brownie. A long, untrimmed dark beard, an unpressed suit, a funereal tie and down-at-the-heel shoes are hardly the conventional earmarks of a Congressman from the swell and sniffish Boston Back Bay district.

The enigma has never been solved. Though the hon. gentleman is worth millions and has the largest bathroom in Washington, his beard frequently reaches to his waist and it is evident that he chews his cigars. Though all Congressional business bores him, save Prohibition, of which he is the arch foe, he is returned repeatedly, the last time by both parties. A scholar and an art patron, a widely read and traveled man, he will describe to the minutest detail and to the extent of three hours how he shot down a tiger. Though proud of his physique, which is ruddy and robust, he will not lift a finger to make himself presentable. "I've tried to fall for him for years," a Washington lady told me, "but it is impossible."

His fur-lined coat flaps around his ankles and if handy, may be worn in June as well as in December. His soft, floppy hat, slapped on at a rakish angle, is as shapeless as the fashionable boyish figure. His suits, made by the smartest tailor in Boston, usually come out of a drawer, and his ties are all black. He won't replace a hat until he loses it. He once showed one of his secretaries a sample of material for a new suit.

"Oh, I like that," she said. "That's really pretty, Mr. Tinkham."

"Fine," he rejoined. "I just ordered six."

A wealthy child, of *Mayflower* descent, and the only boy in his family, George presumably had his own way. If he did not feel like washing his neck he defied his nurse, and if he did not care for Aunt Letty I should guess he said so. Hence, his strong individualism today. Nobody can tell him what to drink, but neither can he be coaxed to trim his beard. Able and well-informed, he cannot, however, work with other men. He has his own methods, good enough but slow. He would rather talk than listen and so avoids the House.

At Harvard he prepared to be a college professor, for which profession he is sufficiently studious and absent-minded. But an uncle dragged him into politics and now nobody can defeat him. It's his luck. He is always falling heir to another legacy and everything he touches turns to gold. Even his hotel apartment, resembling a zoo, is now worth many times the rental under his lease. Angling for prestige for his hotel, then new, the owner offered half the first floor for an absurdly low sum.

Tinkham demanded a lease "for the duration of his service." A new Congressman, and such a strange one, he procured it, much to the proprietor's subsequent regret. Anxious now to substitute profit for prestige, he has despairingly seen Tinkham return six times! Tink's cellar is the most famous in Washington and as legal as marriage, having been magnificently stocked at the advent of Prohibition.

He is a good hater. He started the hullabaloo against the Anti-Saloon League, accusing it, amidst great opposition, of financing his colleagues and buying legislation. He demanded the resignation of Volstead from the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee because he had been elected by the League. The House was so indignant at the request that the whole affair was expunged from the *Record*. "There are three things I won't discuss with my friends," he once exclaimed, "woman suffrage, Prohibition and Teddy Roosevelt." The late Wayne B. Wheeler was high on Tinkham's taboo list. Not only did he say that Wheeler's "very presence in the Capitol is an offense against decency," but he also christened the head of the stupid hartebeest, lunging out of his office wall, after the great League chief.

In spite of his ability and earnestness, the members of the House are not inclined to take him seriously. Which is hardly to his discredit, considering that they take Calvin Coolidge that way. But he does pull some queer stunts. He appeared at a formal dinner without his necktie and after his return from the jungles he gave an exhibit, in the lobby of the House Office Building, of specimens and pictures, taken from various angles, of his captures. In Boston on personal business he telegraphed his colleagues, who did not even suspect his absence, that he would be back when they took up a certain matter. He is a good fellow. He will return to say good-by ten minutes after he has left you if he forgot the first time.

Luck is always playing into his hands. "I attacked Volstead," he once said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "and he was licked. I attacked Upshaw and he was licked. I attacked Wheeler and he died. Watch out for me!"

V

As the grim Percy Quin contrasts with the facetious Edgar Howard, so the Hon. Sol Bloom, the dapper member from New York, presents marked differences from the neglectful Tinkham. Peering down at him from the gallery, the spectator can hardly be surprised that the beaming gentleman below, in his immaculate white vest, his breast kerchief matching his tie and the stripe in his suit, his patent leather shoes well polished and his pince-nez dangling on a black silk ribbon—that this shining gentleman has dazzled Capital society. Sol has. Almost every evening his gorgeous home, for the decoration of whose kitchen a Bohemian painter was imported, is the scene of a banquet to the diplomats. The Washington society columns are always carrying descriptions of the costumes of Mrs. Bloom and their daughter, to whom Sol proudly refers as "the well-known writer, Vera Bloom."

The other members of the New York delegation turn as green as emeralds when Sol's automobile, toting the most eminent Republican leaders, purrs by. "Ha! there goes the gentleman-in-waiting to the Republican bosses in his fire-engine!" says one, scornful with envy. "Yeh, and when he invites an Ambassador he entertains an attaché," says another. The Tammany boys are resentful that Sol, who was once only a poor, unschooled lad, should have completely outshone them. When he was recently defrauded of $600 for a fake "Who's Who" some of them actually roared.

They are even inclined to belittle his friendship with Mussolini. One day, when the Dictator was attacked in the House, Sol held aloft two of Vera's articles on Il Duce. Vera has had seven interviews with him, but Sol announced that he would in-

sert only one in the *Record:* the one which would be most helpful to the members in understanding the Dictator. Instead of appreciating the sacrifice the Hon. Mr. Boylan of New York twitted Sol about it. "But the other articles are invaluable, are they not?" he persisted. Sol agreed they were, but unlike most of his colleagues, he refused to clog the *Record.*

He can well afford to disregard the pettiness of the House boys. After all, he has built some of Broadway's most famous theaters and as he tells us in the Directory, he was once known throughout the country as "the music man." Moreover, his interest in his duties crowds out all trivial considerations. "I'll be a hell of a guy or nothing," he proclaimed, as a candidate for office. A few days after election he announced that "the responsibilities of a New York Congressman are serious." Unlike the single-tracked Tinkham, he is concerned with all kinds of legislation. One of his bills requires civilians to salute the flag when it is shown on parade.

The most amiable of men, Sol could not feel bitterly toward anybody. In committee, when his arms wave wildly and his agreeable voice rises to a shout, he is readily placated by a "Come on, Sol, calm down!" He takes the House page boys to New York, finds jobs for veterans, and is generous to the tenants in his houses. In fact, he is so gracious that when his guests are Catholic he hides Mussolini's picture and displays one of the Pope.

But the nicest thing about Sol, as about Percy Quin, is that he is not spoiled, even by his social success. He is as simple and friendly today as before he feted the Tilsons and the Purnells. And difficult as it may be to believe, as good a Jew. His dictation ceases and his cigar is snuffed out at twilight on Friday. "Put R. S. V. P. on your wedding invitations," he told his secretary, "it means Real Silver Vedding Presents." When Henry Ford charged that "the international Jew is in direct control of the United States Federal Reserve System," he said, with heat:

> If he has any proof that any voice but an American voice, the voice of a Jew or a non-Jew, has a controlling influence in shaping the financial policies of the government of the country which has favored him so highly, it is treason for him to withhold it.

His rise has been magnificent, save to one occasion. When the Hon. Mr. Blanton, the Texas wind-machine, attacked him at a committee hearing he failed to retaliate. "If he had only socked Blanton in the jaw," said the sparkling little Loring Black of Brooklyn, "he would now be mayor of New York!"

THE DAWN OF A NEW SCIENCE

BY ARLINGTON J. STONE

When, in 1881, after considerable coaxing by the provost of the University of Pennsylvania, the Hon. Joseph Wharton, a wealthy member of the Philadelphia *noblesse*, handed over a large enough bagful of cash to found the first American college of business, he was inspired by high as well as sensible ideals. All that he desired—beside having his name properly inscribed on all the buildings of the new school—was that it should "provide training suitable for those who intend to engage in business." In those dark days opportunities for such training were as undiscovered as drug-store lunches and trans-oceanic flyers. The correspondence shrines were still in their teething period, and even the elementary business "colleges" found in every up-and-coming American town today were shamefully scarce. So the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania, originating with a sensible purpose at a propitious moment, actually started its career with a real reason for being.

But it wasn't long before the provost of Pennsylvania forgot all about his benefactor's simple and laudable plan, and proceeded to bawl for a Bigger and Better College, one that, as he suggested, would not only prepare its students for the great profession of business, but would also transform them into trained scientists on a par with the medicoes and the pedagogues. This suggestion met with ready approval, and has since been adopted by virtually all the intellectual rolling mills that have business schools. Today business is taught as a science at California, Chicago, Dartmouth, New York, Boston, Harvard, Northwestern, Syracuse, Cincinnati, Ohio State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Stanford, and countless others.

The main pride of these seminaries, indeed, is their scientific method. It is applied both in the lecture-room and in the laboratories of their high-powered Bureaux of Business Research. Some of the more advanced plants, such as Harvard, Dartmouth and the Ohio State, even print scientific journals, wherein they chronicle in detail, with formidable graphs and statistics, all their latest findings. And so great is the new demand for scientific business training that most of them now operate in two shifts, day and night. In fact, the volume of business they do is so large that even the most go-getting dean now finds difficulty in handling his job single-handed. Consequently, such offices as assistant and associate deanships of business administration are not at all rare. All of these shrines of scientific business seem to be making money. Indeed, next to football teams and schools of education, they are probably the biggest money-getters in the world of the intellect. At some places, as at N. Y. U. for example, it's only the takings of the School of Commerce that enable the Chancellor to pay the university's bills.

Most of these roaring mills of the new learning manufacture their own brands of degrees. The favored one at the moment is that of Bachelor of Business Administration (B.B.A.). This is annually bestowed by such eminent Sorbonnes as Boston, Tulane, Oregon, Washington, and Texas. The next highest in demand are

those of Bachelor of Commercial Science (B.C.S.), and Bachelor of Science in Commerce (B.S.C.). For the requisite research and tuition these may be obtained at N. Y. U., Denver, Georgia, Virginia, and the Southern Methodist. Some of the more conservative houses still stick to the old-fashioned B.A., or even the Ph.B., as at Chicago and the John B. Stetson University at Deland, Fla. Harvard hands out only graduate degrees, such as that of Master of Business Administration (M.B.A.) and that of Doctor of Commercial Science (D.C.S.). The latter, according to some of its holders, is more difficult to obtain than the degree of *Docteur ès Lettres* at the original Sorbonne in Paris. A few institutions, such as Stanford and Syracuse, under certain favorable conditions, now crown the business scientist with the standard Ph.D. Besides these decorations there are rafts of others, such as the B.S. in C. and F. and the M.S. in C. and F. at Minnesota, the B.S.E. at Pennsylvania, the B.S. in B.A. at Nebraska, the M.C.S. at Washington, and finally, the C.E., or Commercial Engineer, at up-to-date Cincinnati.

II

Curiously enough, the modest ideals of John Wharton are not altogether extinct. To find them, however, one must search, not at the big universities, but at the lesser one-building temples of culture, flung about the rural fastnesses of the Republic. These schools, realizing that education in business has a real reason for being, have pinned it to their curricula in a small way, and so dispense it in the simple, original Wharton manner. No attempt is made to polish up the business course as a course in science, for which research must be done, a thesis tossed off, and an M.B.A. or even a Ph.D. received. Nor is any effort made to teach more than the business fundamentals.

A shining example of this unfortunately obsolescent type of business training is that offered by the John B. Stetson University, situated, as I have said, in the heart of the Bryan Belt in Florida. Stetson, unlike ambitious N. Y. U. with its brand-new eleven story School of Commerce, is satisfied to give its business training in "an area of ten thousand square feet." Here the undergraduate Stetsonian learns all about bookkeeping, stenography, penmanship, and spelling. Arithmetic is still taught at Stetson, for the "business men of today want employés who are rapid and accurate in their work." Penmanship, passed over as puerile at Harvard and Stanford, receives due justice in Florida, for

> If two bookkeepers of equal ability in all lines apply for the same position, the better penman of the two will get the position every time. We teach a plain hand which is neat and easily read. . . . How often our time is taken up and patience tried trying to decipher some almost illegible scrawl!

Nor is spelling forgotten:

> Spelling is one of the most important subjects, yet one that is most often neglected. It is required of everyone unless marked proficiency is shown. A poor speller stands no chance in a modern business office; this applies alike to bookkeepers and stenographers.

This simple and primitive sort of business training is, of course, not offered in any of the high-powered and highly scientific seminaries. Indeed, it is actually made sport of. Standing out in sharp contrast to it is the course at Northwestern. The following is a partial check-list of its offerings during 1927–1928:

Accounting Seminar (for the master's degree)
Principles of Public Utility Accounting
Capital Assets
C. P. A. Review
Federal Income Taxes
Bank Practice and Policy
Seminar in Finance (for students preparing theses)
Money Market and Security Prices
Analysis of Financial Reports
Business Barometers
Research Methodology
Fire Insurance Schedules
Land Planning
Economics of Mineral and Water Power Resources
Business Organization and Field Trips
Business Organization and Management
Seminar in Organization (methods of constructive research)

Salesmanship
Principles of Salesmanship
Sales Administration
Advanced Problems in Sales Administration
Research in Marketing and Sales Administration
(open to graduate students only)
Foreign Sales
Oriental Trade
Latin-American Trade
Advertising
Advertising Principles
Direct by Mail Selling
Advanced Copy-Writing
Psychology of Business Relations
Business Concepts
Persuasion
Modern Opinion
Business Letter-Writing
Public Relations

Numerous other equally appetizing morsels of knowledge are to be had at other great universities. Thus, Cornell lists Hotel Supervision, and Syracuse bills Hotel Management, Store Management, and Practical Table Service. Columbia offers Bond Salesmanship, the New York Money Market, and the Business of the Theatre. Southern California reveals the mysteries of Apartment House Management, Traffic Management, and Real Estate Advertising, with special highly scientific lectures on Billboards, Trips to Property, Golf Links, Country Clubs, and Model Homes. Virginia's contribution is in the science of Follow-up Methods. Under Business Administration Wisconsin teaches Business Ethics, the Law of Sales, Livestock Management, and Cafeteria Management, the latter being split into Large Quantity Cooking and Institutional Dietaries, and Catering. Illinois has a special course in Business Practice for Dentists. But as usual, N. Y. U. leads the pack. Besides its famous Oil Executives' Course and its scientific research in Restaurant, Tea Room, and Cafeteria Organization, it also has the following on draft:

47. *Principles of Dress.* The aim of this course is not to give fashion hints or notes on the latest mode, but to arrive at an understanding of the essentials of taste through the study of the principles of all art in their relation to the special art of dress.
54. *Hosiery and Underwear.* This course is for the training of buyers and executives.
64. *Window Display.* This course aims to assist those who are at present decorating windows.

Of necessity a certain amount of similarity exists among all the scientific business colleges. But there is also a great deal of individuality. Each, it appears, is striving to be a scientific specialist, offering some leading attraction with which the general academic trade cannot compete. At the University of Cincinnati this specialty happens to be the whole business course put together, which, as I have said, makes of the Cincinnati business *studiosus* a Commercial Engineer (C.E.). The following official explanation may perhaps make the nature of this title somewhat clearer:

The work in commercial subjects is accompanied by a considerable amount of instruction in the sciences upon which engineering is based, and the relation between the two is emphasized.

For a long time the Cincinnati Commercial Engineer was unique, but now Dartmouth, too, has discovered that "the business man is an engineer." Cincinnati, however, has other cards up its sleeve. It employs practically the complete Northwestern List, but it also has a few specialties of its own, as witness:

Secretarial Science
Commercial Applications of English
Advanced Traffic Management
Graphic Methods
Pistol Marksmanship
The Handling of Explosives

The most original touch, however, appears in Packing House Operations. Divided into two sections, known as Pork Operations and Beef Operations, this new science is given by the Cincinnati professors with the help of *intelligenzia* lent by the Institute of the American Meat Packers and the Association of Cincinnati Meat Packers. Finally, there is also a course in Coöperative System in Engineering and Commerce. By putting himself down for this the future Commercial Engineer (C.E.) is given a chance to earn some extra cash at times when he isn't doing his homework in Pistol Marksmanship or Pork Operations, for he naturally gets paid for this coöperative engineering:

> The rate of beginners in track work is 30 cents an hour; in switch and signal work, 35 cents an hour; in paving 30 cents an hour; in car-barn work 30 cents an hour; and so on.

Unfortunately, however, "the university makes no guarantee as to wages."

Not as scintillating as Cincinnati, but in some ways none the less unique, is the College of Business Administration of Syracuse University, once the citadel of Chancellor Day. Syracuse, besides being the only place in the nation where one may become a Doctor of Business Administration (D.B.A.), is also the sole major university with an Office Appliance Laboratory. A regular part of its four-year course in Secretarial Science, the Office Appliance Laboratory dispenses information "on the history of office appliances and the influence of office machinery on management." Prerequisite to registration is an understanding of "Bus. Math. 1 and all the required courses in Stenography and Typewriting." This laboratory work is charged with the scientific spirit. Indeed, the whole Syracuse College of Business Administration is filled with that spirit. "Business practice," says its catalogue, "has become a science." The purpose of Syracuse is not merely to flood the world with business scientists, but also to "dignify the business career as a profession." To reach these goals, three things are emphasized, *viz.*, Specialization, Laboratory Method, and Advice and Aid to the Graduate. Research, of course, is also boomed:

> Each candidate in Business . . . must submit to his major department a formal typewritten thesis embodying the results of his independent investigation.

All this research is carried on day and night, and when the student has finally completed his "independent investigation," he is awarded either the degree of Bachelor of Science in Business (B.S.B.) or that of Bachelor of Science in Secretarial Science (B.S.S.S.), and is ready to go on for the Ph.D. or the D.B.A. He is also ready to receive help from the University Appointment Office "in obtaining profitable and congenial employment."

III

Out at Lincoln, in the University of Nebraska, the discovery has also been made that

> business is now . . . as much a learned profession as theology, law, medicine, engineering, agriculture, and other difficult and complicated arts, and demands from those who would rise from the ranks a thorough, scientific . . . training.

There is the usual emphasis upon Business Research, with the proviso, however, that this work had better be done only "by senior students and graduates," and that it should always be performed under the watching eyes of the chairman of the Committee on Business Research. The leading attraction at Nebraska is the work in Professional Specialization. The most popular offering in this field is the Chamber of Commerce Secretarial Service Course, which converts the nascent business engineer into a Trained Organizer, capable of helping the "Chamber of Commerce secretary in coping with the many complicated problems that are presented to him for solution."

Up at Hanover, N. H., is the Dartmouth business seminary, known officially as the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance. This, it appears from its catalogue, "has the status of a graduate department and . . . the standards of a professional school." Open only to *bona fide* baccalaureates, the Dartmouth business administration course is crowned with the degree of a Master of Commercial Science (M.C.S.). All the standard Northwestern stock is on tap, but Scientific Management is the specialty. This, as brewed at Dartmouth, concerns itself primarily with the doings of the scientific Efficiency Engineer. Every once in so often, when the snows have melted sufficiently to permit traffic, a conference is summoned at the Amos Tuck School to report on the latest discoveries in the new science. The first of these gatherings was in 1912. It considered such subjects as Academic Efficiency, Shoe Industry Efficiency, and the Opportunity

of Labor under Scientific Management. From Syracuse, Dartmouth has learned the importance of dealing in the business sciences primarily "through laboratory exercises." Like its competitor again, it also demands a dissertation "representing original work in the investigation, analysis, and proposed solution of a business problem."

South of the Potomac the new science of Business Administration is best taught at Alabama and North Carolina. At the former seminary success has come largely through the personal efforts of the great Alabama president, George H. Denny, A.M. (Hampden-Sidney), Ph.D. (Virginia), who has never been too proud to go out to Rotary and Kiwanis to appeal for funds. Every undergraduate business student at Alabama must take a Research Seminar, which is the latest word in advanced accounting. The star offerings, however, are Salesmanship and Sales-management and the new science of Land Economics. The latter term is clear evidence of Alabama's progress, for even such an up-to-the-minute school as Harvard still advertises Land Economics simply as Real Estate. To do its work in Land Economics as scientifically as possible, Alabama very wisely has added "a number of prominent realtors" to its scholarly faculty. In Salesmanship, the Alabama professors consider first of all "its laws."

> The various steps in a sale—the study of a product, the pre-approach, the introduction, the demonstration, the close, and the get-away—are studied in detail. Each student is required to sell a certain article or service.

The instructor in this art and science is Thomas J. Hammer, B.S. But Alabama approaches business not only from the scientific standpoint, but also from the cultural. By its course in Advanced Business Writing, under the guidance again of Instructor Hammer, it seeks to awaken in the student

> his imagination, so that he may find new interest in the commonplace things he may sell, and show him the relation between reading good literature and success in business writing.

North Carolina has virtually everything in stock that Alabama has, with one or two extras—for example, a Special Director of Research. This office is not duplicated even by the otherwise completely equipped N. Y. U. It is the Research Director's job to bring out in the student "his initiative, his analytical and creative powers, his quality of persistence." North Carolina not only teaches Salesmanship, but also has a research course in Sales Relations. These courses provide a "scientific analysis of the sale." They contain all of the approved Alabama steps—except the get-away. For the latter there has been substituted a "laboratory fee, $1."

IV

As in many other matters, however, one must trek to Chicago to find the really lively things in Business Engineering. Chicago, as everyone who reads the magazine ads must know, is the home town of La Salle Extension University, a famous correspondence school, and a hot competitor of the universities. The town is also the habitat of the celebrated Chicago University, and one of the two spheres of activity of Northwestern. The unusually complete curriculum of the business college of the latter has already been mentioned. Not only is Northwestern a standard for quantity, but it also takes first prize for quality. To show what it offers, I append a few samples, selected at random:

> C-17. *Business Concepts*—A course especially designed to teach the student to think. . . . With this sure grasp upon and efficiency in the use of business ideas, the student is equipped for a much better understanding of all other courses in the school as well as of actual business when he shall have entered upon it.
>
> B-9. *Sport Writing*—Lectures and discussions on the technique of writing and editing the sport pages of daily newspapers. . . . Talks at intervals by sport writers on Chicago newspapers.
>
> B-20. *Public Relations*—A lecture and laboratory course in methods of obtaining favorable attention from the public for individuals, individual businesses, trade associations, universities, churches and other organizations. The case method is followed throughout. . . . Sound and unsound methods are clearly distinguished.

All this work, of course, is minutely scientific. Indeed, the greater part of it is actually done under the direction of the University Bureau of Business Research, an integral part of the school. In several cases, too, the work turned out bears the *imprimatur* of such learned bodies as the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the National Association of Commercial Organization Secretaries, the American Trade Association Executives, the National Association of Retail Clothiers, and the Meat Retailers and Packers. With the help of the last-named the Northwestern men of learning recently "made a special study of 143 meat-stores," and with the retail clothiers they analyzed the national cloak and suit industry "in six large volumes." The same scientific passion permeates all the hundreds of theses annually tossed off by the Northwestern *Kandidaten* in Business Administration. In 1926, for example, at the same commencement at which the President of Northwestern handed President Glenn Frank of Wisconsin an LL.D., and a few moments later converted Francis Dunlap Gamewell, "a Christian minister and missionary to China," into a D.D., the investigators of the following subjects were likewise crowned with academic bays:

The Finances of Peoria
Costing Beef
Accounting for Depletion of Oil Lands
The Financial Study of the Central Leather Co.
Office Space as a Merchandise Service
The Church and its Publicity Problems

The University of Chicago lacks the complete and standard stock of courses offered by Northwestern, but this weakness is more than made up in other ways. For one thing, Chicago was endowed by the immortal John D. Rockefeller. For another thing, its business school actually applies its laboratory theory in practice by advertising its wares in the daily journals and some of the monthlies. Its special claim to pedagogic fame, however, rests in the fact that among the great American universities it was the first to adopt the correspondence method of teaching. This started as early as October, 1892, "when the university first opened its doors and announced that teaching by correspondence was to be an integral part of its programme." This branch of its work has risen to great heights. In its vaults the university has many thousands of effervescent epistles from contented alumni. I quote one in part:

> It affords me satisfaction to say that I enjoyed the course in Proofreading, and that I feel as though I have profited more from having studied it than from any other course I have taken. . . . I have learned English as well as the art of observing. It is indeed a broadening study.

Boston may be on its last legs in literature and art, but in the science of commercial engineering it is certainly alive and kicking. Indeed, in many respects the well-known College of Business Administration at Boston University towers above all its competitors. Certainly B. U. has one of the greatest business administration deans in the Republic. I refer, of course, to the gifted Everett William Lord, A.M., Ph.D. Not only is Dr. Lord a business scientist and administrator of the first rank, but he is also an ardent disciple of culture. In fact, he is one of the few scientists left who still has time now and then to dash off a lyric. I present here a few of his dithyrambs:

Hear the legend of the Admen
Ere they conquered all creation.

In the Prophylactic forest,
On the shores of Coca Cola
Dwelt the Moxies in their wigwams—
Old Sapolio, the chieftain,
Pebecco, the grizzled prophet,
And the warriors, young and eager.

In the lodge of the old chieftain
With Uneeda, more than mother,
And Victrola, old and feeble,
Lived the warmest of the maidens,
Musterole, Sapolio's daughter—
Musterole, the Sunkist Chiclet.

* * *

To him Musterole aquiver,
Listened and her heart gave answer.
All the warmth of love she gave him,
Gave her Rubberset affection,
Gave her heart to Instant Postum,
Thus he won her—thus he took her.

Passed the years in quick succession
Little Fairies came to bless them—
Gold Dust twins and bright BVD
Little Beechnut, Wrigley's Spearmint,
Vici Kid and Pluto Water
Filled the wigwam with their laughter.

So they lived in happy union
Safe in peace and strong in warfare,
And their progeny continues,
Finds a place in town and hamlet
Known and loved by every mortal—
All the tribes are held in honor.

This legend I have told you.

The teaching of business science at B. U. is "at once technical, liberal, and ethical." Its prime aim is "to aid students in preparing for responsible executive positions." Boston is the only great house of learning in America which has a system of government "modeled upon the plan of the Federal Government of the United States."

The Chief Executive is the Dean of the College. His cabinet is composed of students appointed by the Executive with the advice and consent of the Senate. The Senate consists of the Faculty. The House of Representatives is made up of students elected by each class—twelve by the Seniors; twelve by the Juniors; eight by the Sophomores; and eight by the Freshmen. The Supreme Court is represented by the Trustees of the University. . . . Bills originate in either House . . . and when passed are submitted to the Dean for his approval.

A regular bit of research is required, even in the Evening Section. It must be of "business nature, scholarly, and original." With many important variations and additions, the standard Northwestern stock is sold also at B. U. Here I list two of the more glittering gems:

BC-131 *Hotel Operation and Management.*—Subjects taken up include hotel organization and problems; . . . restaurant and cafeteria operation; . . . attracting new guests; securing conventions; . . . keeping the guests satisfied; . . . dances, tearooms, and parties.

BC-83 *Retail Selling Methods.*—The retail approach; . . . talking points of the merchandise; closing the sale; increasing the sale, suggestion, quantity sales. The principle of service; . . . sales efficiency. . . .

In the following course the cultural influence of Dean Lord seems to be visible:

E-27 *The Dramatist's Interpretation of Business.* . . . A study of the ideals, motives, and problems of business life, as analyzed by the best modern play writers. Reading and analysis of modern plays having a business setting and motif. Discussions of various problems, such as the types of American business men, the ethical problems of big business, the comedy and tragedy of life as seen in the business world.

This interesting course begins with the plays of Shakespeare.

The B. U. business engineer is also given a chance to engorge the latest scientific data about Easter gifts, indelible ink, lubricating oil, tooth-powder, soap-powder, automobiles, men's furnishings, celluloid novelties, pianos, theatrical productions, perfumery, and confectionery. Finally, he may ponder over Introductory Esperanto, of which he is given a generous dose of "about one thousand root meanings to enable him to build a vocabulary of about six thousand usual words." On approval of the dean or assistant dean he may study instead such subjects as Commercial German, Commercial Italian, or Commercial Portuguese.

V

Only a few hours from the fading Athens of Massachusetts is the great city of New York, with its unending opportunities in the New Business Training. Here one finds even more competition than at Chicago. There is not only the incomparable N. Y. U., but also Columbia, Fordham, City College, and Hunter College for women. All of these have specialties, but the glitter of the rest is perforce dimmed by the incandescence of N. Y. U. It boasts of the largest plant in the country. The main building is the much-advertised eleven-story, seven-elevator skyscraper for undergraduates. It also has up-and-doing branches at University Heights, at a Wall Street Division, at the Graduate School of Business Administration, and at the School of Retailing. Next in importance to its gargantuan dimensions, are its special lectures, of which I list a few, plucked from the regular Commerce catalogue:

Publicity—What It Is and What It Is Not, by Ivy L. Lee, counsel in public relations for the Standard Oil Company, the Bethlehem Steel Company, etc.

Putting Over the Difficult Interview, by Marlen E. Pew, editor of the *Editor and Publisher*.
Scientific Laundering, by John R. Mitchell, of the John R. Mitchell & Co.
Equipping the Kitchen, by Edward Brown, of Duparquet, Huot & Moneuse.
Filing Department Methods, by Miss Ethel Scholfield, filing specialist.

In addition to broadcasting all this wisdom, N. Y. U. is daily becoming more and more famous for its highly scientific *Journal of Retailing*. I append a few of the more important contents:

Fashions in Men's Underwear
New Ford Publicity
Radio Publicity
Merchandising in India
Sectionalizing Apparel Departments
Service in Catering to Boys
The Quest for Beauty
Artistic Advertising Results in Artistic Merchandise
Over-the-Counter Selling by Mail-Order Houses
Requisite for Continued Success

Here is a detail concerning Art as Applied to Style Merchandising:

> Turn another page. Here is a modern Jell-o ad which simply sparkles with the brilliancy of a bowl of the jelly itself. The verse and jolly picture of Old King Cole would fix itself in the heart of any child, and no doubt, also in the consciousness of the mother when she next calls the grocer. . . . How superior in art quality!

Not content with all this, the N. Y. U. chain of business engineering mills also boasts of a great faculty, many of whom are trained accountants, vocational guides, or national advertisers. Chancellor Brown is proud of these men, and only a short time ago sent them all a form letter, wherein he politely requested them to tack the good name of N. Y. U. after their own cognomens in all their public writings, talks, and appearances.

The N. Y. U. School of Commerce boasts of a branch of the Sons of Out-of-Town Rotarians, and of a busy life insurance course, whose members during the past year are said to have sold more than three million dollars' worth of insurance. Two of the N. Y. U. alumni are J. P. Morgan, *fils*, and the late Judge Elbert Henry Gary. Both of these eminent men are down on the university roll-books as Doctors of Commercial Science (D.C.S.).

That the N. Y. U. school of business engineering is not the very greatest of its kind in the Republic is due to no fault of its own, but rather to the high standards of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. Much of the Harvard supremacy is due to its dean, Dr. Wallace Brett Donham, A.B., LL.D., a pioneer in the New Scientific Business Education, and the peer even of Dr. Lord of B. U. It was largely through Dr. Donham's foresight that Harvard became the first out-and-out Business Graduate School, doing mostly research work and giving only graduate degrees. It was through his keen vision, too, that the Harvard Bureau of Business Research came into being. Here is an example of its work:

> The Harvard Bureau of Business Research with the coöperation of the National Drygoods Association found that rentals for 340 department stores during 1922 were 2.3% of the sales. . . . In the case of department stores with sales of $1,000,000 to $3,999,000 the rent was 3.2%. In those of $10,000,000 or over the rent was 3.5%.

Similar scientific data are available on the Wholesale Grocery Business, Operating Expenses in Retail Hardware Stores, the Harvard System of Accounts for Shoe Wholesalers, the International Comparison of Prices of Cotton Cloth, and Methods of Paying Salesmen in the Retail Grocery Business.

Perhaps another reason why Harvard tops the list in the field of the Higher Business Training is its quarterly *Harvard Business Review*, a scientific journal which prints not only a great deal of the results of the researches made by the Bureau of Business Research, but also presents lighter material of the sort found in the *Magazine of Wall Street*, and of interest, of course, to all virile business men. But despite the appeal of these articles, the *Journal*, being mostly scholarly, is not making money for its editors.

Harvard, as is well known, is a protagonist of the case system in education. Here are a few of the questions evolving from a year of this pedagogical method:

Should the Glen Collar & Shirt Company continue its present policy of using suggestive copy or should it change to argumentative copy? Outline in detail how a *scientific* investigation of this problem should be made.

Should the Chandler Shirt & Collar Company use large space infrequently or small space frequently? Give full analysis of facts, including general *experimental* and *statistical* data. . . .

At what price should the Royal Chocolate Company plan to sell Milkolate to wholesalers?

Construct a layout for an advertisement 168 lines by 2 columns wide.

In 1915 you incurred a $150 debt to your doctor. You have been hard-up for several years. In 1922 you paid the doctor $50 on account of his debt. The Statute of Limitations in the State where you and the doctor live and where he rendered his services is six years. Can the doctor in 1923 recover the $100 balance on this bill?

Advance suggestions which would be helpful to the foreman dealing with carelessness on the part of some of his workmen.

What is a secret reserve?

Outline a system for control of traveling salesmen.

For many years the Harvard leadership among the business schools went unchallenged. Then one day in 1925 the tom-toms began to beat far out in California and the news was flashed back to Cambridge that Stanford University had "opened the first Graduate School of Business in the West." At the outset this Pacific threat didn't bother Harvard. Why should it? Had it not withstood competition in the past? Had not Yale once tried the same sort of thing, and hadn't the Bulldog been trampled on? Obviously, Harvard had no cause to worry. Indeed, its man of action and learning, the eminent Dean Donham, even traveled all the way across the continent, just to shake the new Stanford business dean's good right hand, and to tell him and his backers that "we in Cambridge are pleased with the institution of this course at Stanford University. . . . There is a very real reason for insistence in this country on more strict graduate instruction in business."

But soon thereafter the Stanford Graduate School of Business began to grab so much publicity that even Dean Donham, no doubt, began to scratch his head. As early as 1925 it announced that under certain conditions it would be able to reward its students of the new science with full-fledged, solid gold, 14-carat Ph.D's. In the same year, too, the new seminary was able to hold the First Stanford Conference on Business Education, at which were assembled many of the high dignitaries of both Advanced Business and the Higher Learning. Drs. Herbert Hoover and Owen D. Young were specially invited, but they sent telegrams instead of attending in person. This was the occasion when Dr. Donham told Stanford straight from the shoulder that he "was a little disturbed."

But today all this excitement is over, and Harvard is once more on top, and again it's due to its Dean of Business Administration. Soon after he returned to Cambridge from the coast, he announced that if Harvard was to continue to be a leader in scientific business education it would perforce need more money. The usual campaign was launched. It was so successful that in 1926 George Fisher Baker was moved to contribute $6,000,000. The actual ceremonies of handing it over took place a year later at a great celebration, with Dr. Owen D. Young present in the flesh, and making the dedicatory address. Here is the peroration of the learned doctor's lengthy harangue:

> Today the profession of business at Harvard formally makes its bow to its older brothers and holds its head high with the faith of youth. Today we light the fires in the temple which it is the trust of Harvard to maintain and from which may be renewed through generation after generation the high ideals, the sound principles, the glorious traditions which make a profession.

Mr. Baker then rose and said to President Lowell: "Mr. President, it gives me great pleasure to present to you the keys to these buildings." To which modest sentence Dean Donham replied:

> Mr. Baker, on behalf of the faculty of Business Administration, and especially on my own behalf, may I thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the deeply felt responsibility you have placed, and may we renew once again the pledge we know you wish from us, that we will so far as lies within our capacities advance the intellectual basis of this new profession of business, thereby fulfilling your generous gifts and carrying on as lesser men your lifelong example?

VI

Less than a year passed before Harvard had a chance to advance the intellectual basis of the new profession. This came in 1927, when a course in Motion Pictures was added to the curriculum, and the faculty was augmented by such men of learning as the Hon. Jesse L. Lasky, the Hon. Cecil B. De Mille, the Hon. Adolph Zukor, the Hon. Marcus Loew, the Hon. Samuel Katz, the Hon. William Fox, and Elder Will H. Hays. That some of the less keen-sighted Harvard *studiosi* might not become suspicious, their good dean hastened to assure them:

> It must be remembered that to the student this story is quite as full of business case material as it is of human interest. . . . The student must dig deeper and discover underlying principles of general application in the business world.

With the dean's reassurance, much work has been done in the new course. The keynote of it all was sounded by Elder Hays when in the Harvard *aula* he told his eager student-listeners that the movies "contain a potency of life in them to be as active as the soul whose progeny they are." Also that the new Hollywood additions to the Harvard business faculty "realize that they are the responsible custodians not only of one of the greatest industries in the world, but of a most potent instrument for moral influence, inspiration, and education." And finally that "in no other commercial activity is there such conclusive demonstration that honesty is the best policy."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Psychology

HUMAN INSTINCTS

By Grace Adams

To limit a discussion of instincts to psychology, and principally to American psychology, may seem arbitrary. The term "instinct" was not invented by psychologists. It received scant attention in the older scholastic psychologies. Indeed, the term was first used seriously by the biologists of the Nineteenth Century. Spencer and Darwin employed it to designate inherited traits. They were more interested in the instincts of the lower animals, and in their development, than in the study of the instinctive nature of man; and Darwin held that man had fewer and simpler instincts than any other animal. But both men did speak of, and in a very general and empirical way describe, the human instincts. In this manner the word found its way into psychology.

As soon as the biologists and physiologists had placed their subjects on a scientific footing, the psychologists sought to emulate them. The psychology of Germany patterned itself after the sense-physiology then predominant in that country and was chiefly concerned with describing the mental experiences conditioned by known neural processes. But English psychology had broader and less exact traditions. The aim of the association psychology of Berkeley and Hume had been to explain mental life rather than to describe the human mind. And an explanation of human conduct became the goal of American psychology, just as it is now the object of psycho-analysis. Biology was already in its ascendancy when psychology was introduced into America; and the typically American psychology, or functionalism, while holding to the explanatory ideals of English associationism, took biology as its scientific model. It proved to be rather unobservant of its exemplar. It was not the method of biology, then becoming more and more critical and experimental, which it adopted; but rather its early terminology, which was broad and of necessity a little vague. As "instinct" already had psychological connotations, it was natural that it should be one of the first words taken over by the new science of psychology. But when it was taken over it had to be redefined, and it was in the redefining that psychology, especially American psychology, laid its grasp on the human instincts and claimed them for its own.

The term is still to be found in biology. But its meaning for that science has been gradually curtailed. Loeb definitely identified instincts with tropisms and held that it was "certain that neither experience nor volition play any part in these processes." And in the opinion of the majority of biologists instincts are purely mechanical processes and lie completely outside the province of consciousness. Yet when, in 1890, James wrote his "Principles of Psychology," consciousness was considered the only subject suitable for psychological treatment. There was no Freudianism or Behaviorism then. The sixth-sevenths of the mind, assumed to be submerged in unconsciousness, were left undisturbed; and Watson was still placidly absorbing the tenets of Functionalism. In view of the eruptions of psychology since 1900 it is important to note that ten years before that date James was able to state complacently that there was agreement among his contemporaries that the human instincts were: sucking, biting, chewing, grinding the teeth, licking, making gri-

maces, spitting, clasping, grasping, pointing, making sounds of expressive desire, carrying to the mouth, the function of alimentation, crying, smiling, protrusion of the lips, turning the head aside, holding the head erect, sitting up, standing, locomotion, vocalization, imitation, emulation or rivalry, pugnacity, anger, resentment, sympathy, the hunting instinct, fear, appropriation or acquisitiveness, constructiveness, play, curiosity, sociability and shyness, secretiveness, cleanliness, modesty and shame, love, the anti-sexual instincts, jealousy, and parental love.

By describing these more or less complicated movements as instinctive and yet treating them from a psychological point of view James definitely placed instincts within the scope of psychology. When he did this he admitted that "instinct is usually defined as the faculty of acting in such a way as to produce certain ends, without foresight of the ends, and without previous education in the performance"; therefore, that knowledge does not enter into its makeup. At the same time James himself held that even so simple a thing as a sensation was really a "bit of knowledge." To get around the difficulty of making a process which was by definition not consciously a suitable subject for a theory of knowledge, James called into play a device that has always aided psychologists in times of need—logical argument. An instinct may be originally blind, he agreed, but even so it is an impulse, and every impulse, once it has been yielded to, is "thereafter felt in connection with a *foresight* of its result." So it was obvious, to him at least, "that every instinctive act, in an animal with memory, must cease to be 'blind' after being once repeated." In this way, according to James, an instinct could become not only conscious but capable of modification and conscious direction and change.

James could hardly have foreseen the far-reaching consequences of thus reasoning a new psychological meaning on to an old biological term, and it would not be fair to lay the blame for all the subsequent controversy over instincts to him. Still, when the evidence for accepting a group of phenomena into a science is based not on experimental data but on logic, there is no guarantee that this logic will be continually persuasive or that its interpretation will always be the same. And we find disagreement even among James' most immediate followers, Angell and Thorndike. Angell, accepting James' argument that instincts once yielded to are thereafter felt in connection with the foresight of their ends, expands this idea into the statement that "instincts, in the higher animals, at all events, appear always to involve consciousness." And he makes consciousness the essential element of instincts. Thorndike, on the other hand, remembers James' admission that instincts are originally blind and maintains that "*all* original tendencies are aimless in the sense that foresight of the consequences does not effect the response." For him the only necessary components of an instinct are "the ability to be sensitive to a certain situation, the ability to make a certain response, and the existence of a bond or connection whereby that response is made to that situation."

While the ideas of neither Angell nor Thorndike are actually inconsistent with James' two-fold definition of an instinct, they lead to very different lists of instincts. Angell, by making consciousness the mark that distinguishes an instinct from a reflex, has to narrow the number of instincts to fear, anger, shyness, curiosity, sympathy, modesty (?), affection, sexual love, jealousy and envy, rivalry, sociability, play, imitation, constructiveness, secretiveness and acquisitiveness. But Thorndike admits no gap between reflexes and instincts, so he must both expand and subdivide James' list. He does this in a two hundred page inventory which he regrets is incomplete. He adds such activities as teasing, tormenting, bullying, sulkiness, grieving, the horse-play of youths, the cooing and gurgling of infants and their satisfaction

at being held, cuddled and carried, attention-getting, responses to approving behavior, responses to scornful behavior, responses by approving behavior, responses by scornful behavior, the instinct of multiform physical activity, and the instinct of multiform mental activity.

The "so-called instinct of fear" he analyzes into the instinct of escape from restraint, the instinct of overcoming a moving obstacle, the instinct of counter-attack, the instinct of irrational response to pain, the instinct to combat in rivalry, and the threatening or attacking movements with which the human male tends to react to the mere presence of a male of the same species during acts of courtship. Curiosity he reduces to still more numerous and specific responses. Even the apparently simple process of reaching he considers not one instinct but three. To any human being who doubts his ability to have so many instincts Thorndike offers the comforting thought that many inherited tendencies are transitory and that possibly no one man possesses all of them.

The task of defining and enumerating the possible human instincts is not a task confined to psychologists more or less in the tradition of James. For many years the iconoclastic Watson strove to explain instincts in suitably behavioristic terms. But neither his definition nor his classification need concern us now, for in 1924 Watson repudiated everything he had previously said about them by declaring that "there are no instincts," and furthermore, that "there is no such thing as an inheritance of capacity, talent, temperament, mental constitution and characteristics." With these two statements Watson cast aside the biological as well as the psychological notion of mental inheritance. Still it is noteworthy that "instinct" was one of the few terms of traditional psychology that he did not throw overboard as soon as he adopted his behavioristic platform.

The advocates of the *Gestalt-Psychologie* also consider that a new definition of instincts is in order. Koffka thinks that a real understanding of the *Gestalt* will clear up all the confusion about instincts, but he does not give a classification of them which will fit his theory. But in America where the enumeration of the human instincts has become almost the duty of anyone writing a text-book of psychology, Prof. R. M. Ogden has been able to add "communism" and "integration" to the more conventional instincts. As to a description of instincts in terms of *Gestalt*, he feels that "all we can say is that the situation seems to emerge as a patterned and somehow articulate whole within its less articulate surroundings, and that this 'emergence' involves a corresponding pattern of behavior attuned to the situation and varying with its variation until what is unrolled in time and space rolls itself up again in the completion of the act."

From this puzzling description of instincts, and from Watson's recent repudiation of all that he has said about them, and Thorndike's uncertainty about the distinction of instincts and his confessed inability to include all of them in his long inventory, it is a relief to turn to McDougall, who feels that "lightly to postulate an indefinite number and variety of instincts is a cheap and easy way to solve psychological problems, and is an error hardly less serious . . . than the opposite error of ignoring all instincts." McDougall is not worried by the lack of experimental data which all other psychologists deplore, for he has evolved seven "usual marks" by which he, single-handed, can detect an instinct. A reaction is instinctive, according to him, if it is unquestionably inborn, common to all members of the species, actuated by a felt impulse, elicited through the intellectual appreciation of a complex situation, accompanied by a peculiar emotional experience, and if it also tends to inhibit all other bodily and mental activities and to produce a specific change in the circumstances which provoke it.

It would seem difficult to discover many processes which would fit all seven of these requirements, especially after we

learn that McDougall finds instincts in their purest form among animals very low in the scale of intelligence. But he has been persistent in his search for human instincts. Twenty years ago, he could recognize with certainty only the following: the principal instincts of flight, repulsion, curiosity, pugnacity, self-abasement, self-assertion and the parental instinct; the less important instincts of sexual reproduction, acquisition, construction and gregariousness; and the minor instincts which prompt to crawling and walking. Since that time, however, he has not been idle and now he is inclined to include "laughter" among the major instincts and to class as expressions of very simple instincts: the tendency to scratch an itching spot, coughing, sneezing, yawning, urination and defecation, and perhaps an instinct to relaxation, rest and sleep. Unfortunately, this continual adding to his list seems to McDougall's critics to resemble a light postulation of an indefinite number and variety of instincts.

The descriptions of instincts which we have thus far considered have all come from systematic psychologists. Every one of these men has tried to define instinct so that it will fit logically into his particular system. If logic has led them, paradoxically, into contradictions of one another, it has also served to keep their lists of instincts somewhat within the bounds of common sense. But the educational psychologists are not so docile before the strictures of the logical. Set over against the pedagogical ideas of man's original nature, the systematic psychologists' instincts, even McDougall's self-abasement, seem sordid. For Colvin and Bagly the chief essential of instincts is that "they are directed toward some end that is *useful*." But they do not mean useful in a selfish or materialistic sense, for they are able to describe an *altruistic* instinct which is as real to them as the *predatory* instinct. And Kirkpatrick conceives of man being by native endowment even more noble. Indeed he credits to the human being a regulative instinct "which exists in the *moral* tendency to conform to law and to act for the good of others as well as self, and in the *religious* tendency to regard a Higher Power."

The psycho-analysts, on the other hand, must have things less noble and much simpler. So we find Brill, following Freud, declaring that "everything in life may be reduced to two fundamental instincts: hunger and love; they are the supreme rulers of the world."

Thus it appears, turning from one authority to another, that there are no human instincts, that there are two fundamental instincts, that there are eight principal instincts and many minor ones, that there are sixteen (unclassified), that there are forty-two; . . . or more than can be counted. According to which authority is accepted, these instincts are: common to all men or never duplicated; transitory or permanent; indistinguishable from simple reflexes or complex mental processes; aimless or consciously purposeful. The chief cause of such disparity lies, of course, in the fact that the logical argument which introduced instincts into psychology has never surrendered its place to experimental data; and one man's reasoning is as good as another's.

Still, it is surprising that experimental psychologists willingly continue to base their definitions and elaborate classifications of instincts on evidence which they are forced to brand as empirical. This is even stranger when we realize how important they consider a true knowledge of man's native endowment. McDougall thinks "the recognition of the full scope and function of the human instincts will appear to those who come after us as the most important advance made by psychology in our time." And Thorndike points out that a complete inventory of man's original nature is needed not only as a basis of education but for economic, political, ethical and religious theories.

It would be unfair to give the impression that all psychologists have this unbounded

faith in instincts and that every one who writes a textbook manufactures a new definition and compiles a novel list. This does appear to be the usual procedure, but there are notable exceptions. Titchener considered instinct one of the catchwords of popular psychology which did scientific harm, and thought that, until there was more factual data on the subject, there could be no acceptable definition or classification of instincts. The opinions of Dunlap and Yerkes are especially worthy of attention because they have both worked experimentally with animals and have had ample opportunity to observe "instinctive" action where it is neither moral, æsthetic nor religious. Their remarks make valid criticism of their colleagues. Yerkes says that "instinct is one of those historical concepts which has been overgrown by meaning. It is so incrusted with traditional significance that it is almost impossible to use it for the exact descriptive purpose of science." And Dunlap points out the results of this traditional significance.

> Practically, we use the term instinctive reaction to designate any reaction whose antecedents we do not care, at the time, to inquire into; by acquired reaction, on the other hand, we mean those reactions whose antecedents we intend to give some account. But let us beware of founding a psychology, social, general, or individual, on such a definition.

Ethics

THE PROBLEM OF MOTIVE

By H. M. Parshley

The behavioristic psychology seems to me to fail at an important point, salutary as it is in its insistence upon objective, unbiassed observation. Whether we can ever penetrate the consciousness of another or not, we certainly have to deal with our own private awareness; and it is difficult to see how any psychology can be complete or even passably satisfactory which fails to derive its data from introspection as well as from observation. Ethics certainly involves the consideration of motives, values, and ideals; and a scientific ethics requires genuine knowledge about these elusive matters. The primary facts in this field are the subjective feelings and ideas of which we are directly conscious; they belong to a realm of being which many philosophers are prone to regard as distinct in character from the material and therefore beyond apprehension by the method of science. But it is unnecessary to adopt this pessimistic belief. If behaviorism is really unable and unwilling to dig out and give us real knowledge about subjective things, there may well be other psychological methods that can do so.

It seems to me important to get this idea out into the light and have its implications clearly understood, for, in my opinion, the chief support of obscurantism at this moment is the notion that motives, values, and ideals, unlike material things, are beyond the range of scientific study, and thus afford a free and exclusive field in which religion and philosophy may disport themselves authoritatively without challenge. If you don't go to church, listen to some Modernist clergyman broadcasting his sermon over the radio. The chances are very good that you will hear him say that we must accept science in its proper sphere and believe nothing that is in plain contravention of scientific knowledge in any sphere. "But," he will go on to say, "today as never before the world needs spiritual guidance. At a time when standards are falling all about us, when vice and crime are rampant and nothing seems to be held sacred, at this time when the old sanctions and the old taboos have lost their force, we can be rescued from a hopeless materialism only through motivation by faith in the values and ideals of religion."

Very good; values and ideals are important elements in human conduct. But which religion shall it be? Christianity? No doubt. But shall it be the values and

ideals expressed by Jesus in the New Testament or those taught by some modern branch of the church? Shall we sell all and give to the poor, turn the other cheek, and take no thought for the morrow, or shall we be prosperous Episcopalians? Religion gives too many, too diverse, and too arbitrary answers to command our respect and confidence. The old sanctions and taboos *are* losing their force. Motives, values and ideals are sensed as matters of feeling for the most part; but I venture to maintain that they grow out of the fundamental urges by way of human needs, desires and aims, and that therefore they can be studied, controlled, and judged by their fruits—scientifically, like other items of behavior. To set them apart in some vague and inaccessible realm of the spirit is simply to erase them from rational thought. To give them over into the keeping of priests and philosophers whose competence we distrust is to obscure the way to truth about them.

But beyond question the scientific study of these matters is peculiarly difficult, although I see no reason to agree with those who pronounce it impossible. We cannot lay a motive upon the dissecting table or fix it under the lenses of a microscope, to be sure; but neither can we treat electricity or life in that fashion. Nevertheless, we understand a good deal about these forces, and we can manage them pretty much as we will—better than a witch doctor, at least. So with the mental forces that undeniably influence a good deal of our behavior. It is certainly possible to study the facts about their occurrence and propagation and note the results that they produce. I consider it nonsense to say, as is the fashion even among scientists, that science consists in measurement, understood in the narrow sense—"the recording of pointer settings." The discovery and statement of facts, if only it be thorough and honest, may also take the form of description, or narration, or homology, or introspection, and all these are more important than the measurement that sometimes serves to make a scientific description more precise than it would otherwise be. It is well to view with suspicion those who so eagerly advance to limit the scope of scientific curiosity. It may well be that *their* motives need careful investigation.

We have been led to suppose that acts should be judged not only by their consequences but also by the motive that lies behind them. Murder for gain is regarded as worse than murder for infidelity; and premeditated murder is held to be worse than murder in the heat of anger. This attitude seems to me to be based upon two assumptions, of which the first is safer than the second. We assume, first, that it is possible to determine motivation, and, second, that the person acting exercises free will, and may sometimes choose deliberately to do wrong in conscious defiance of certain fixed community standards. The result of our entertaining these assumptions is expressed in our legal punishments. Society visits the most severe penalties upon those who seem to violate its rules with malice aforethought, and such penalties are always tinged with the color of revenge. But if we believe that the culprit fell from grace by accident and under the compulsion of forces beyond his control, we are less disturbed by envy, disgust, anger, or disapproval, and are thus willing to forego the pleasures of vengeance, in a measure.

Now, the biological reason for law in some form is the necessity for social cohesion with its accompanying restrictions on individual freedom. And punishments, in the case of a foresighted and habit-forming animal, most certainly tend to discourage infraction of the rules. That this should be questioned seems absurd enough in view of the methods of the lion tamer and the football coach. I believe that envy, jealousy, and revenge are almost unmitigated evils, and hold that they have no proper place in a rational penology; but if they were totally eliminated there would still remain the necessity for punishment.

For punishment simply serves to substitute a motive for socially desirable action in place of one that leads to undesirable deeds. The chain of cause and effect remains complete, though a new link, a new cause, has been introduced. Punishment, foreseen in imagination, is a compelling motive that unquestionably affects behavior. It causes an individual to act in a manner that suits his fellows and prevents him from causing injury. It certainly deters every one of us from numerous small infractions, even though we may not be among those who would run amuck and do promiscuous rape and murder except for the fear of the law.

There is, however, some reason for the current debate over the efficacy of, say, capital punishment. In times when execution was a common penalty for petty crimes, it is said that pickpockets were wont to practice their art in the crowd that gathered under the very shadow of the gallows; and there is general agreement that unusual mental abnormality may drive certain types of humanity to commit offenses with a force that is quite beyond control by any fear of punishment. But in such cases there are obviously many other factors to be considered. An ignorant and squalid populace is always on the verge of disorder, and severe punishment is but another drop of misery in a cup already full; while a people that lives in comfort is much more likely to appreciate both the advantages of regular behavior and the discomforts of the dungeon or the noose.

In the matter of abnormality we admittedly have to do with exceptional circumstances, and here the gravest questions arise when border-line cases have to be dealt with. How shall we regard the motives of a man who may be slightly insane, who is perhaps perverted, who seems to labor under a special psychological compulsion that leaves most of his behavior untouched? Here it is obvious that science is our only hope. If psychiatrists are competent (even within present limitations) and employed as neutral and unbiassed observers (not in our present ridiculous fashion as special advocates of one side or the other!), they, and they alone, are able to tell us the truth in this important department of ethics.

Motive is a difficult subject, and psychology has a great deal to discover about it; but I think that there is a simple way to view the whole question, for those who wish to maintain a scientific attitude. We can regard motive as the immediate cause of an act, the last link in the chain; and where, as is often the case, it is possible to ascertain our motives, simple scientific honesty requires that they be taken into account. We are interested in consequences, and while several acts may be of the same nature, it often happens that the consequences, near and remote, may be quite different in the various cases. If a man in the delirium of fever reaches out and strangles his nurse, society need not fear the decimation of a valued profession, once he is cured of his malady. But if an ignorant father kills the doctor because his son dies of typhoid fever, society may well detain the offender until his educational defects have been remedied. Again, if an obviously intelligent and well-favored individual shoots his neighbor because he comes home and finds the neighbor making a friendly call, no one's life is safe while the marksman is at large, and he must be shut up where unsentimental warders will curb his urge for reform.

This difference in consequences corresponds to a difference in motives, and the detection of correspondences is characteristic of the method by which science seeks the truth. Those who hold this view of motive are not under the necessity of determining once for all, here and now, the validity of the second assumption—that free will is a reality; while waiting for evidence on this question, they can be content to leave it temporarily as a subject for the harmless exercises of creative thinkers.

A PASTOR'S DAUGHTER

BY ETHEL BROWN

THE way of the transgressor is proverbially hard; but the way of the transgressor who is a Baptist preacher's daughter is well-nigh unbearable. In my case the Mendelian structure was not right for the job. My mother, who had danced her way through a carefree girlhood among the hedonists of her Southern State straight into the responsibilities which residence in a parsonage entails, painted for me glamorous pictures of her girlhood, and then became a little distressed when the consecrated life was not to my liking. A bit of the pride, a deal of the unbridled spirits, and much of the love of gaiety which were her family's dominant characteristics entered into me, and made the standards set up in the South for Baptist clergymen's children hard for me to attain.

As I think back now over the first decade of my life, it seems that the tragedy of those years can be summed up in my unachieved ambition to possess a floppy silk hat lined with pink satin, an accordion-plaited pink dress, and slippers strapped about the ankles with pink ribbons. That costume was the symbol of the things I missed in childhood because I was a Baptist preacher's daughter. It was worn every Saturday afternoon by the Episcopal children who attended the classes of an Episcopal dancing instructor who taught each Saturday afternoon in Hibernian Hall. Of course, I could not have clothes like that! As my father pointed out with much kindness and sound logic, there was no place for me to wear them. I had very nice Sunday dresses—a brown serge for Winter with perfectly fitting brown kid gloves, brown shoes, and a little brown velvet hat piped with blue; white lawns for Summer, equipped with either pink or blue sashes—and my school dresses were plentiful, with never a button missing or a snag unmended. But how I did long for that floppy hat and that dress of plaited silk!

The longing was not so much for the fluffy clothes as for the pleasures that seemed to fill to overflowing the lives of the Episcopalian children. First through chance and later through choice, my playmates did not come from Baptist homes. My mother did not avail herself of the free instruction she might have had for her daughter, but contributed through my tuition to the support of a Victorian lady who, with the help of her sisters, conducted a select school where girls were taught as much of the three R's as ladies were then thought likely to need, a language that passed for French—for "the Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe—," and much about good manners and the absurdity of crediting the rumor that the North had been victorious in the skirmish of the sixties erroneously called the Civil War. The pupils were preponderantly Episcopalian. These children were my friends. We played together; we studied together. On Saturday afternoons I was desolated when they went to dancing-school, wearing floppy hats, plaited silk dresses, and slippers strapped with ribbons about their ankles.

They invited me to their parties, of course. I went—dressed in one of the white lawn Summer dresses and pink or blue sashes; but I never had any parties of my

own. How could I? My father's congregation numbered a thousand members and their crimes did not include race-suicide. There were hundreds of children I should have had to invite had I been allowed to give a party. So at birthdays my parents showered presents upon me in a pathetic effort to make up to me what I was missing.

In my childhood there was never a Christmas tree in my home. I always went to the church celebration, where a resplendent tree was hung with ten-cent store presents. There, when my name was called, I marched forward to receive a stiff little doll sewed to the bottom of a brown box. I think I never once loosened the stitches, for I did not play with dolls—not even with the ornate China creations my grandmother used to send me. I remember leaving the Christmas parties of my friends with a sick little feeling in the pit of my stomach. At home I should find not even a wreath or a red candle, and of course no tree sending its lights through the parlor window. My mother did not have time for Christmas decorations at home—she was far too busy working to make the church tree successful!

Then, too, the children who wore the floppy hats and plaited dresses went to the matinée whenever anything good came to our far Southern city. They always came to school the next day agog with the wonder of the things they had seen and heard. How I longed for a glimpse into the enchantments and mysteries of the theatre! But in that day Baptists listed theatre-going among the deadly sins. My mother used to tell me, while my eyes were wide with wonder and my whole being ablaze with envy and resentment, of the plays she had seen in her idyllic girlhood. She had even taken "dramatics" in the fashionable school that "finished" her, and had played Juliet before a large audience. A picture of her taken by Romeo's side thrilled me at the same time that it intensified my sense of being cheated out of a pleasure that was rightfully mine.

I must have been about ten when I saw my first play. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" came to our city. Mother made all arrangements for a friend of hers to take me, suggesting that it would be just as well not to mention the matter to Father, since it was Saturday and sermons had to be delivered on Sunday. Sitting through the enactment of Cedric's angelic childhood, I tried to discover in what the wickedness of the theatre consisted. Failing, of course, I came away hopelessly stage-struck. The ambition to play Rebecca in "Ivanhoe" was about as long-lived as any of the many others that flickered across the horizon of my youth and adolescence.

A hope that I might produce "Ivanhoe" with myself as heroine as well as stage manager and give the play in our drawing-room some Saturday night was quickly dissipated when I remembered that there could be no confusion toward the end of the week because my father needed quiet for final work upon his sermons. The enforced calm of Friday and Saturday—the only times when children are free to have the gang about—is a theme upon which some minister's son or daughter could produce a great tragedy of childhood. The pathos of the situation consists in the hopelessness of finding a solution. A man who has two sermons to deliver on Sunday, and sometimes three, needs to be undisturbed. And no matter how desperately children may desire to be gay on holidays, they must conform to the requirements of the adult members of the household.

II

The childhood of an evangelical pastor's daughter, however, is not so trying as adolescence. My first decade, despite the floppy hat and plaited skirt repression, was not unhappy. There were always peaks that rose quickly out of the valleys. My father and I were the most congenial companions. I shall always remember the thrill of the stories he used to tell me as we sat out under the stars, to which we

had given fantastic names unknown to the astronomers. As we carried a fictitious Johnny and Mary through an eventful childhood and a romantic maturity, my delight was not diminished by its vicarious quality. Much more real to me than my own experiences were those my pretty mother re-created from her past. What a magical story-teller and incomparable actress she has always been! Her world is a stage whereon she has played excellently all the parts assigned to her.

It was, I feel sure, her histrionic ability that enabled her to act the minister's wife to the Queen's taste. Having accepted the rôle, she played it with all the fervor demanded of her. Yet she really lived in memory of the part in which she had first been cast. All the actors that crowded her entrances and exits she made as vivid for me as though I had seen and heard them, repeating their lines and never omitting a gesture. The great *début* ball that brought the drama to a climax dazzled me with its splendor whenever its enactment was accomplished in the presence of the cedar-scented dress of cut velvet with the paniered skirt and the tiny puffed sleeves of real lace.

Four years ago my grandmother's funeral took me back to the old home of my mother's people. It was as though I had lived there always, where life flows to the rhythm of swift-footed horses, while gallant men, whose eloquence is enhanced by good liquor, pay court to what seem to me to be the most beautiful women in the world. Perhaps I am richer in the possession of dreams in place of a reality that might yield its disappointments! In retrospect the importance of the floppy hat tends to grow.

Adolescence introduced new problems. When I was half-way through boarding-school, to which I had gone absurdly young, my father left the pastorate he had held for fifteen years. So one dreary Christmas I came home to a strange city where I found neither old friends nor a chance of making new ones acceptable to fastidious fifteen. I thought then that the vacation was hard only for me. I know now that it must have been vastly harder for the two people who loved me and who were powerless to alleviate the unhappiness I made no attempt to conceal.

The day of my arrival the new church gave us what was called in that region a Christmas pounding. It left me as sore spiritually as pounding with a blackjack would have left me sore physically. Early in the evening two members came to call—to make sure that none of our family would escape the ordeal in store for us. At eight o'clock the rest of the congregation stormed the house. They didn't bring pounds of food—they brought tons. Barrels of sugar, corn meal, and flour were wheeled across my mother's pretty rugs. Hams, butter, cheeses, cakes, turkeys, chickens, preserves, and dozens of other things were piled on my mother's nice dining-room table. Then the chairman of the deacons made a speech to which I tried not to listen. My father replied, speaking with his usual ease.

I honestly thought I should die if those people did not leave the house. When at last they had gone, a squeal descended the stairs. My little brother, who had been wakened by the hubbub, was leaning over the banisters, bursting with curiosity. When my father invited him down, he came, ran into the dining-room, looked about dazed, and then, standing on his head, waved his little bare feet in the air.

"Lemme eat," followed the first part of the demonstration.

"At this hour?" gasped my mother.

"Oh, it won't hurt the boy," my father interceded.

So the youngster ate, while I looked on with no appetite for anything.

"My daughter, what's the matter?" Father asked kindly.

I told him just how I felt about being an object of charity and appealed to my mother for support in my rebellion. She said little, but I could see that she had no great relish for poundings.

"It's that family pride of yours," my father said sadly. "You and the child should cultivate Christian humility."

"If it's Christian humility that your son is showing now," I said saucily, "excuse me!"

I expected a rebuke. Instead, my father laughed and fed my little brother a slice of fruit cake from which the family was to hear later in the night.

All the first years of my life had been spent in a pastorate where the congregation presented their minister with a silver service, a clock, a serving tray of silver, or something of the kind whenever they felt moved to show their affection. I wondered hopelessly if during the rest of my dependent years I should have to endure annual poundings. As for Christian humility, I didn't want it. Starvation seemed greatly preferable to being fed by the multitude.

How I longed that Christmas for the friends I had left behind me! Indeed I was as cut off from social intercourse as Gulliver on the days that he first met the Brobdingnagians or the Lilliputians. What a pitiable, uncoöperative little prig I must have been! I am ashamed now to recall my aloof behavior at the one dinner I condescended to attend. When I saw the table at our host's home, I shared the agony attributed to the groaning board. Everybody but me was in a tremendously good humor. The head of the house joked boorishly about the serving. The eldest son was cordial to the extent of trying to hold my hand and later to kiss me. Yet, ingrate that I was, I refused to be entertained.

After that I went no more to Christmas parties. I told my parents to decline for me on the ground that I had some studying to do. Then, to keep a lie from lips unaccustomed to breaking the unwritten commandment, I did study a good deal. Though when away I was always homesick for the companionship of my family, I was not sorry when the time came to go back to boarding-school.

III

Through the four years that followed I did not make friends among the membership of the new congregation—and there was little opportunity to meet other people. Superficially I did my duty, however. Sundays, during the next two vacations and the two years that I attended the Baptist college in the city where we were living, were arduous experiences. I taught a class of girls at Sunday-school; I attended the morning church service, every fourth Sunday remaining for communion; at three I presided over the Girls' Auxiliary and frequently delivered dissertations on missions in foreign fields; at seven I was among those present at the B. Y. P. U., sometimes to the extent of taking part in the programme; and at eight I sat in the minister's pew to listen to the evening sermon. In my senior year at college, when I was captain of the girls' basket-ball team, co-ed editor of both the annual and the monthly magazine and president of the literary society, there was no relaxing of the routine established for my only day of rest.

But attendance upon the Wednesday night prayer-meeting was the most distressing of all experiences. My father used to begin on Wednesday morning to groan for fear there would not be a crowd; and he groaned all Thursday because there hadn't been. I remarked once in family conclave that a failure might as well be admitted and abandoned for something that might prove successful. Father, looking pained, replied that he was worried merely because only the saints came to pray. I was concerned, however, to see that religion produced such sad saints. The mid-week service was held in a room as gloomy as death—a basement, damp and musty. The assembled saints sat all bent over precisely as though they had pains in their stomachs. They sang doleful hymns with cracked voices emitted through their noses. My father talked and then the brethren talked. The sisters, obeying Saint

Paul, kept silent in the church. That always made me mad on principle, though I didn't yearn to hear any of those pitiable creatures tell how good the Lord had been to them. Of course the prayer-meetings were never junked. Like the poor that attend them, they will probably be with the Baptist church always.

During adolescence the denominational prohibition of dancing reduced my social activities to a minimum only slightly forecast in childhood, when I had other opportunities to make friends. In the city to which the new pastorate brought us there were two girls I had known at boarding-school. Both included me in their party lists until they found that I could not accept their invitations, since dancing or cards always constituted the entertainment. Though resenting the restriction, I knew that my father had no alternative but to refuse to let me dance or play cards. He could not risk loss of influence with the vinegar-dipped sisters and the dill-pickled brothers, whether or not he condemned the forms of amusement prevailing among the younger generation.

Even at the college I attended there was a dancing crowd, which seemed the only one it was desirable to know. The fraternity men they were, who had dug a gulf between themselves and the ministerial students, whom they opprobriously nicknamed and openly scorned. The college dances were, of course, not given on the campus, for the denomination could countenance no such immoral proceedings. They were held in hotels—an arrangement entirely satisfactory to the boys, since it involved less chaperonage. How often the brethren's pious precautions served as a boomerang! At first I was invited many times to these fraternity parties. Finally, however, when the boys learned that there would be no special dispensation for me, the invitations ceased to come. The adolescent girl who does not run with the gang soon feels herself an outcast. Though I had during those two busy years, when I attended college as a day student, enough individual dates, I was a dodo bird with no kind to flock with—a state surely not pleasing in the gregarious 'teens.

There were interludes when I had my little fling—visits to friends far from the watchful eye of the congregation. Invariably, however, came a sorrowful aftermath. One glorious month, for instance, was spent at the Summer home of a friend I had met at boarding-school. With an Annapolis midshipman who wore his uniform by request I danced myself into giddy delight. Yet the next Spring, when a bid came for June Week at Annapolis, I had to decline. The papers would have carried the names of the girls who attended, and our congregation would have been scandalized. Later, when my life was mine, quite free from obligation to a constituency, I danced to my feet's discomfort—but only at eighteen or thereabouts can come the thrill of June Week at Annapolis!

Vaguely at first, then definitely and violently, I resented throughout childhood and adolescence the necessity to answer to a public for all my acts. A Baptist minister's family has about as much private life as a bunch of monkeys in the zoo. Frequently it's damned if you do and damned if you don't. One half the congregation wants a "stylish" pastoral family; while the other half believes you should walk humbly before the Lord and among men. So long, however, as we did not violate the Mosaic commandments and those framed by the Southern Baptist Convention, my father was content. Thank heavens, we did not appear ministerial!

My parents were saved from much of the interference that comes to other members of their profession by personal magnetism and good looks. They were simply not the sort that invited face-to-face criticism, and they held their heads too high to sense the other kind. I think, moreover, that the plainest members of the congregations took vicarious pleasure in seeing their minister ride each afternoon on the spirited Kentucky saddle horse that was always among our Lares and Penates.

My mother was exquisite in the dresses created by a modiste and made possible because of a small patrimony that supplemented my father's salary—until she trusted her investments to a deacon whose business sagacity and honesty she thought she had no right to question.

When I saw my father and mother walking together to church Sunday mornings, six feet and five feet-five of physical perfection, it seemed to me tragic that so much beauty should be wasted upon a Baptist congregation. Perhaps our catering to the denomination was not so great as that of other minister's families, but it existed nevertheless and perforce. I used to think that much of the members' inclination to criticize was diverted from my parents and focused upon me. I was supposed to give heed and improve my manners accordingly. There were always well-meaning sisters who in "all kindness" reported my waywardness to parental headquarters. Apologizing to members of the congregation, terrific at first, became a routine matter that I could turn off with the skill of a trained mechanic. Because a substitute school teacher, whom all the children hated, was a member of our church I must not join in the criticism of her, must silently accept her injustices. To the visitors who came to our home I had to be polite at all times, answering questions no one had a right to ask and giving a general account of myself and my doings.

It is not strange that many of us with histrionic tendencies should become exhibitionists: we might as well give an expectant public their money's worth! Since small misdemeanors are shocking, how much better to bring forth crimes commensurate with the amount of conversation any straying from the straight and narrow path elicits! If repressions and restrictions tend to produce juvenile delinquency, the wonder is not that minister's children are naughty, but that there is any good to be found in them at all.

But with the perspective provided by the early thirties, I can see that I was far better off than most minister's daughters. The heredity that made conformance to Baptist standards difficult provided me with a means of escape. The tenacity that held my parents to the life work they had chosen passed on to me in smaller measure, and served as a tool for prying my way out. The spirit of self-abnegation, which did not descend to the second generation but which actuated my parents in working for the church they loved, also motivated the sacrifices they made to give me more educational opportunities than they could afford. Such unselfishness as prompts a man who might have achieved success in a number of other fields to sink himself in the ministry is an excellent quality in a father. Sympathy at home, my parents' tolerance of convictions they could not share, their efforts to understand ambitions and desires that must have been alien to them have compensated for the hardships imposed upon me by the denomination in which fate decreed that I be reared.

But I wonder sometimes what complexes afflict other minister's daughters, who lack my compensating parents. Surely those complexes are more serious than any which have to do with floppy hats and plaited silk dresses!

HALF COCKED

BY CHARLES SAMPSON

Chase was the butt of the campus in the late Autumn days of 1918, for even the S. A. T. C. wouldn't take him. Listed as unfit for the Boy Scout maneuvers that were staged daily under ribbon-clerk lieutenants, he wandered beneath slouched, self-conscious shoulders from classroom to classroom, trying, as he explained it, to major in English literature. Fraternity boys wearing khaki or the navy blue—some of them got naval training, six hundred miles from water deep enough to float a sub-chaser—yelled "Slacker," after him under the elms, and some patriot once sent him a set of French postcards showing the amorous enterprise of *le poilu*.

I had spoken to Chase only casually in class until one day, meaning to congratulate him on a wisp of verse he had written for the university weekly, I halted him in a corridor. I faced a youth so physically repulsive that he might have been a lump of garbage come to life. Blackheads studded his face, an ugly mask of a mug that could easily have been putty, the corners of his wide mouth were crusted with tobacco and the remains of his lunch, and there was an appalling stench of dog about him. His clothes, worn so long as to resemble a plaster cast in dirty gray, were covered with white dog hairs. He shoved out a package of cigarettes, mumbled something about appreciation without looking me in the face, and edged off crabwise down the corridor while I lit my smoke.

Two days afterward he accosted me, and I suggested that we repair to Jake's, a saloon just off the campus, for beer. When he stood up in front of the bar his attempt to be a regular guy was pathetic. The way he goggled and hesitated about picking up his beer change from the mahogany touched me, and by way of easing him I ordered highballs.

Bewildered when he was served, he drank his whiskey straight from the pony glass that was handed him with the tall one, and then fell to sipping his unspiked ginger ale. Only the fact that my grandfather had sung in Jake's männerchor saved my queer friend from scorn. But when his bowels warmed with the whiskey Chase became more human. He was, he told me, very much interested in dogs, and owned a couple of wire-haired fox-terriers.

"Always plucking at 'em," he confided. "Hair has to be plucked out according to pattern or the judges won't look at 'em in the show ring. A damn nuisance, but the long hair hides the dogs' bad points and the judges won't stand for it. And a bum one well plucked often beats a good dog that's out of shape. That's what dog handlers are for."

He gabbled on, and we drank more. Chase was an orphan, he said. He held mortgages left by his father on two old rookeries in the city's bawdy quarter, and the income from these paid the registrar and bought dog biscuit, and books. Remembering his verse, I turned the talk to poets. Amy Lowell he liked, Swinburne left him cold, and then he got to squalling about Max Eastman and what a martyr he was. Fear of an espionage trial and Leavenworth made me shut him up and lead him to a table. There we ordered more drinks, and suddenly Chase blurted out that he liked me. He liked few other people: a professor or two not yet gone mad, a girl

whom somebody else kept, and an aunt with whom he lived. He wrote little verses to ease his soul, he said, and dogs were his obsession. He declared that if he ever were cruel to a dog he would kill himself.

The free will of the animal, its absolute lack of any consciousness of self, fascinated him. The dog, he said, was above the horse in intelligence. He told me that merely watching his dogs in their kennel gave him the utmost pleasure. Perhaps giving him credit for too great an understanding, I mentioned vivisection.

He foamed at me like a mad creature. I never saw a man in such a rage of maudlin indignation. Hogs, crooks, torturers, fiends! How'd I like to have my sister or mother strapped on a board and sawed open without an anæsthetic, just to give a lazy doctor a chance to discover a cure for something? I finally mollified him by starting a song and putting kümmel into his beer. Toward dinner time Jake told us we'd have to leave, and I helped Chase into a taxi.

I went to his house once after that and met his aunt, a dull, half-crazy old woman who was then reading Sir Oliver Lodge's delvings into spiritualism. Before she retired she brought into the living-room a mouse inside a trap, for Chase to kill. He gibbered and shuddered at the suggestion, and I offered to drown the little beast. He was annoyed. Ignoring me as a surgeon would snub a waggish interne in the operating room, he fetched a bottle of ether, an empty cigarette can, and a small paper bag. Opening the trap, he dumped the mouse inside the bag. This he quickly twisted up and placed on the bottom of the can. He poured a few tablespoonsful of ether on top of it, put on the lid, and went outside. I followed and saw him take a stick, dig a hole, and bury the can. Then he began wringing his hands and muttering. Soon he said:

"It was just like going to sleep, for that mouse." I left him early, without seeing the dogs.

A year afterward I went to a German shepherd-dog specialty show in New York, and saw Chase gawking at a beautiful wolf-gray animal from the edge of the judging ring. His nostrils were quivering and tear drops hung on his eyelids. I avoided him.

I learned several months later that he had gone back to the university town, had married, and was working on a newspaper of yellow reputation. In the throes of newspaper work myself, I forgot him until one day an itinerant copy-reader brought word of him.

He told me that Chase, after waylaying and beating a man who sold laboratory animals by the bagful to the university medical school, had freed a dozen dogs and cats on a busy corner and got himself arrested. Again I forgot him. Then, in the Summer of 1927, I read a telegraph sob story saying a big-hearted reporter named Chase had hanged himself because he let a dog die at the bottom of a well. I remembered his vaporings over the beer at Jake's, and thought what an ass he must have been. Back in the home-town for vacation two months afterward I talked to Chase's widow and his aunt. The old woman gave me a note he had left addressed to me in her care, and from it and their conversation I pieced together the circumstances that preceded his taking-off.

II

On the morning of the day Chase killed himself his wife heard him scream: "Oh Christ! Can it get any hotter?" He was shingling his new kennel house that a saw-and-hatchet carpenter had slapped together. Two months before he had sold his mortgages and bought a place in the country, so he could raise more dogs than the city ordinances permitted. What he got was two acres of mud and wild dewberry plants, a jerry-built Dutch colonial house and a garage in the middle of it, and a shallow well under the back porch.

Lucky his wife had made the real estate man guarantee an adequate supply of run-

ning water, for the well went dry in two weeks and a pipe had to be sunk a hundred feet deeper before water came. The dry well filled up again, around the pipe. A hick carpenter replaced the porch over the well at a dozen crazy angles, and it irked Chase, along with the well-digger's mud and rock, and the heap of cinders from the drill engine that were still in the way. He'd never be able to clean up the damned place and paint the house.

And that driveway! The previous occupant of the place had worn two roads over the ragged lawn, and then started a third which Chase tried to improve. He carried topsoil from the woods to cover the ingrown cinders of the first, and hired a farmhand to plow away the ugliness of the second. The hayseed hadn't shown up, and on the third driveway Chase broke a borrowed sledge trying to crack rock, so he quit. He tried to console himself with the thought of a truckload of cinders in the Fall, when he could afford it. And he'd have the whole place plowed and harrowed for grass too.

Beating away the flies from his head, he ran to the house for a cigarette. He ran all the time now, with one week of his vacation already gone. He'd got into the habit of hurry to get over the anxious feeling that always hit him when he thought of the dogs, cooped up inside the kennel and the sun beating on it. There were no wire pens for the dogs to run in outside, because he couldn't pay a carpenter, and he was afraid of botching the job by himself.

His wife let the dogs out to run twice a day. She had to watch them every second for fear of strays coming up the lane; the thought of distemper and rabies terrorized Chase, and there was no place in the weekly budget for a fence around the place until September.

First the woman turned out a grave old Airedale bitch they had bought, just as a companion, when they were married. Then a runty little fox-terrier they had got stung on by a kennel in New Jersey, but had come to like so for her beady eyes and meddlesome nature that they wouldn't sell her. Daisy, a wire fox-terrier brood bitch, came out next, and last her four cobby pups.

Daisy, to a dog nut like Chase, was royalty. He had starved himself at lunch times the Winter before so he could buy her. For the price he paid the sales kennel threw in a service to a champion sire, who was in turn son to an international champion. Daisy herself was a champion's daughter, and she had won firsts at Cleveland and small-town dog shows in the State. Chase, in his suicide note, described her as "a bit overlong for the standard of her breed. She has a splendid head, a narrow chest, small well-set ears, and eyes of the deepest darkness from which she defies the world with what I call the eagle look. She seems to have no feet, but merely knuckles, and she walks with the mincing dainty gait that only first-rate dogs and women possess. I love her for a hellion. She tore a nostril off my Airedale the minute I uncrated her. But gentle with people? Jesus Christ—!"

When her pups were born in "blackberry Winter," a late Spring throw-back to cold weather when the fruit bushes were in bloom, Chase slaved beside the bitch a whole night, helping her whelp. Next day, when she began providing the pups with food, he tested her milk with litmus and found it acid, and he began the long ordeal of pumping her breasts dry. Meanwhile his wife kept the puppies alive for three days with artificial feedings from an eyedropper, until finally the bitch's milk tested alkaline, and the pups were put to her.

The firstborn puppy was the best of the four. Chase called him Cocky Cossack, with Trigger as an everyday kennel name. The dog stood with head erect and tail flying—both ends up, Chase called it—, bore a wealth of whisker and a hard coat, and in motion suggested a gay and impudent horseman. A black splotch around one eye and a ring at the root of his tail accentuated his cockiness. He buffaloed

the other pups like a corporal, and was always on the lookout for a fight. A kennel man saw Trigger and offered three hundred dollars for him. Chase, after long pondering, decided to keep the puppy, sell the other three at four months, and use the cash to turn Trigger into a stud dog.

III

The other dogs had been exercised, and it was time to let the pups out now, to run. He called his wife, and watched the four go tumbling after her down the hill. Back to his shingles and litter of chips again. He lit a cigarette, but it turned vile under the sun. Chase spat and ground the butt out with his foot. The flies grew worse; he found a tick crawling up his shirt. A shingle-nail went through his rubber-soled basketball shoe. "Like me," he frowned, "to wear things like these and get lockjaw!"

A brat on the adjoining place began inanely to call, "Hello, Mister Chase! Hello, Mister Chase!" with cruel regularity. Rage and exasperation seized him. He'd kill her if she was his kid, by God! If he ever had any, he'd send 'em away to school and keep 'em out of sight forever.

The dogs inside the kennel, panting hot, saw the pups in the distance playing about Mrs. Chase and set up a jealous howling. Sweat oozed through Chase's shoes, it trickled down his arms and soaked the imitation leather strap of his wrist-watch. He stood off from the job and saw his whole last row of shingles nailed up out of true. Never able to do things right! He tore and clawed at the shingles until he had the whole row down in splinters. He wanted to tear his hair and bite himself, but the neighbor brat'd think he was crazy. He ran into the house. His wife came in and tried to soothe him.

"It's twelve," she said. "Have a glass of iced tea and a sandwich. No use punishing yourself out there. I'll let the pups play outside till after lunch."

Damn it, he didn't want iced tea; he wanted beer. They'd been weeks making it for weather like this. He cracked ice, and poured warm beer over it into a pitcher. At table he fumed over his blundering carpentry. The beer he gulped didn't take the edge off as it did when he was tired out from the office.

"Goddam, look at us!" he moaned. "I get a jay carpenter to put up a kennel out of a hundred different kinds of scraps, and then we have to waste money on shingles to hide the holes and keep the dogs from freezing next Winter. There's not a damn joist or plank in the whole place that's square, and when I slam the door the whole cockeyed dump shakes. It's lousy. My God, I wonder if anybody else gets swindled the way we do."

He stamped his feet under the table. A crazy impulse to kiss his wife seized him. He was sorry for his raving. He'd have to quit letting himself go like this, or he'd get nutty. After all, there were hundreds of places like his that looked worse; just give him time and he'd get it planted with flowers, and hang up a kennel sign on that post he'd bought at the roadhouse foreclosure, and Trigger would be a champion, and the stud fees would help pay for the raw meat and dog biscuit that now cut up his salary.

When he acted like this he knew his wife thought he was a fool. Still, she knew he was just a kid, barely out of college when she married him. She knew he had ambitions and didn't know how to realize them. He was clumsy and impractical, and didn't know how to take care of himself as a man. He was always doing things half cocked. Sometimes he acted so funny he was inhuman. And he seemed to make enemies of people instead of friends. He was too suspicious of everybody, that was it. Maybe it was New York that got him that way, broke and out of a job and knowing nobody. Haunting newspaper offices and publishing houses, getting promises and "Have a cigarette?", but never the work in the big town that he wanted. Still, it was all over; he had a fairly good

job. Why the hell couldn't he feel safe and easy? He was raving again, about dirty chinwhiskered yokels.

"There's the clown who was going to fix my road. He never came 'round again. Old Man Jensen brought the lumber for the bookshelves in April, and we haven't seen him since. That sap Dutchwoman never came back to help you wash the woodwork. It's hot as hammered hell, and the house is full of flies, and I can't finish the screens because that other dumb rube didn't bring back my tools. If it wasn't for the dogs and the mortgages and forfeiting the down payment on the place I'd go back to town."

These country yaps got him wild. On the other side of the big road people had no trouble getting help because they had money. And most of the big houses had English or Jap servants. Over here it was different; the jays stagnated on their dirt plots, and there were no coons. There were half-witted boys from the asylum, but they usually worked a half-hour and then ran off. Why, a man had to live out here a lifetime to get any work done. The hell with 'em all! He'd show the world if he ever got money enough to hire a German.

A low moaning, as if from far off, struck him suddenly dumb. Why hadn't he had sense enough to shut up? Every time he got to yelling about his luck something awful happened. Chase kicked his chair back and ran to the porch. The moaning came from beneath him. The well!

Over against the kennel were three heat-weary pups trying to find shade. Only three: the lanky one called Parson, the little bitch pup, and the fat one. Chase went sick as death. Trigger, king of them all, his pup with the makings of a champion, his dog who'd make the ringside thrill at a hundred shows, gone from the sunlight and its thousand adventures, and drowning at the bottom of a goddam hick well!

Chase kicked over the box that hid the electric pump, and snatched away the loose boards that covered a hole big enough to let a man go through. The moans came stronger now; Trigger was getting over the shock of cold water. Chase could hear him paddling about. His wife hovered near, babbling. Chase menaced her with a board:

"Take the others inside the kennel. Wanta lose them too?"

He let himself through the hole. Rocks too slippery on the well sides. He ran for a flashlight. No good; all he could see was a tiny square of sunlight reflected in a black pool. Trigger began yelping, conscious that Chase was near.

"Keep up, old kid! We'll buck the swine yet," he called to the pup, and raced for a ball of chalkline he had been using at his shingling. He tied the line to a scrub bucket, and let it down. The line, rotten from lying in the sun and rain, broke. Chase banged at his temples with his fists.

"Trigger, Trigger, Trigger!" he cried, like a madman. Then a thought struck him. The hayseed firemen! They could get him out. He bawled at his wife. She fetched keys, got out their flivver, and sputtered off down the lane to the village.

Chase sprang inside the house and up to his room, where he grabbed a cluster of neckties. Back down to knot them together and tie them to a preserve kettle. He found a rock and beat a hole in the kettle's bottom, then lowered it into the well. The crazy knots of the neckties parted, and the kettle bumped, splashed, and sank. The yelping stopped, but the sound of paddling still came up.

Chase chilled despite the hot sun, and hugged himself. What the hell could he do now? He began to feel calm. Back on the next place an invalid sat under a wagon umbrella, watching him curiously. From the main highway a mile off came the subdued roar of trucks and tourist autos. Chase's calm gave way to grief. Fifty people, a hundred, maybe, but they couldn't help him. It'd take an hour to explain to the fools first. He hadn't felt this way even when his father died. The

old man had clutched at life too, but it was his time to go. The pup didn't have to go, but there wasn't half a chance for him now. Trigger yelped once, there was a glugging of water, and then quiet. Chase sat down.

IV

The firemen came up the lane, with louts streaking after on bicycles and in flivvers. Chase went around front and beckoned listlessly. His wife came breathless and expectant up the drive.

"He's gone," said Chase, "but we'll have to get him out."

A ladder was made ready, and let through the well hole on a rope. Men held it while a garage mechanic clung to the rungs and was lowered. He called back for a hook, and said he saw the pup on the bottom. A rake was sent down instead.

Soon the mechanic came up with Trigger. Funny how the pup's corpse seemed blue. His wire hair was matted down by the water, and he looked like a smooth instead of a wire terrier. Chase took him, icy cold and limp, with his little belly bloated. The man tried rolling him half-heartedly over a fruit jar. No good. Well, he could dry the pup off anyway. He bade his wife give the firemen a bottle of beer apiece. They drank, joking about their mission. A belated volunteer came up the hill.

"Why didn't ye blow the 'larm whistle?" he asked.

"Wa'n't no fire," answered the captain.

The firemen left. Chase wrapped Trigger in an old window curtain, and went over the knoll behind the kennel. He dug a deep hole, and fondled the bundle a moment before he buried it. He pounded rocks into the top of the grave, and went back to the house.

On the porch he stopped to right the pump cover, and heard his wife sobbing in the kitchen. He glanced next door. Against his neighbor's cherry tree stood a long, narrow extension ladder.

ON THE LAM

BY DAVID PURROY

THE murder was done at 2 A.M. Three and a half hours later, the telephone bell's persistent clamor carried me out of bed and into the hall to shut it off. The caller informed me that my gin-mill keeper friend had just been taken down to headquarters for questioning, and that he knew, on good authority, that the police would be up to take me in tow within an hour. Thanking him, I hung up and proceeded to cogitate.

I was out of the Big House only seven months after having served a ten-spot. I had seen dozens of men framed and sent up for long jolts merely because they had records and lacked two or three ministers and a chief of police to corroborate their alibis. Knowing that, on account of my previous convictions, the average jury would believe me guilty of anything charged to me unless I could absolutely prove my innocence, and having no one who *could* prove I was at home, trying to write short stories, at the time of the murder, I realized that I was up against it. So I silently closed the front door, took one last, sadly reverent glance at the old homestead, and went—on the lam.

Experience had taught me that the racket was a sucker's game. I knew that the only persons operating it with a 99% chance of impunity were politicians, millionaires and revivalists. I was plainly unqualified to operate in such select circles, and so I had avoided all rackets and racketeers during my short-lived liberty, and wandered the straight and narrow. In consequence, as I now started out on the lam I found myself compelled to travel strictly on my own, for I hadn't even any underworld connections. Thus handicapped, I decided to take refuge with a friend who lived in a large city nearby.

Pete, never a criminal, was out of work and in destitute circumstances. His wife, Bella, and their four young children looked wan and half-starved, but they welcomed me into their scantily furnished five-room flat with open arms. I saw at once that my rôle was to be that of the good provider, so I consulted with the helpless Pete about ways and means of quickly obtaining money. To this end he introduced me into Joey Fallon's speak-easy the same night.

Joey, a former racketeer who had served three short stretches, and for whom, due to the lately enacted and very rigid crime laws, another fall meant a life sentence, had quit as a racketeer, and lived on the proceeds of his highly questionable home brew and the rot-gut he sold at two drinks for a quarter. His place was full of thieves. In a little while, finding that we had several friends in common, he made me acquainted with a few of the better type of his customers, and I singled out one Red Curtin,—on the lam from Buffalo for a bungled stick-up,—as a likely partner in crime.

But Red had no worth-while jobs in sight, so his partner was called upon. The latter, named Slim, was a six-foot, sandy-haired Polish-Jew—a big, smiling, overgrown youngster, but an expert chauffeur, a quick thinker, and, as I later learned, one of the best and most reliable racket men I'd ever met. He smilingly suggested that we go out at once on a pirate cruise, a new wrinkle of his own.

With Slim at the helm of our pirate ship,

—his Buick sedan,—we cruised into the suburbs beyond the city's North Side. Running along a dimly lighted street at a crawling speed, Slim sighted a well-dressed prospect and pulled in to the curb about twenty feet beyond him. I alighted and called to the man, asking if he could direct us to a certain street, the name of which I mumbled. He walked toward me, asking the name of the street. When he came to within a few feet, I slipped out the .32 automatic that Joey had given me and told him to hop into the car. Bewildered, he obeyed, and Red lost no time in searching him as we shot away from the curb. Eight blocks had been traversed when I gave Slim the word. He pulled in to the curb on a dark street and we ejected the victim, minus about $60 and a watch and chain, with orders to mount the steps of the house before which we'd stopped. As he obeyed, we shot away, cruised over to the East End, picked up a poorly clad Greek, and went through the same motions. Slim proved a shrewd judge in choosing the victim, for before we had turned the Greek loose to tear wildly up the street we had pried $200 out of his money belt. Then we called it a night.

But the rent, a two-weeks' supply of groceries and some much-needed wearing apparel for myself and Pete's children quickly decreased my ready money to a very insignificant sum. Also, I was soon developing nerves. I slept on a cot in the front room. The flat was on the top floor of a two-story, rather dilapidated frame house. Between the shivery, ghostly creakings caused by the blasts of the wintry winds, and the slithering, pattering noises made by the mice above the ceiling, my hours of restful slumber were scant indeed. The delusions and fears of the hunted were beginning to work on me. I imagined that I had been traced, somehow or other, and at every sound, however slight, pictured the police either sneaking in upon me through the kitchen windows or bursting in through the roof.

My nights, until the milk-trucks rumbled by the house to chase my fears, were hellish nightmares. The pistol I kept parked beneath my pillow, ever fondling it. But it brought me only slight consolation as I visioned myself outnumbered ten to one. I soon reached such a state that I'd slip out of bed and crawl to the window, gun in hand, ready to meet them. My stealthy glances into the street, and then into the questionable gloom of the dark back yard, would partly reassure me, and, dripping cold sweat, I'd climb back into bed, shivering. During all my months on the lam, the only nights passed in freedom from these nightmares were those which found me too paralyzed by rot-gut to be cognizant of my surroundings.

II

With good tips as scarce as Jews at a K. K. K. pig-roast, we stuck-up a grocery store and confiscated the immense sum of $60. But we were destined to descend to even lower levels. With the Buick laid in for repairs, Slim, ever a hustler, acquired a '26 Packard; but it was too "hot" to be used for a week or so, without a maximum chance of our engaging in a gun battle with the police. So, with the proverbial wolf creeping uncomfortably close to the door, we were forced to descend to petty larceny.

Slim and I would hire a taxi in the downtown section, and order the driver to take us to a street in the suburbs. Here, we'd step out of the cab on opposite sides, and I'd elevate the driver and order him into the cab, while Slim, confiscating his cap, would drive us about until I had finished searching the victim. We'd eject the cabby on a side street, drive ten or twelve blocks, abandon the cab, hail another a few blocks away, and, after being driven to the West End, go through the same motions. The highest any of these jobs netted us was $40; the lowest, $20. With Red and I alternating as Slim's companion, we continued until the Buick was eligible for work. Thus we plundered an average of

three cabs a night, to the tune of twenty-odd dollars apiece.

Pete reported that, in changing a twenty-dollar bill for him, the proprietor of an out-of-the-way grocery store had flashed a huge roll of bills. We went after that bank-roll the same night. The proprietor, a German, was behind the counter, and his clerk, a tall, awkward lad of about twenty, was at the desk when I entered. I ordered a pound of coffee as Red followed. The German returned with it just as the clerk asked what he could do for Red. "Get 'em up!" Red replied ferociously, whipping out his gun. The lad almost fainted; he was the most badly scared person I'd ever seen. The proprietor blinked and hesitatingly obeyed, but the lad's hands flew upward so quickly that he almost dislocated his arms.

In the back room, I made the two face the wall, and searched them while Red rifled the cash register. I locked the door behind me as I left, and as we eased away at low speed, mirth-provoking, lion-like roars in two languages rent the silence. In Joey's speak-easy, the huge bank-roll resolved itself into a bulky wad of bills, all of one-dollar denomination, save the lone twenty Pete had changed! It added up to $120,—a piker's haul! But the wallet I'd taken from the clerk called forth the heartiest laugh I'd enjoyed in an age. Among other things, it contained the picture of a buxom dame of massive proportions, and a sheet of paper on which were two columns of neatly typed words and figures. On the one side, under the caption, "Venus de Milo," was listed the perfect woman's various measurements; on the other, the measurements of one Hilda. Hilda, it appeared, enjoyed an eight-inch advantage over the Venus de Milo in hips, six in waist, and several in neck, thighs and calves!

It hurt my professional pride to be compelled to operate on so meagre a scale. So I drowned my sorrows with rot-gut, and planned and planned for the big touch that would enable me to quit the racket for good, and depart for safer climes. The city was none too safe for me, I knew; or perhaps it was only my nerves that convinced me that every policeman I passed, and especially the one on the beat that included Pete's flat, took a more than casual interest in my comings and goings. Whenever I walked the streets my hand had a firm grip on the automatic in my overcoat pocket. I longed for the big touch and the freedom and peace of mind it would bring me, much as a doomed man in the death-house longs for a commutation. But the few dollars I earned seemed ever possessed of wings, and the wolf was always hauntingly close to the door.

Then I met Dutch. He was introduced into Joey's place by Slim, who had worked with him a year or so previously. A big, raw-boned, heavy-featured man of thirty, he was just out of the pen after having served a year. Naturally, he was broke. So, though it appeared to me that he talked too freely,—that his boasting of the big tricks he had turned in Chi', Cleveland and 'Frisco was absolutely uncalled for,—we decided to accept him as a partner. After working with him on a number of lesser jobs, I became convinced that he was reliable.

Dutch was not a quick thinker. He could follow a set plan as long as things ran smoothly, but when something went awry he was lost. Big and businesslike, he stepped into a jewelry store. Red and I followed about ten seconds later, just as Slim eased the car around the corner, to pull up in front of the store. To my consternation, when I entered, I found Dutch standing statuelike in the center of the store, which was otherwise empty, while voices came to our ears from over the top of the eight-feet high, stained glass partition that enclosed the jeweler's office on the side. Leaping past Dutch as Red unwittingly slammed the door shut, I snapped, "That's where we want him, you dumbbell!", and vaulted the counter. I had taken but two steps toward the office door when the proprietor, a huge Swiss,

emerged, six feet in front of me. I closed up the gap, and, with my rod close to right hip, snapped: "Up they go, big boy! Raise those hands!"

His hands crawled ceilingward. I knew his mind was elsewhere, and I was about to snap out directions to my partners when, from the corner of his mouth, the Swiss jabbered a few words in a foreign tongue. Sensing that it was an order of some kind, I swung him about with my left hand and shot him toward the office just as a terrible crash shattered the silence. Someone in the office had hurled a heavy object through the front plate glass window.

I yelled "Get the window!", shoved the Swiss into the office, and followed at his heels to cover him and a highly excited, dapper young fellow whose hands trembled upward at my command. A door slammed and a shot rang out! I stepped backward so as to command a view of both office and store. Red was alone in the store, headed, madly, for the door, his gun smoking. I knew, as I took in the panorama, that in his wrath he had tried to slug Dutch.

If Dutch hadn't become panic-stricken, the place would have been ours. But when lead starts to fly, especially in such a busy neighborhood, the wisest move is to leave the scene as quickly as possible. Still, I hated to leave after having gone so far, so I called to Red to clean out the display window. At that moment, however, Slim began blowing the horn; that meant that a limb of the law was in sight. Red glanced at the gathering throng, shrugged his shoulders, yelled "It's N. G.! Let's go!" and disappeared through the door. Thoroughly angry now, I hurled a warning at the two victims that sent them scurrying to the extreme end of the office, leaped to the window, gathered up a tray of rings, and followed in Red's wake.

Red, holding the crowd at bay, leaped for the car at my appearance. Cries from behind warned me that the huge Swiss was at my heels. I fired two shots over his head and he executed a beautiful back-flip into the store. The approaching cop was a half block to the rear as we leaped through the open back door of the car—and almost upon Dutch! Red emitted a roar and drew a bead on Dutch's forehead. I slammed his hand upward as we shot away from the curb, and the bullet ripped through the roof; but it took me several minutes to calm Red down.

There was no pursuit. A mile from the scene I ordered Slim to pull in to the curb. Red took the rest of the play out of my hands. Turning to Dutch, who was whining that he'd dashed out of the store to cover the outside, he snarled: "We should 'a' left you on the job, *dead!* Now," opening the door, "lope, you yellow-bellied skunk! And I hope I never see yer ugly pan again, 'cause I hate to waste lead!" Dutch went.

The tray of rings, worth a thousand dollars, eventually fetched only one hundred and fifty! I thereby received the initial lesson of a course that taught me that purloiners of diamonds and jewelry were suckers of the highest order, who slaved only to enrich the profiteering receivers of stolen goods,—the fences.

III

I met Joey's sister Rose at a party in the Fallon flat, and for weeks thereafter cursed the fate that had made her Joey's sister. She was a beautiful natural blonde. Brought up in a den of thieves,—her brothers in and out of prisons, and her mother a Fagin and tipster for several mobs of racketeers,—she seemed quite untainted. Tall, well-proportioned, with beautiful gray-blue eyes, golden bobbed hair, and a cool, haughty carriage, she seemed as out of place among the painted dolls and the coarse-spoken, drunken racketeers as a nun in a Ziegfeld chorus. We soon became the best of friends and, though I'm far removed from the sheik type, I think she liked me from the start.

But thereby I incurred the animosity of Pete's mother, for she claimed that Rose was the property of her son Maurice, now

serving out a five-spot. She berated me as I had never before been berated; she told me she knew I wasn't in the city for my *health*, and finally worked herself into such a passion that she declared she'd fix me: even if she had to set the cops on my trail! She left, destined, so I surmised, for the nearest station house; and I followed in her wake a few minutes later, with bag and baggage, destined for the flat of a friend of Big House days.

Joey's place was raided by five strong arms of the law the following day. While they were battering down the double doors, the inmates beat a hasty retreat through the back windows, and sailed away over fences and through winding alleys to the accompaniment of a barrage of lead.

Soon afterward Joey's inamorata gave us a tip on a watchmaker. His office was on the first floor of what appeared to be a private house on the edge of the business section. In the basement, beneath the office, whose two large, curtained windows faced a busy street, was a restaurant. A traffic cop performed about sixty feet to the south, and a Police Department flivver, with a uniformed cop at the wheel, rested at the curb near him, as we pulled up in front of the office. To place the Greek watchmaker between us, and so guard against his hurling a watch through the window, Red was to enter first, leaving the door slightly ajar, walk to the other side of the victim and, at the propitious moment, give me the cue to enter.

Red went in. Two seconds later his head popped through the doorway and he beckoned for me to follow quickly. We sped into the back room, closed the door, and drew our rods just as the astonished Greek turned and started toward the front office. As his hands trembled upward, Red asked him for the combination of his safe. He shook his head and babbled something in broken English. Red repeated the question, only to elicit the same unintelligible response. Before I could intervene Red crashed the butt of his rod against the Greek's temple. He swayed, but instead of falling, began to scream. Red threw him on the bed and I gagged him. As I tied his hands and feet, Red continued to beat him. Each time the steel gun-butt struck his head, the blood spattered over every object within two feet. This brutality was uncalled for, so I pushed Red aside, and hot words ensued. I finally prevailed upon him to examine the safe. He reported it locked. It was close to the Greek's usual closing time, so I extinguished the office lights and settled down to the task of reviving him.

Red, thoroughly disgusted, now began to display nervousness. He wanted to leave. It struck me queerly, but looking back on it at a later day I recalled it as the beginning of Red's losing his iron nerve. I told him to go ahead if he cared to, but that I was going to stay until I got what I was after, if it took all night. He sullenly consented to remain, but kept glancing nervously at the door while I questioned the reviving Greek. When I removed the gag, he babbled and gesticulated wildly with his bound hands. Finally, a word he dropped galvanized me into action. I gagged him again and sped to the safe. I gave a sharp, strong twist to the handle and—the door creaked open! Leaving the victim of all that unnecessary brutality moaning on the bed, we departed, a few minutes later, with slightly over $500 in cash and a dozen of his most valuable watches, and were whisked away from the scene in the Packard.

Two weeks of heart-rending bad breaks followed, and I found myself broke, as usual, with the wolf uncomfortably close to the door. We missed a $12,000 payroll twice, and a $6000 coup of another sort. In desperate need of funds, we forsook the unprofitable quest for the elusive Big Touch, and stepped out to relieve a drug-store proprietor of his dinero. Red wasn't feeling any too well, so we left him outside as a lookout while Slim and I entered the store. The clerk, a six-foot, powerful young giant, stubbornly refused to elevate

at Slim's command. The latter dropped him unconscious to the floor with a sizzling left hook to the jaw, where the more brutal Red would have used his gun-butt. We corralled the dinero, all right, but Slim drove us home with one hand. That one punch had broken his wrist!

With Slim's hand in a plaster cast the following night, I sang my blues to Joey in his mother's flat. His mother and his sister Rose held a consultation in the bedroom and called me in. I almost fainted when the lovely and apparently innocent Rose blushingly offered her services. Her mother insisted that she was as good a chauffeur as Slim and twice as reliable as any man. I wouldn't even consider the offer. No real racketeer would even think of actually working with a girl in the elevating racket. So Mrs. Fallon left the room to enlist the aid of Slim and Red. And Rose sat down alongside me and, placing her arm about my shoulder, pleaded with me to accept her services.

I won't try to depict the scene that followed, except to say that a mutual love was born at that moment. The argument that finally won me over to using Rose as our chauffeur was advanced by Red. He said that during the past week every traffic and motorcycle cop in the city, as well as a squad of bulls who toured about in fast cars, had received orders to stop and inspect all cars, at all hours, in which there were three or more male passengers. With a girl driver, he contended, we could slip by unnoticed, and so, he sarcastically ended, save the lives of a couple of dumb cops!

IV

We started another week by vainly trying to capture a construction company's $8000 payroll. Rose proved an excellent chauffeur, ever cool and alert on even the most trying occasions, but her companionship failed to alter the course of the star of ill luck that still ruled our destinies. So, more or less heart-broken and much embarrassed financially, we stepped out and terrorized, first the North End with a series of daylight store stick-ups, then the East End for several nights. A dozen or more storekeepers suffered, and we acquired about $200 apiece. But when Mrs. Fallon reminded us that we'd acquire a like number of years if we were tripped up, we again settled down to hunting a *real* job.

What a world of truth there is in the old saying that "Easy money flies"! The following week found me broke again. And I couldn't help thinking, as my third month on the lam drew to a close, that the more I saw of the game, the more convinced I became that it was a chump's racket. We talked incessantly of grands and big touches that would put us on Easy Street, but we always counted our meagre rolls in plain dollars and cents. The big touch, the easy money, was a myth; the law was a grim reality! I now wonder why it never occurred to me to try working at a legitimate job during those lean days. The money I made disappeared so quickly, though, that I suppose legitimate earnings would have done likewise.

One night the bulls broke into Joey's place again in search of me. With the place completely surrounded, none escaped. Joey was arrested, but turned loose after he had paid the necessary hush money. He reported that, in Headquarters, he had seen several photographs of me. Under the caption, "Wanted for Murder," circulars gave the added information that I was thought to be in the immediate vicinity!

Joey advised me to leave town for awhile. The still, small voice of prudence did likewise. Rose, too, half-heartedly urged me to leave, but she, with her wondrous charms, unwittingly held me there. So I finally decided to remain, and be as cautious as possible in the future, venturing forth only in the night time, and then, when no jobs were scheduled, only as far as the Fallon flat.

Acting on a tip from a Jewish broker, we went out after a Greek gambling joint downtown. At 3 A.M. Rose pulled in to the curb several doors away, and Slim, Red and

I parked ourselves in the vestibule, directly beneath which was the iron basement door that led to the parlor of chance. Some patrons put in an appearance a few minutes later, five strong. Unexpectedly, one of the more curious among them spotted us and his suspicions were aroused. Red grew faint-hearted and suggested that we leave. But Slim, ever a quick thinker, started floundering around, feigning intoxication, and blubbering loudly that "she" *must* live here; that he was sure it was the right address, and if she didn't answer the bell soon he'd fix her. So I pretended to ring the bell.

Following a hasty, whispered consultation, and the five, seemingly reassured, disappeared under the stoop. After an interminable wait we heard the grating of the iron door. We leaped into action, and none too soon. I crashed against the door just as the last late arrival had disappeared within. The proprietor, startled at sight of my rod, swung the door in a frenzy of terror, but my foot prevented its closing. Slim's rod went past my head, through the aperture, and stopped, unwavering, within an inch of the proprietor's startled eyes. We entered, without having uttered a word.

They were a desperate crowd. Twenty strong, they were huddled around two large card-tables in the small front room. They had to be terrified into elevating. Only after Slim had dropped two of them with blows from his gun-butt, and I had given my solemn promise to drive two or three particular vest buttons through to several particular spines, did they reluctantly edge up their hands. A fear-inspiring sea of scowling, wrathful faces. Unable to line them up facing the wall, due to the lack of space, Red weaved amongst them, —rather nervously, was my angry thought as I caught his actions out of the corner of my eye,—searching them.

Of late I had been noting Red's increasing jumpiness on the job. Was it possible, I wondered, that he was losing his iron nerve? But I was too busy to follow closely his frisking activities as I joked with a florid Greek and caused a twinkle of amusement to light in the wicked eyes that a moment before had burned wildly—*too* wildly. Then I caught a flutter of action in the hall and coughed to let Rose know that I had correctly interpreted her sign that the lumbering limb of the law had floundered unsuspectingly past the house on his hourly round.

Except for the moans of the two victims on the floor, there was a minimum of sound. Red broke the silence with a nervous, "All set. Let's ramble!" Astonished, I told him to collect the six watches whose chains were in plain view. Mumbling, he complied, and left while Slim and I imparted the usual warnings. We then slipped through the hall, leaped through the car's open back door, and were silently whisked away.

Only $800 and a lot of white elephant jewelry! That's what we found, on the split up, in the Fallon flat. The tip had been for $3000, and many good diamonds, so we crossed the Jewish broker off our list. Slim met him the following afternoon and returned to the flat in a rage. The broker had met one of the victims that afternoon, and learned that Red had overlooked at least *six* thousand dollars—three five hundreds in a watch pocket, eighteen hundred in a wallet, two thousand in a money-belt, and so on. And one of the Greeks had had a *revolver concealed under his armpit!*

I succeeded in cooling Slim down before Red put in an appearance. Otherwise, the "Wanted for Murder" list would surely have been increased by one. Red merely shrugged his shoulders and looked at me rather hopelessly when the hot words ceased. Slim, scowling, had been reading a newspaper while I berated Red. When I concluded, he cut a square piece out of the paper, handed it to Red, flung on his hat and overcoat, and slammed out of the house. Red tried to explain to me that his inamorata, Bella, was at the bottom of it; that her continual nagging had unnerved

him; that he'd cut her out. But though I loved him as a partner, I just couldn't forget his having overlooked the gun, and so I told him that we had come to the parting of the ways. His head drooping dejectedly, he left. I picked up the square of paper he had thrown on the table after reading it. It was a want ad calling for the services of hod-carriers at $4 a day!

We had a party in the Fallon flat a few nights later. In the midst of it, a lad from a candy-store across the street entered to announce that I was wanted on the telephone. A woman's voice (Pete's mother) informed me that Pete had been arrested for assault and battery, and warned me that if I didn't get him a lawyer and see to it that he was immediately released on bail, I'd better watch my step. None too sober, and recalling certain attempts to bring about my apprehension, I told her that, for my part, both she and Pete could immediately descend to torrid climes, banged the receiver back on the hook, returned to the party, and, a few minutes later had entirely forgotten the call.

V

The following night Slim and a newly acquired partner left the Fallon flat to look over a certain bootlegger's mansion which we expected to raid. A few young fellows came in to see Rose's sisters, and we started drinking and dancing. A bare half hour after my partners had departed, Rose left the front room to fetch another bottle from the kitchen. A moment later she sped breathlessly through the bedroom and, coming to a halt in the doorway of the front room, sobbed: "The bulls, Johnny, the bulls! Quick!"

I leaped out of the rocking chair, took one hasty step toward my overcoat at the extreme end of the room,—in which was my trusty automatic,—and stopped dead in my tracks, transfixed. The blue-steel barrels of two ugly-looking rods menaced me from over Rose's shoulders. I slumped down in the chair again as the cops entered, guns drawn, four strong. A big, blue-eyed, rusty-haired Irishman ordered me to my feet. As one of the others frisked me, he produced a circular and started to compare its photograph with my face, both full view and profile.

I knew I had changed greatly in the seven years since that picture had been taken. And so, as he frowned, I tried to bluff it out. I lied glibly for five minutes, told them I was so-and-so, lived at such an address, worked in the city. The huge Irishman still frowned. Another called his attention to the slight bump on the bridge of my nose, said they *had* to take me down for investigation. A wild thought entered my mind. Could I do it? I'd try. I begged them to call up my mother,—giving them the first number that popped into my mind,—to check up on me. With two of them gone to the store on the corner to telephone, I'd have a fighting chance. Innocently seeking a cigarette, I could manœuvre to the overcoat, and then—then—! "What did you say the address and 'phone number was, kid?" queried the youngest of the cops. I repeated them. He smiled grimly. "The address is uptown, Chief, and the party 'phone number down around the East End. 'Cuff him!"

I thought rapidly. There was a chance,—one in a hundred. I tried to steel myself to take it, as the chief fumbled with the handcuffs. Their rods were out of sight. Thinking wildly, I broke out in a cold sweat. If only—no! I wilted. It was too impossible. There wasn't a chance. It was suicide. I couldn't see it through. I lacked —did I lack the nerve? No, no; it wasn't that,—it *couldn't* be that. As soon as I grabbed the overcoat they'd grab the pockets.

I stumbled to the chair alongside of me and picked up the overcoat of one of the young lads. No rod in that. I'd at least beat *that* rap. Two bulls leaped forward, grabbed the pockets. I knew it! I started to put it on, with four pairs of suspicious eyes on me. But why was Rose leaving the room? I wondered. No, she wasn't. She'd

stopped. She glanced wildly at me. I prayed inwardly. Her beautiful hand went out, found the rod in my overcoat pocket. Turning, she whipped it out. I stared wildly, undecided. A bull, noting my glance, turned, paled, yelled a warning. Rose tugged and tugged and tugged at the trigger. She whimpered; she cried. I tried to yell "The safety!"—lacked the nerve. Two bulls leaped forward, slammed her arm upward, grabbed the rod. Rose's ignorance,—her knowing nothing about the safety catch on an automatic,—had saved their lives!

She broke away from the bulls; flung herself in my arms, sobbing. The bulls huddled together in consultation. "Take her down, the damn hussy!" growled one. Pushing Rose gently aside, I took the Irish chief aside. I pleaded as I had never thought to plead with any living man. She was my wife, I told him; that this fall meant, probably, the chair for me; that her brother Joey had just been taken from her, and that seeing me going in almost the same way had been too much for her. He smiled sadly. As I changed overcoats, he grinned. "It's okay with me, son. I'll give her a break. Let's go!" I thanked him with my eyes and turned to Rose. They had to pry her out of my arms.

Cuffed, with Rose's heart-rending sobs ringing in my ears, and a curse on Pete's mother in my heart, I went—off the lam!

ROBIN HOOD IS HANGED

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

A BUNCH of the boys—and girls—were whooping it up in the Pistol Hill roadhouse which, not so long ago, stood midway between the cities of Herrin and Marion in the barony of Egypt, Southern Illinois, adjacent to the Missouri and Kentucky borders.

There was draft beer flowing from the spigots; there was bottled beer in big iceboxes behind the bar; there was bum Scotch and even bummer rye lined in containers along the shelves; there were jars of corn liquor and port wine below the counter, ready to the bartenders' hands for the mixing of what is known as an Egyptian cocktail.

The bar itself was lined ten deep with miners from the Herrin field. The pits had been opened two months before and the debts incurred during the strike had been almost cleared off. So there was plenty of money being tossed across the mahogany at Pistol Hill. Rough men and rough women; rough acting and rough drinking of the roughest sort of liquor. Off the big main room there opened two other smaller rooms. From one came voices whose pitch informed the listener that this must be the portion of the roadhouse reserved for "ladies," accompanied or unaccompanied. From the other came the crack of dice bounced against the wall—the only manner in which a wily Egyptian will ever shoot craps.

Truly a festive and merry scene in this the year Eight of the Prohibition era. As the poet once put it:

> There's corn in Egypt;
> There's whisky in the jar.

The slot-machines were jingling and the mechanical piano was doing its worst. The bartenders were working like ants. Suddenly, kicking the door open ahead of him, there marched on to the scene the eminent Charley Birger, Baron of Egypt, and America's own Robin Hood.

Did the noise and the hilarity, the guzzling and the dice game all halt in terror? Did the ladies in the backroom, whispering lies of love to drunken miners, squeal their fear as the Baron's silver spurs clanked on the wooden floor? Did the bartenders duck before the rifle that he carried carelessly but ominously under his leather jacketed arm? Did Bob, the boss, make a dive for his bankroll, carried on his hip, in an effort to conceal it from the King of Three Borders?

Everybody should have done these several things. But it has to be recorded that nobody did. Instead a joyous shout went up from almost every throat, male and female.

"Hey, Charley!"

The Baron stood there a moment, on his face a frank smile of pleasure at the welcome. Booted and peculiarly spurred he was, as always when he rode through his domain of Egypt, never knowing whether he was out for a fight or a frolic, but ready for both. A handsome man was Charley—he was hanged last April, God rest his soul! Murderer and all that he was, I consider myself privileged to have enjoyed his friendship, to have walked and talked with him, and to have learned something of what was inside such a man.

Well, there he stood on the sanded floor, a medium-sized, wiry man in his early forties, but not looking a day over thirty.

He was dressed, as always, in a soft brown leather coat and riding breeches. These latter were made for him by one of Chicago's best tailors, and did credit to both cutter and wearer. A leather hunting-cap perched on his thick black hair. Brightly polished yellow army boots and jingling, sparkling spurs completed his romantic make-up.

Charley was a ringer for Tom Mix, as I remember Tom Mix a dozen years ago. He was a full-blooded Jew but had hardly any of the Semitic facial characteristics outside of the nose, and that was more Roman than Israelite. He had come up—if the word "up" may be used—from the East Side of New York, a peddler's son. From an enlistment in the United States cavalry, which had concluded with a sergeantcy, he had passed into an apprenticeship with Egan's Rats, once a far-famed East St. Louis gang.

Concluding that service, he had hired out as a gunman to the forces opposing the dictatorship of the Ku Klux Klan in the bloody Herrin riots. Charley rendered good service on this job. But suddenly the opportunity that the Anti-Saloon League had opened up for bright young killers cleared before his eyes like the morning's glory.

He would be King of Egypt, he would. And so concluding, with a revolver on each hip and his rifle under his arm, he became a monarch over night. And he held his sceptre, despite long and bloody conflicts with the gangs that unsuccessfully dared his might, until a clever lawyer and a wily sheriff talked him into a net which changed into a hempen rope, a six foot drop, and a meeting with the angels.

II

Through the doors of the Pistol Hill saloon behind their leader, streamed the Baron's army, a score of ragged boys; wild-eyed and the majority of them more than half drunk. Other chroniclers have called Charley a dope fiend. One of these who was sent to interview him for a nickel magazine never went nearer to him than twenty miles. At that safe distance he crudely revamped the story of an encounter between Charley and myself which had appeared over my signature in the Baltimore *Sun*, adding, as his only piece of originality, his conclusion that the Baron was not only "a sniffer" himself, but also fed coke to his army.

"Seems you told this guy the same things you told me," I observed to the Baron the first time I ran into him after the publication of the article.

"Why, I've been laying for you for months about that coke stuff," he replied. "I thought you wrote that story. It was all about what you and I did except the sniffing part."

I explained the mysteries of the rewriting art.

"Well, I heard that bird was in town, now you remind me," said Charley, "but he never came nearer to me than Harrisburg. I've been blaming you and Doc Dwyer of the Chicago *Tribune* for feeding him that stuff. You and the Doc know I stop short at hard drinking. All I can say is, that baby had better keep out of Egypt as long as my trigger finger is working."

As far as I was able to judge, the Baron actually confined the pepping up of his troops to plenteous rations of corn liquor. They had all they wanted at any time they wanted it, and any person who knows anything about the corn of Egypt is well aware that enough of it will make a man or boy ready and willing to step up to a man-eating tiger and attempt to pull out its toe nails.

But back to Pistol Hill.

Behind their chief the ragged boy-army stood waiting the order to either break and join the merrymakers or line against the wall and cock their guns. It was all up to Charley. The crowd of miners and lights of love had sensed something now, and stared in wonder. Surely the Baron and Bob, the boss, were buddies? There could hardly be any killing here, as there was

last week at Carbondale or the week before at Stebbins' roadhouse near Cairo!

Robin Hood, with his rifle still hanging loosely under his arm, pushed slowly through the mob, which made way for him as he came. Now he stood before the keeper of the roadhouse. The bandit grinned and the boss grinned—and then the crowd grinned, but nervously. They weren't quite sure of things yet.

"Got it, Bob?" asked the Baron, leaning now on the mahogany.

"Sure thing, Charley," replied Bob. And with that he yanked the roll from his hip and passed it over. Charley tossed it into his own pocket without giving it a second look.

"Line up, boys and girls," he shouted, lifting his rifle in the air and banging the butt on the bar, "Charley Birger's buying."

And so the miners and their ladies and the troopers foregathered for a riotous half hour, paid for with almost half of the wad of bills which the boss had handed over—his tithe to Robin Hood. The contribution had to be made weekly if the Pistol Hill roadhouse was to continue—and if its boss and its bartenders and in all probability most of its customers wanted to remain alive.

Pleasant moments pass speedily and all too soon Charley's gun butt again rattled on the bar.

"Let's go!" he shouted to his army.

So the soldiers, drunker, more reckless, and about five times as dangerous as when they came into Bob's place, mounted their cars and were off—to the next place on the collection list. Another party or another killing—what did they care? High-powered engines roared in "hot"—which means stolen—cars. Cut-outs rattled like machine-guns. One soldier, a little drunker than the rest, and scheduled to suffer heavily for his lapse in the morning, fired a bullet into nowhere at all. If it hit a man or a woman what matter? Wasn't Charley Birger Baron of Egypt and didn't sheriffs run like rabbits at his approach?

With the autos roaring a defiance to the three borders, Robin Hood finally drove off and Pistol Hill renewed its drinking, its dice game and its love-making, adding, for extra entertainment, hair-raising stories of the latest exploits of the Birger gang.

III

I first met Robin Hood a day or so after the Shelton gang, his rivals for the booze-running rights and the saloon tithes of Egypt, had bombed his fortified country estate, "Shady Rest," from an airplane but had done no other damage than to kill an eagle and a bulldog, two of Charley's pets. I had been sent down by my paper to find out what all the shooting was about. At Marion, ten miles from "Shady Rest," I called up by telephone.

The call was answered by Art Newman, now doing a life term for complicity in the killing which brought about Charley's own doom. I explained that I wanted to get a story for the Baltimore *Sun* about the bombing.

"Sure you're not one of those — — — gangsters?" he asked.

I had to give a minute description of my personal appearance before I was told that I could come out. Before he hung up Art warned me again not to bring any gangsters with me.

A taxi driver drove me out along the fine concrete road and halted his car four hundred yards from the entrance to the Birger fortress.

"We can't drive any nearer and stop," he explained. "That's Charley's orders. If I was to stop the car in front and you'd start to get out you and I would be wearing angels' wings right away. But you're O.K. as long as they told you so. I'll wait for you here."

I walked on till I came to a lane entering a wood. At its end, a quarter of a mile down the road, stood the fort, which I was to examine later. In front of me, twenty feet across the driveway, was a shed with the sign, "Barbecue," hanging

from it. Something wiggled behind the screen-door and as I drew unsuspectingly nearer I made it out as a machine-gun pointed straight at me. Now, when a man gets that close to one of those things all he can do is go ahead. Turning back is suicide. A voice pulled me out of a blue funk.

"I guess you're the guy, all right. Come on in. The nose is down."

As I moved on I noticed that I had company. On both sides of me men walked with me who had appeared noiselessly from the bushes on either side. I have said they were men, but rather they were boys. They wore bullet-proof jackets and they were armed with Thompson machine-guns.

"You got to be careful," observed Mr. Newman as he greeted me with a hearty handshake, "what with all these — — — gangsters around here trying to blow a few decent quiet bootleggers to Hell and gone."

I found myself in a large room down the center of which ran a bar behind which a young Negro with one eye shot out was busy serving whisky to a group of armed youngsters who had apparently just come off guard. The wooden sides of the place were about four feet high. Above them came a wire screen which ran to the roof. All round the floor and resting against the walls were steel plates.

"The —— — ——— might try to shoot us up any time," explained Mr. Newman after he had given me a drink of excellent liquor. "That's why we got the plates. We keep our best shots in here on duty all the time."

Robin Hood, I now learned, was out rabbit-hunting.

"Real rabbits," explained a boy gunman, "not the sort as is trying to blow us up."

Presently the Baron came in—all in leather as usual, but without his spurs. Under his arm he carried a sporting rifle instead of the army gun he affected when in the field. He came forward and greeted me like one gentleman bidding another welcome to his club. In the barbecue stand there was now gathered together Charley, his chief lieutenant, Connie Ritter, Art Newman and nine troopers. Of this dozen, Charley and two others have now been hanged; Newman and three more are serving life terms, and four others are in prison for periods running from ten to twenty-five years. The only one of my amiable hosts who remains at large today is Connie Ritter, a ne'er-do-well scion of one of Egypt's best and oldest families. He is hiding somewhere with a price on his head.

After another round of drinks Charley took me on an inspection trip. Standing on the road between the barbecue stand and the fort was an armored car, equipped like a tank with gun slits and firing chairs. The Baron opened a drawer beneath the floor and showed me a dozen high-powered rifles reposing there beside an ordered pile of packaged bullets. He was most affable and kind. The drinks had mellowed him, he was bursting with grievances, and we had found a common ground, being both ex-cavalrymen.

"Look at that pup," he said pointing to the dead body of a pure-bred bulldog which lay beside that of a large eagle. "Believe me, if I had known what I know now I'd have shot the Sheltons out of Egypt."

"What do you mean, what you know now?" I asked.

"Why, that the juice was no good," he replied. It appeared that he referred to the nitro-glycerine that had been put in the bombs. "I knew all the time they had a stock of it and that's what kept me away from them. But here they come along in an airplane and drop duds all over the place. One hit the roof and made the sort of a hole a rat would. Another lit right over there"—he pointed at a hole about six inches deep—"and you can see all the harm it did. Yes, sir, if I had known that glycerine was on the fritz, I'd just have driven over to the Shelton joint in my armored car and naturally filled them and

the joint full of bullets. But all the time I'd been afraid of that juice! Say, you ought to see that armored car in action!"

"It's not too late now, as long as war has been declared," I observed.

"The hell it isn't! They've skipped clean out. That's why they're using an airplane."

"Well, if they're gone why keep the guard on duty and the steel plates in the barbecue stand?"

"I see you know nothing about this sort of fighting. They've still got that airplane and I didn't build this fort with flying-machines in mind. So I did a foolish thing in cutting all the trees down that were around. So it stands out for a flyer like St. Paul's Cathedral in London did for the Germans. That's why I backed the boys down to the barbecue stand, which can't be spotted from above. I keep the plates and the guns there because the Sheltons are hiding in East St. Louis, and it would be just like them to come driving along the road in the dusk and pour a few hundred shots into the stand and then come on and put a match to the fort."

The road that Robin Hood referred to, —it was just four hundred feet from where we stood—was the main highway between Chicago and the South, and was being traversed as we talked by peaceable citizens—who had voted for the Eighteenth Amendment and thus brought the Birgers into being—whizzing past at the rate of about three automobiles a minute.

In the main room of the fort was a rifle-rack, filled. Along the walls were gun slits for offensive and defensive warfare. Downstairs in the cellar was a complete bottling outfit for beer and whiskey.

"We blend it right here," Robin Hood explained to me. "We bring over the alcohol from St. Louis in the armored car. Sometimes we don't have to bring it. We just get tipped off that some wise guy thinks he can smuggle a load through to Chicago without seeing me about it. Well, he tries it and we get the alcohol. He's lucky if that's all that happens to him. Then we bottle and label the stuff and deliver it to the customers. The folks around here are satisfied. If the Sheltons were out of here this would be just as peaceable a spot as you'd like to lay your eye on. I'd have a nice quiet business and there wouldn't be any killings at all worth mentioning."

"What do the Sheltons do, buck you?" I asked.

"Not so much," he replied. "You see, I have things organized pretty well. The boys that sell know they've got to buy from me or else—" he paused and laughed. "And those that don't buy from me get the chance to cut me in. They can do one thing or the other. If they don't, there just has to be trouble. Now, the Shelton boys aren't organized and don't give service like I do. They just light down on a man and take all he's got. Live and let live is my motto."

I started to say goodbye.

"Come round next Summer and see me in Harrisburg," he said as we shook hands. "Bring that old bum, Doc Dwyer, down with you. I like him, even if I don't like his newspaper. I've got a big farm and I'm going to build a swimming-pool. Plenty of good liquor and *not* made in my cellar. Imported stuff!"

IV

I promised I would, and I did come down to see him next Summer. But instead of sipping highballs with him on the edge of his swimming pool Doc Dwyer and I sat in a musty old courtroom and listened for ten days to the slowly progressing trial of Robin Hood on the charge of murdering a saloonkeeper who had refused to pay his tithes on liquor sales and crap games. And in the cool of one evening which could most conceivably have been spent visiting roadhouses with Charley in his powerful and expensive roadster we heard, instead, a judge tell him that he was to be hanged by the neck until dead "and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

It was a tousle-headed country boy who brought about the downfall of Egypt's robber baron. Just a village lawyer of the sort they make into Governors, Senators and Presidents. Roy Martin had been State's attorney of Franklin county for several years before he succeeded in getting a strangle-hold on Charley Birger.

Martin could get no coöperation from the county sheriffs. Everybody was scared stiff of this buccaneer—except Martin himself, and he could not possibly do the thing alone. So he started in with guile, and as he was progressing slowly the county elections came along and he got a new deal in the matter of a sheriff in his own bailiwick—an ex-soldier who was willing to do what he was told.

The State's attorney had been quietly gathering in rear-rank privates in the Birger army, fellows of no consequence, so thought the Baron. They were jailed on all sorts of charges, from stealing automobiles to highway robbery. Birger gave the matter little if any consideration. But on each and every one of these misguided boys Lawyer Martin went to work, gathering a little here and a little there, and building up his case against Robin Hood.

And then Charley made his greatest error. A saloonkeeper and crap game operator who was also mayor of the town he lived in refused to come across with the tithe. Birger, busy with the Shelton feud, ordered two of his soldiers, who were brothers, to kill this man. This they did, pumping the necessary bullets into Joe Adams of West City on a Sunday afternoon. Just another killing, but the tactical error lay in the fact that West City is a suburb of Benton, the State's attorney's own home.

A coronor's jury was summoned and, as in the case of all similar killings over the length and breadth of Egypt since Birger had become its over-lord, it seemed certain that a verdict against "an unknown person" would be brought in. But that jury was sitting in Roy Martin's own home and he sat with it, not once but four times before he got it into the state of mind that he was in himself. Finally it named Birger.

Meanwhile, with the slender clue that the killers were brothers, Martin went through the Birger army that he had scattered around the jails of the county and lit on a boy called Thommason, a pink-cheeked country lad whose brother had been burned to death a few days after the killing, when Robin Hood's enemies had finally penetrated his guard and had put the torch to the fortress, "Shady Rest."

Thommason confessed to the killing of Joe Adams and said that his brother had been with him at the time. Instead of publishing the facts and gaining a temporary credit for good sleuthing Martin kept the whole thing quiet and sent his sheriff, Jim Pritchard, to arrest Charley Birger on the charge of being a party to the killing. This was a joke to Robin Hood. He was positive he could beat that charge, for he knew nothing of the confession. Replying to the sheriff's telephone call to surrender, he said he would if he could come in with his machine-gun.

"Why not, Charley?" answered the sheriff. "I don't think there's anything to this."

And so Charley stepped blithely into jail with his weapon ready to his hand and stayed up all that night playing poker with the sheriff and his deputies. These fellows had a job to do over and above the card game, and that was to convince the Baron that the case against him was a lot of what is termed hooey. How well they succeeded is shown in the fact that Charley went with them to court next morning—and left his trusty machine-gun behind.

There they had him in their net. With forty deputies gathered around him where only one had stood as court opened, Robin Hood was nabbed—and stayed so till he swung last April. Other Birger soldiers had added their confessions to those of the slayer of Adams, and State's Attorney Martin went into court with an open and shut case.

V

I think it was Judge Miller's announcement that Reuben Rotramelle would guard the jury that first tossed my train of thought back into the Middle Ages. It was dusk outside and it was getting darker inside that bare high-ceilinged courtroom every moment.

The dingy place was packed with washed and unwashed Egyptians, the latter in the great majority. They had gathered there to see their erstwhile overlord tried for murder.

There is a Rotramelle in the Doomsday Book. A Rotramelle sent his minstrel wandering over Europe, playing Richard Coeur de Lion's favorite ditty under prison walls until he finally found the English king. A Rotramelle carried the hunchback monarch's shield at Bosworth. The breed has died out in the Old Country, but here it was again in an Illinois country courtroom in the person of a fine old white-haired man guarding the arbiters of the fate of the New World's Robin Hood!

And Robin Hood himself—he didn't seem to give a whoop in Hell what happened. He and the judge were the two best-dressed men in court. They were the aristocrats of the entire proceedings. So would the King of Sherwood Forest have appeared before the Lord of Nottingham if the original Robin Hood had ever been caught. Two gentlemen arranging an unpleasant business in the necessary presence of middle-class squires, low-bred yeomen and a mob of serfs and vassals. That's the picture one got from reading about one robber baron and associating with the other.

They hanged Charley on a sunny morning in the presence of more than a thousand people. That barbaric touch went back also to the early Middle Ages. They thronged from all over Egypt to watch his last moments. And as was to be expected from the reincarnation of Robin Hood, he gave them a good show. He marched through a lane of gaping countrymen, shaking a hand here, waving a farewell there. And he went up the steps to the gallows with a smile on his face that no man who saw it could call forced.

It took more than ten minutes to get him ready for the drop. His nerve stood with him till the end. I am writing no brief for Charley but if it had not been for the Anti-Saloon League, which first opened up for him the opportunities which he took, he would in all probability be today an excellent and highly prized top-sergeant of cavalry.

"I'd have gone back to the outfit if it hadn't been for this easy grift," he once told me. "The one mistake I made was in not having had them make me a Prohibition agent. They could never have touched me then."

THE MOVIES TRY TO TALK

BY ROBERT F. SISK

That art referred to so often as the silent one—motion pictures—seems to be in considerable danger of losing its character. From the time the firm of Warner Brothers first consorted with the Vitaphone device for the synchronization of sound with pictures, the moguls of the industry have paid close and eager attention to the new invention, and now their interest has reached so rabid a point that the major portion of the film business is determined to make its pictures talk. The Warners have already released three films which do this trick—"Tenderloin," "Glorious Betsy," and "The Lion and the Mouse." In the former there is the shriek of a lady about to be attacked. Her cry is, "No, not that!" The first-night audience in New York tittered, but the magnates are undismayed. In the studios of William Fox the talking news-reel has been a regular thing for over a year. Such events as Lindbergh's take-off on his European flight, with the accompanying noises, have thrilled audiences from coast to coast. Short films, depicting Beatrice Lillie, Raquel Meller, Robert Benchley and other such diverters of the public mind in the act of being dramatic, have been regularly released. All these have been experiments. Now a rush of talking films is on us, and it will be the first stage of a revolution which is going to do either one of two things—remake the movie industry or ruin it.

With almost the unanimity of Pennsylvania Republicans the film boys have agreed to make talking films. Most of them are using the Western Electric Company's device, the Movietone; a few are to use the Radio Corporation's, the Photophone. Thus it will be common, before long, to show a movie actor in the thrilling process of audible love-making and we shall hear both the sighs of the lady and the snorts of the gentleman as their passion increases. All this, of course, will be a Great Step Forward.

The reason why the moguls of the films are thus going hot-foot after talking devices is that they need something to fill the great number of vacant seats in their cinema palaces. These palaces, as everyone knows, exist in all sections of the land, and have, in addition to highly polite, bend-from-the-belly ushers, a great many pews, and hence a pressing need for reliable box-office attractions. Films in themselves, it has been proved, no longer serve to attract the morons in sufficient numbers. Having built all the new theatres to market their own product, the great operators have discovered (or they will before long) that they can't make films on a factory basis and turn out anything capable of bringing in throngs. Only one firm, the United Artists, produces as few as fifteen pictures a year. Mr. Zukor's company, the Paramount, turns out about seventy-five, and believe it or not, some of them aren't so good. The same thing goes for the other big firms, the Metro and the First National. To offset the deficiency in quality and drawing power the Hollywood master-minds have been putting great orchestras into their cathedrals. Also, they have begun digging up singers, dancers, jokesters and that strange anomaly, the master of ceremonies. Some of the more adventurous, such as Roxy, have

put a dozen dancers on one bill, and instead of a singer or two, a whole chorus. All of this is based on the accepted movie doctrine that quantity and quality are identical.

So there has grown up what is known as the presentation act in the big film houses. But the presentation acts in themselves are not enough, for meanwhile more and more big theatres have been built. Aided by Wall Street money, the film boys have tried to trump their rivals, until now they all hold plenty of deuces and treys in their hands. Where one great house once drew all the solvent members of the citizenry, two great houses have failed. Towns have become overseated. Mr. Fox, an independent, finding himself without an outlet for his Tom Mix horse operas and his Madge Bellamy pash specials in the major centers of culture, built his own houses. Boy, how he built and bought 'em! When the great Publix theatres were ready to open, they found that the films wouldn't keep them filled. So they too let out a call for stage stars: "Hey, Paul —come on down and play for us!"

Mr. Whiteman, ever willing to oblige, drew $9,500 weekly for his orchestra. He was billed as being of more importance than the film feature. Sophie Tucker, another eminent star, sang in the picture houses. John Philip Sousa's band played; Gertrude Ederle swam. All of this cost a great deal of money. The picture became subsidiary. A big stage act saved a bad film. Soon the two became inseparable. Thus the film people played aces all over the short-sighted gentlemen who operated the popular vaudeville theatres. These fellows, secure in their belief that vaudeville, having been born in Boston, would exist forever, were offering their customers Joe Doakes' Dogs while the picture house opposition was setting forth the cream of vaudeville at a lower admission fee than had ever been charged in the vaudeville places. So vaudeville began to starve and the film houses kept on paying almost Prohibition prices for talent.

Then the talking pictures came along.

II

It was Elder Will H. Hays, fixer for the movie men and, on the side, the leading Presbyterian layman of the United States, who made the dedicatory address when the first Vitaphone show was given. Elder Hays was, at this time, unworried by the insinuations of prying Senators interested in the recent oil mess. Consequently, he was filled with optimism. After predicting that the invention of the talking film would revolutionize the movie business (old Tom Edison had said ten years ago that it could never be perfected), he further mentioned that it would be a godsend to the populace, and sat down. Then an assortment of novelties was unreeled. Vaudevillians did their stuff, jazz orchestras played, and opera singers, including La Talley, offered the high art moments of the evening. It was all quite impressive. The images of the performers were on the screen, and the sounds apparently came from their mouths. Finally came the evening's feature film, Mr. John Barrymore, of the New York Barrymores, in "Don Juan," a somewhat honeyed version. An orchestra arrangement of the score played along with the film—this also on the Vitaphone. There were no union men in the pit; they had been eliminated.

From this beginning two years ago, the talking film worked up to the point where bits of dialogue were introduced. Al Jolson made his appearance in "The Jazz Singer," singing both "Mammy" and the Kol Nidre, beside conversing with his Ghetto Mamma. The celebrated Irving Berlin wept at this première and other hard-hearted gentlemen of Broadway admitted that Mr. Jolson was never better. The film coined money. At the time it was released, there were but 400 theatres wired with the talking film apparatus. It went into everyone of them and broke record after record. In New York, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Kansas City, and Los Angeles, it entertained the public for week

after week. It was followed by the Warner Brothers with a film called "Tenderloin," which wasn't so warm: New York subjected it to certain hoots and jeers at its première. Its spoken dialogue was banal, but when it was released to the outlying districts it began doing even better in some places than "The Jazz Singer." Plainly its chief value as a drawing attraction lay in the fact that it talked. This made up the minds of the film men.

Now nearly everybody in the trade of any importance has announced his intention of making talking films. Paramount will reopen its Long Island studios, and is already making the stage play, "Burlesque," as a talker. The First National is making "Lilac Time." Universal wants to make "Show Boat." The optimists are saying that there will be 1,000 theatres wired for talking films by January 1. The conservatives seem to agree with them. There are between 19,000 and 20,000 film theatres in the United States. Of this great number, it is said that 12,000 are of 600 seats or over, and therefore capable of supporting the talking film. The apparatus necessary to its successful showing costs from $4,000 to $20,000 to install.

At the moment the thinkers of the film trade—don't laugh, there are a few!—believe that picture patronage has reached the saturation point. Anything, therefore, which promises to increase it will be received with an acclaim similar to that given successful revolutionists in Guatemala. That this saturation point has actually been reached has been proven several times in the big cities. Let it be assumed, to illustrate, that before a certain big house went up there were four theatres in the locality. After the big house opened, trade dropped at the other theatres. The big house took up the slack, but the total patronage remained the same. Now it is hoped fondly that the talking films will create new business.

As things stand in the average *de luxe* theatre, there are 3,000 seats and five shows daily. This makes a total daily capacity of 15,000. But the boys feel they've had a big day if they play to a total of two and one-half capacity shows, or 7,500 people. Obviously, they are not getting all the possible return on their investment. So the bankers who have the theatre chains tied up instruct them to inquire into ways and devices for corralling new customers.

III

The first question which pops into a layman's mind when you mention talking films is whether they will ever supplant the speaking stage. The better people of the speaking stage think they will not be affected. They argue that their audiences are class audiences, composed of people uninterested in anything on the low level of movie entertainment. But the cheapskate producers who have searched and produced stuff fit only for the daughters of stevedores seem ordained to be driven out of business.

There will, of course, be no great weeping and wailing on this account. Most of these men have already worked great harm to what should be a decent institution. They have reckoned art in terms of commerce, and it has resulted in the forfeiture of a safe future for quick gain. Being strictly hit or miss fellows, they stake only small sums on their shows; few of them are plungers worthy of the gallant name. Their fate seems sealed with the successful advent of the talking films, for it is a foregone conclusion that these films will be forced to stick to a low intellectual level—unless their producers wish to alienate the great audience already enrolled under their standards. It would not do to produce "Hamlet" as a talkie and show it five times daily, even though Douglas Fairbanks was the Hamlet and staged a swell wrasslin' match with the Old Man's ghost.

There are others who think that talking films will always be so imperfect as to react in favor of the theatre. There are yet others who think they will not talk as

much as people predict. Sime Silverman, editor of the one and only *Variety*, is of the opinion that the basic requirements of the talking films will not differ from those of films of the old order: that story and action will still be of greater importance than dialogue—that the clumpety-clumpety-clumpety-clump of a thousand horses' hoofs, thundering in the direction of the woe-begone heroine, will be more effective than a pie-faced star sighing and gurgling nothings in the arms of a sappy lover.

This business of making screen ladies say that they love screen gentlemen involves another delicate point. What chance has a cinema favorite, formerly skilled in the mixing of chocolate syrup with carbonated water, of speaking lines as an actor should? Such work, obviously, will take skilled performers, and they will have to come from the stage. That is where the players of Broadway will go—provided the face isn't too uneven, the jowls too heavy or the paunch too unwieldy to be held in by corsets. Salaries in the films are fabulous. An actor of the legitimate stage, musical comedy excepted, may make $1,000 a week, but that is about the top. In the movies $1,000 salaries are fairly common: that is what ex-chorus men get for playing second parts. For the featured man $3,000 is an average wage, and so expert a horseman as Mr. Mix receives from his new employers, FBO, the sum of $540,000 annually. The stage cannot possibly compete. Nor will it. Rather it will have to buckle down to the thankless task of developing new players for itself, putting them under long term contracts, and then losing them to the films when they become of any real skill and value. But there are a few actors and directors with consciences. There are some stage people —believe it or not—who'd rather play in relatively sensible stuff for $1,000 weekly than in Glynish bilge for $7,500.

Moreover, when the film producers, who are as incompetent a bunch as you will find anywhere, begin to make talking films it may dawn upon them that the trick is difficult to turn. The average film director may not be able to do it. Gentlemen skilled in making battleships ram fruit steamers so that tarantulas may escape and bite admirals on the leg will be faced with the difficulty of maintaining dramatic pace; they will have to fit their scenes so that action is heightened where it should be, so that the rising inflection in the dialogue will continue to rise throughout several scenes, although they be made at different times. All of this will probably make some of the star boys go back to their kennels and gnaw discontentedly on the accumulated bones.

There aren't a dozen good directors on the legitimate stage. Some of the stuff turned out by the incompetents around New York is, even to a casual observer, punk. Even the good directors miss fire occasionally—they're so fond of trying new forms and styles. In the main, all the good directors are well known, but the bad ones seem to have escaped being exiled, so great has been the need for both good and bad. This new movie situation will bring out the talent and separate the quick from the dead. There will be plenty of suffering before the perfected talking film comes along.

IV

Only a fool would deny that the new device will be enormously effective in many instances. Take a typical Western film. Let the cowboy be petting his horse. As his hand passes over the animal's nose the horse will, in all likelihood, whinny. Through the theatre will go a thousand feminine "ahs". Let Mr. Mix be in pursuit of desperate villains. The report of his revolver will be a kick, and it will be accompanied by the sound of his running horse. Let the villains be shooting at him. Each passing bullet will give forth a sharp squeal. And let his horse rear and snort; all of this, too, will be recorded. Then let the hero greet his cowgirl:

"Little gal, I ain't no city feller and I

ain't no fancy lover, but I love you, gal, I love you. Won't you marry me, gal? Aw, come on, gal, an' marry me!"

If too much dialogue isn't used, the climactic portions will be highly effective. An instance of this was recently provided by a filmed story of Betsy Patterson, the Baltimore lady who married Jerome Bonaparte. In this film, "Glorious Betsy," the Vitaphone device was used, and by the action of the story it was necessary for an aide of Jerome to announce him to guests at a reception.

Andre de Segurola was playing the aide. His voice is deep, rich and round. Moreover, he is a Frenchman able to speak English and enough of a showman to pinch his accents neatly. Consequently, when he broke into the silence of the film with his announcement, the effect was corking:

"Ladeeeeeeez and genteelman, eet is my honaire and preveleeege to announce ze envoooy extraaaaaad'nary from his Highness, ze Emperor of France, Jeeeeerome Bonaparte!"

In contrast to the pallid organ of Dolores Costello, who also played in the film, de Segurola's voice was magnificent. It brought out, to some small degree, the possibilities of the whole thing. The search, therefore, will be after voices coupled with faces.

A commercial problem arises here. The industry now receives about 40% of its total income from its foreign sales. Except for the English-speaking countries, the talking films will be no good. A black-and-white film will, of course, be taken at the same time the talking film is being recorded, but with the induction of new players to Hollywood to make the talkies, their installation as favorites to succeed the speechless and therefore fallen gods will be costly. For every non-talking favorite omitted, a talking player will have to be substituted, and inasmūch as some of the present day stars have built up terrific followings abroad, it will be difficult to talk their admirers into accepting other players suitable for both the black and white and the talking versions. This same problem will be encountered at home, for talking pictures will not be played in the so-called shooting-galleries. If these places continue to exist, they will have to be supplied with ordinary films, and the same situation which applies to star followings abroad applies with equal force here.

The First National has already announced that it will maintain a School of Elocution to teach its players how to talk. . . . Paramount plans an 8,000-seat theatre in Times Square to display its talking films. . . . And the relatives on the payrolls of all the big firms are wondering whether competent men will supplant them.

TWO SONNETS

BY S. BERT COOKSLEY

I

My Father Dies, Leaving Me Proud

The boards are silent in that house. The men
Departed. The cattle sold. The rooms bare.
That house is desolate. (But now and then,
I know, the puzzled ants go searching there
With the spiders and lizards, and the weeds,
All of them poking into the stillness—
Busy, sensitive.) His ten thousand seeds,
Finished with growing, are now the chillness

Of death. Fences, barns, attics, the cellars
Have finished their labors. The earth is through
Its grain labor. Only those mite dwellers
Remain: Ants, spiders, weeds. Building anew—
Proving my heritage. I am the one
Who said they would remain when he was done.

II

The Last Magic

Because I have looked on the April Face
Nothing can matter overmuch or stir
Me roughly. Nothing take the place
Of a life that seemed too small to answer,
A world that seemed too utterly broken.
What trouble now who passes down my street?—
They'll be welcomed in and fed, and spoken
Keenly between the bread and wine and meat.

They'll be given four blankets and a spread,
A fat candle to guide them to their room
And a feathered pillow to please their head,
And a careful word from the hallway gloom:
All this they'll have, and more, and a farewell
That will cheer them on to Heaven or Hell.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

America and the Oath.—The government of the United States, at least in its current bloom, has added to its foundational assumption that all men are created free and equal the amendment that they are simultaneously created prodigious liars. Its firm conviction of this fact is indicated, symbolically, in its reduction of faith to the point where even its trust in God has come to be confined, as a legend, to one-cent coins and, realistically, in its dismissal as worthless the solemnly sworn to affidavits of its citizen body on the annual income tax returns.

The oath of truth-telling which an American takes before a constituted agent of the law when he makes out his tax return is regarded as of no value whatsoever, and it is a rare citizen who isn't duly summoned onto the carpet each year by the authorities to be eyed suspiciously and to be cross-examined at length and minutely as to his theoretical misrepresentations and swindlings.

The government assumes not that an American swears to the truth when he delivers his tax report, but that he more or less deliberately swears to a falsehood. Its entire income tax machinery is conducted upon that principle. It regards the citizen either as a downright and deliberate perjurer or as a man congenitally unable to resist mendacity. Rich and poor alike fall into the same categories; the man whose income is $5,000 or under and the one whose income runs up into the millions are equally, in the distrustful government eye, derelicts from rectitude, integrity and good faith. They are treated as if they were at least potential cheats and con men. Their word of honor is looked on as a joke.

Nomenclature.—In the Supreme Court of Brooklyn, such being the profound nature of the adjudications imposed upon our loftier and more learned tribunals, a Mr. Justice Druhan recently denied the right of a youth born Simon Minsky to change his name to Cyril Merrill, to the visible anguish of the youth and the delight of a lot of Irish boys waiting outside for him with dead cats. Reading the eminent jurist's important decision, various editorial writers proceeded to spread themselves in the matter, waxing hooty over the denial of privilege and arguing that, as names didn't mean anything anyway, a man should be allowed to change his whenever and as often as he saw fit. This point of view, I regret to say, impresses me as being not only moss-eared but unsound, and not only unsound but highly asinine. While it may be all very well for the King of England, say, to change his name as he did at the outbreak of the war, since his surname is seldom, if ever, employed and since it doesn't matter in either official or personal concerns whether he be George Wettin or Windsor or even Woskowitz, in the case of the average man it matters a great deal, as the latter's name is as much a part of him as his liver and as, further, a generally widespread alteration of names would bring about as much confusion, in America at least, as the current forgery of booze labels.

So much changing of names has already been indulged in in this country, indeed, that when a stranger today waits upon one and sends up his card one can't tell whether he be black or white, Jew or Christian, English, American, German or Chinese, a financier or a beggar, a parvenu or an aristocrat, a duke in disguise or a bum.

Most of the Jews, as Huneker observed, now have Christian names and many of the Christians Jewish names; chorus girls are dubbed Vanderbilts and movie girls Astors; the directory of Harlem begins to read like the cast of a Pinero play; thousands of Krauses have become Crosses and hundreds of Ching Lees have been metamorphosed into Lee Chillingsworths; hand-out men are Morgans and Cohen has become Cohanne, Coenne, Coyne and Cunningham. It has got so that one can't tell a man's real name nowadays until after he has been locked up. The result has been a great perversion and fraud in many directions, in business affairs, matrimonial, social and what not, and a skepticism that has spread to all channels of American life.

Two things, more than any other, led to the wholesale label editing. The first, of course, was the late war, with the transformation of countless Wasserbauers into Waterbaughs, Oberfelders into Overfields and Hansdingels into Harringtons. The second was golf. With the coming into general popularity, and fashion, of golf, there came also golf clubs, and with the coming of golf clubs there came also membership committees, and with the coming of membership committees there came eyes narrowed at social eligibility, and with the narrowing of the eyes there came a dazzling succession of Episcopalian Garfields, Gissings, Rossmounts and Leroys born Garfunkel, Ginsberg, Rosenberg and Levy. It is a matter of record that the telephone books in the ten largest American cities show a yearly decrease in the number of such latter names listed and a proportionate increase in the former, or of names of like mellifluence. What is true of the Jews is true also, though to a lesser extent, of Germans, Poles, Russians and other aliens in our midst. The sufficiently general and comprehensive dropping of ultima *heims*, *schilds*, *schitzes*, *vogels*, *felds*, *borgers*, *baums*, *blums*, *lichs*, *blatts*, *meiers*, *thals*, *kopfs*, *kinds*, *steins*, *walds*, *heits*, *sterns*, *strauchs*, *nachs*, *kolbs*, *manns*, *lochs*, *zweigs*, *farbs*, *feders*, *liebs*, *bachs*, *lachs*, *lantzs*, *korns*, *habers*, *dingers*, *auers*, *inskis*, *itzkis*, *ovskys*, *owskis*, *offs*, *witzs*, *wirtzs*, *esniks* and *odnicks* has sounded like a ton of bricks. If there isn't a Goldstein hereabouts who, if not a Gillingswater or Gilbert, is not at least a Goldstine, Goldsteen, Goldston, Goldstone, Goldstien, Goldson, Goldstiènne or Goldwyn, you will have an equal job locating a Rindskopf who isn't simply Rinds, a Morgenthal who isn't Morgan, a Greenberger who isn't Green, a Plattfeldgraber who isn't Platt, a Kantrowitz who isn't Cantor, or a Lipinski who isn't, with simple elegance, a Lipton.

Why all these presumable worthies wish to change their names, so long as they are at all locally pronounceable, is not easy to determine. Some of their patronymics may not be any too sweet or inspiring to the ear, but neither are some of the most august and familiar names that have been borne patiently and with fortitude for generations by some of our best Americans, for example, Winterbottom, Pratt, Belcher, Trimmer, Hay, Grubb, Long, Short, Stout, Strong, Little, Young, Olds, New, Onderdonk, Beard, Kerr, Kip, Kountze, Whitehead, Hogg, Fish, Alcock, Clapp, Letcher, Bugbee, Doolittle, Coffin, Bottome, Cox, Snodgrass, Beers, Berry and Potts. If the disappointed young Russo-American Minsky of Brooklyn considers that his name has a too comical sound for the Anglo-American, let him think of Botts, Lovejoy, Wetmore, Squibb, Hopping and Philpotts. And if he feels that its connotation is unpleasant to him, let him meditate upon the feelings of a Cabot when the latter reflects that he bears a name that, to the Frenchman, signifies a low clown or of a Lowell when he reflects, in turn, that his name, to the German, etymologically suggests the rear end of an animal.

Speculation.—The outstanding book in the literary world this year is commonly agreed to be Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." The outstanding

play in the theatrical world this year is commonly agreed to be Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." Both have received in their respective worlds a hearty patronage. Since there can be no question as to which of the two works is the finer and greater artistic achievement, is it amiss to speculate as to whether judgment and taste are not at the present time somewhat higher in the instance of American audiences than in the instance of American readers? This, particularly, since admirers of the play are in all probability not profound admirers of the novel, or vice versa.

The Air Mail.—While the future may see a change, it remains that for the present the air mail, as it is being conducted by the government, takes its place with other such theoretically hot but practicably very dubious Americanisms as shoes shined by machinery, self hair-cutting devices and drug-store sandwiches. Projected as a time-saver and expediter of man's affairs, it seems to be not much better than the brogan-glossing apparatus which in actual practice enthusiastically polishes one's socks and the bottoms of one's pants along with one's shoes, the self hair-cutter which sends one to a barber to finish the job and make one's head look somewhat less like a weedy backyard, or the drug-store sandwiches that leave one hungrier than one was before one wolfed them.

Having considerable need of speeded correspondence, due to various professional concerns, I have been able during the last few months to observe carefully—and, I regret, with considerable pain—just how questionable this air mail service is. And I am brought to the reluctant conclusion that, practically speaking, it is, at least at present, apparently just another show put on for the delectation of the boobs. It impresses them with the great enterprise of their country and with the much talked of American hustle and speed, and so provides them with still another justification, when on holiday bent, for spitting tobacco juice at the fountains of Versailles and penciling ironic *mots* on the walls of the *cabinets d'aisance* on the Nord Express. Why the air mail should not work better than it does I do not know; there is no real reason why it shouldn't. But the fact is, in my experience, that it is in actual operation and delivery often not only as slow as the regulation train mails but occasionally much slower. Of thirty-six letters sent by air mail to Chicago during April and May, just thirteen were delivered at their destinations in that city ahead of the regulation train mail. Fourteen were delivered simultaneously with the train mail; eight were delivered several hours later; and one was actually delivered a whole day later. Of forty-eight sent by air mail to California, sixteen were delivered ahead of the orthodox mails; eighteen were delivered simultaneously with them; six were delivered from five to ten hours later; and eight were delivered exactly eighteen hours later. And of air mail sent to me in turn from these points, the statistics were much the same.

While a considerable share of the mystery of these delays eludes me, one of the chief jokers in the pack is clear. That joker lies in the circumstance that air mail, say from New York, must be posted before one of two periods during the day—the hours in the average place of residence are scheduled from eight to twelve or more hours apart—and that, if there is so much as a minute's delay in posting, those eight to twelve or more hours are lost. Train mail, on the other hand, is gathered in the same locations almost every hour and is subjected to no such arbitrary delay. Thus, if one posts a letter by air mail at 9 A.M., it will not be sent off until late that evening, while if one posts one at, say, 6 P.M., it will not be dispatched until late the following morning. Train mail, on the average, moves with greater alacrity. To get the benefit of the air service and not waste eight cents on each letter so sent, one must apparently have to take up one's residence in the post-office or camp out on the aviation field.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Movie Public

Aside from that small portion of the more intelligent public that frequents the moving pictures occasionally in much the same spirit that it occasionally frequents Chinatown, a black-and-tan joint or an evangelical church, that is, out of a feeling of humorous curiosity, the general movie public is of a definite piece with the nickel story paper and dime novel public of thirty and forty years ago. The fact is impressed upon one by a study and comparison of the advertisements in such story papers and novels of three and four decades ago with those appearing in the moving picture organs and fan magazines of the present time. The tastes, predilections and susceptibilities of a particular element in the public may usually in no wise be better plumbed than by a contemplation of the kinds of advertisement that they respond to, the kinds of advertisement that are dangled before their eyes by observant and discerning tradesmen and the kinds of goods and wares that are specifically fashioned for their custom. This is true not only of the movie public, but of all other slices of the public body. The devourers of cheap, popular fiction may be aptly Bertillonized by a study of the advertisements in their favorite magazines; the readers of the tabloids may be accurately pictured by the nature of the advertisements in those gazettes; the devotees of golf, the radio and Christian Science may be photographically imagined from the advertisements in the magazines and newspapers given over to such subjects; the readers of the New York *Journal* may be clearly distinguished from the readers of the New York *Times* simply by turning to the advertising pages.

While the advertisements in the moving picture organs and magazines are not always different from those in, say, the cheap fiction and radio magazines, they still have a character much their own, and in this peculiar character we may find a reflection of the movie lover himself. For as a man buyeth, paraphrasing Solomon, so is he in his mind. That these advertisements actually do reflect the movie public's tastes and interests there can be little doubt, for if they did not, the advertisers, finding them profitless, would naturally long ago have discontinued them. Yet their bulk increases steadily; the moving picture periodicals, addressed to millions of movie addicts, show a constant gain in revenue from them. Of such periodicals, I have a half dozen different samples before me. By way of evoking a picture of the film fan, I present the nature of the advertisement baits that are held before him and whose uninterrupted continuance of publication must be taken to imply a full, ready and profitable response on his part.

Here, then, are some of the advertisements—quoted literally—that advertisers have found irresistible to the movie admirer:

1. "*Love-Kiss*, the perfume of ecstasy, an exotic allure designed to fascinate young and old and cause them to surrender to its subtle, mystic charm."

2. "How To Get What You Want! A new and amazing force which is bringing to thousands the things they want so quickly and easily as to be astounding. What do you want most in life—a home of your own—a college education—a brilliant and successful career—a trip to Eu-

rope—an automobile, health, happiness and love, or success in any line? Dr. Bush, America's most famous practical psychologist and lecturer, has helped thousands of men and women to realize just such desires as these—through *Visualization*. *Visualization* is one of the most potent forces in life; it is an amazing power that can be harnessed in such a way as to bring you things you never dreamed could be yours. Just as Dr. Bush has proved time and again that proper visualization will actually make desires come true—*he will prove it in your own case!*"

3. "Do You Really Know What Happens When You Die? Here is a book that tells what has really been demonstrated concerning Life beyond 'physical death.' 'The Great Known,' by J. E. Richardson, TK. (Harmonic Series). A book of vital interest to you if you are seeking *Facts* about the Life to come. Thirty-four chapters including *reliable* information on Right and Wrong Methods of Communication With the Spiritual World, Spiritual Life, Reincarnation and many other known and proven facts."

4. "*French Love Drops*. Just a tiny drop is enough! Full size bottle 98 cents."

5. "Be a Secret Service Man! $5 covers year's membership, official detective journal, button and credentials. Continental Secret Service System, Waukegan, Ill."

6. "How To Work Wonders With Your Subconscious Mind. Give me just sixty minutes and I'll unlock the floodgates of the vast reservoir of mental power—your Subconscious Mind. Note the immediate effect on your business, social and everyday life! Double your money-making ability!"

7. "Love's Greatest Moment: '*Be Mine Forever.*' You, too, can soon hear these wonderful words. You were meant for love. It is not hard to become fascinating and charming—to make the man you love want you forever, if you know certain secrets about the way a man's mind works. 'Fascinating Womanhood' is an amazing book that tells the things to avoid and the beautiful things that make girls attractive to men. The Psychology Press, 4865 Easton ave., St. Louis, Mo."

8. "Eyes That Have IT. Don't be discouraged if your own eyes are dull, lifeless. A few drops of Murine will brighten them up and cause them to radiate IT."

9. "How To Obtain Beautifully Shaped Lips! Write for full information to M. Trilety, Dept. 230 S.P., Binghamton, N.Y."

10. "Play the Hawaiian Guitar. Just As the Natives Do. Only four motions used in playing this fascinating instrument. After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge necessary. Even if you don't know one note from another, the lessons and the clear pictures make it easy to learn quickly. You'll never be lonesome with this beautiful Hawaiian guitar. First Hawaiian Conservatory of Music, Inc., Woolworth Building, New York."

11. "Beautify Your Nose While You Sleep! Anita Nose Adjuster, Anita Co., Newark, N. J."

12. "Personality—Instantly. Regardless of age, sex or education, if you want a *Real* personality or more money—here it is! I don't care how many books or courses you have studied, my book gets results *instantly*. It builds wonderful brain power and develops marvelous personality—not in 5 days or a month, but *instantly*. Prof. Welburn M. Guernsey, 762 People's Bank Building, Indianapolis, Ind."

13. "Why Be Bald? When you can have a magnificent head of hair by merely using *Hairgro*."

14. "Form Developed. My big three-part treatment is the Only One that gives *full development* without bathing . . . and other dangerous absurdities. Madame K. D. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y."

15. "Triple Extract Love Drops. Rich and poor, old and young, surrender to their charm. $2.50 size for $1.00 postpaid, with instructions for use. Secrets of love's psychology and art of winning the one you love with the original 7 psychological and successful plans and stratagems for winning, inspiring, captivating and holding the love of the one you love and exercising your magnetic invisible power. The Wons Company, Hollywood, Cal."

16. "Transform Your Skin to Magic Beauty Almost Over Night! The Newlyn Company, Los Angeles, Cal."

17. "Are You In Love? But perhaps the one you love doesn't love you—and how wonderful it would be if they only did. They *will*, if you know how to attract them! I can show you *How*. Address: White Institute of Sciences, Inc., 8666 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal."

18. "I don't care whether your hair has been falling out for a year or ten years. Give me fifteen minutes a day and I guarantee to give you a new growth of hair in thirty days. Alois Merke, 512 Fifth ave., New York."

19. "Are You Bashful? Are you missing all the good things and good times in life just because you are bashful and shy? Girls and boys, men and women who are timid, nervous, self-conscious and easily embarrassed never have much fun. To be popular —always in demand at parties and affairs and social gatherings one must be a good mixer. Why should you set at home, feeling blue and out of sorts—no place to go—nobody to see? I have helped thousands overcome their present handicap—I have brought sunshine and happiness into many lives. Richard Blackstone has helped school-teachers, stenographers, people in public office, salesmen, preachers and men and women in love conquer the terrible bugaboo. Address Richard Blackstone, 242 Flatiron Building, New York City."

20. "Kissproof Face Powder. It Stays On!"

21. "Love Explained! Are you one of the many people who are afraid to love? Dr. Cowan explains all. 57 Rose st., New York."

22. "Save the Drunkard! Any lady can give it secretly at home in tea, coffee or food. If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of whiskey, beer or wine, send your name and address to the Dr. J. W. Haines Company, Glenn Building, Cincinnati, O."

23. "Learn the Banjo At Home Under Harry Reser, the World's Greatest Banjoist. An amazing new simplified banjo course by mail! Harry Reser, greatest living banjoist—famous leader of the Cliquot Club Eskimos—offers you an opportunity to quickly become a finished banjo player at home in a few spare hours."

24. "*Love Lure*. Daring. This mysterious perfume attracts and fascinates. Its rare and exotic fragrance surrounds you with charm and enticement that few are able to resist. Secret directions free. Double strength. Sent sealed. The Wineholt Company, Woodbine, Pa."

25. "Everyone Has IT. Modern Guide reveals ancient secret. Key to success of Cleopatra, Napoleon, Lincoln, may easily be yours. Have you ever wondered what made their wonderful personalities? You may not know it, but hidden away in you somewhere is the *same charm secret* that has made men and women famous through the ages. Beauty *does not* make the vampire. Manly build *does not* make the successful

business man—it is the wonderful spark inside, only needing to be encouraged, that is the key to success and happiness in love, business, society, politics, life. To discover your own secret of charm is easier for you than it was for Cleopatra or Napoleon! For here in this magic book is the simple explanation of how to find it—information never before revealed! What others have taken a lifetime to accomplish, you may easily attain by daily, pleasant reading of the book, 'Charm.' The Rae D. Henkle Publishing Company, 45 Fourth ave., New York."

26. "Are you a red-blooded, daring he-man? Are you eager for a life of constant thrills, constant excitement and fascinating events? Do you crave adventure, popularity, admiration and the applause of great crowds? Get into aviation by this home study method. Now by a unique new plan you can quickly secure the basic training at home in spare time. Send for free book. 3601 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill."

27. "Now The Party Can Start! The crowd's all here. Everybody's ready, and now that Charlie has come the fun will soon be fast and furious. One of the girls can play accompaniments, but for real hot foot-tingling music they need Charlie. Yet just a few months ago Charlie knew nothing about music—*not one note from another*. He had been just 'one of the crowd.' Now he is invited *everywhere*—welcomed *everywhere*—the centre of popularity! The amazingly easy music lessons of the National Academy of Music, 702 East 41st st., Chicago, have meant all this to him."

28. "The Most Wonderful Ring in the World. If you are unlucky or unhappy you need the Wonderful Crucifix Ring. Health, Happiness, Wealth, Success. The ring was first made during the Fifteenth Century by a Spanish goldsmith and won immediate favor. The Spanish nobility, priests, judges, merchants, etc., valued the ring highly, handing it down from father to son. Its fame has increased during the centuries and it is today the most sought after and treasured guard ring. Mrs. Nellie Keene, Tennessee, writes: 'Since I received my ring a change for the better has taken place in my life. Of course, anyone can readily understand the marvelous influence for better this ring exerts.' Just send your name and address and a strip of paper to show ring size. When it arrives pay postman only $2.89. The Terminal Jewelry Company, Dept. 56, New York."

29. "How To Win and Hold Love. Nature has given you a mysterious power that psychologists call sex attraction. If you understand the use of this fascinating gift you are sure to be popular at parties, dances and picnics—beloved, admired and successful! By learning to understand this magic power you, too, can be successful in the fascinating game of love, sought after and admired by many, with loneliness barred forever from your life. Sana Swain tells you how to win in the game of love. Sana Swain lays bare the innermost thoughts of lovers and frankly reveals their scheming and planning. Why be lonely, unloved? If you hope to win love or hold love you must know how. This book gives you all the rules. Educator Press, Fuller Building, Jersey City, N. J."

30. "Chang-Chow, Chinese Lucky Sleeping Cat, now yours with Chinese famous Rule of 3, said to bring luck to you in your wishes. Famous movie star keeps Chang-Chow always near her—there's a reason—luck of nine lives. Own one now! Only 98 cents, with famous Rule of 3. Chang-Chow, Department P, Spencer, Ind."

31. "Learn Strange Oriental Secrets! Would you like to be able to influence others? Would you like to know how to make people like you—how to win for yourself the big prizes of life—love, position, respect, admiration and happiness?

What wouldn't you give to understand the deep, strange mysteries of the East—mysteries which for thousands of years have enabled oriental adepts to perform miracles of second sight, mind reading, astral traveling, and psychic healing?

"And now in an amazing 319-page book written by a Master of Occult Science you are given a full and complete explanation of all these great mysteries! Here, in plain, simple, easily understood language you will find the most advanced instruction in the development and manifestation of Occult Powers. Written by Swami Panchadasi, the great Mystic, these lessons fully explain clairvoyance, crystal gazing, premonitions, psychometry, thought transference, astral-body traveling, clairaudience, and psychic influence. But most important of all, you are told how, through using the great wisdom of the East, accumulated through the ages, you can develop a striking, dominating personality—you can use your greater psychic power to influence and command others."

32. "Our remarkable course in hypnotism teaches you how to control others—makes *everybody* obey your every wish and desire—conquer bad habits, enemies, win success in life and *Love*, obtain power, wealth, social position. E. Press, Jersey City, N. J., Dept. H–4."

33. "Find Out the Mysteries of Life! Is your love-life complete? Can you fascinate the other sex? Learn the truth! Send no money. Just your name and address. Standard Publishing Co., Topeka, Kansas."

34. "Why thick, ugly ankles? My method has helped thousands get slim, graceful limbs. Easy, sure, quick results. *No one need know!* Salon de Mme. Claire, 303 Fifth ave., New York City."

35. "*They'll Burn You Down!* Do you know someone so dignified you'd like to take him down a peg? Do you go where folks sit around with long faces, afraid to smile? Do you like real screaming, roaring fun? Then this outfit of tricks is Your Meat. It's Hot and we don't mean maybe. Here's what you get: Noisy Nose Blower, makes an unearthly noise when you blow your nose, 15 cents; Gold Tooth, slips on over your own tooth, 10 cents; Rubber Dagger, can't tell it from real, but it bends as you stab, 25 cents; Bed Bugs, they fool anybody, 15 cents per box; Rubber Doughnut for your greedy friend, 15 cents; Rubber Egg, they scream when you drop it, 15 cents; Ink Blot, lay it on tablecloth and start panic, 15 cents; Lighted Cigarette, carelessly lay it on table and watch the fun, 3 for 25 cents. Ace Novelty Co., Indianapolis, Ind."

36. "Money, Success, Love and Happiness all about you. Get your share. The 'Seven Magic Secrets' Free to all who wear this Gorgeous and Rare Talisman Ring. On each side is moulded the figure of 'Fortuna—Goddess of Luck.' Ancient belief brings success in Love, Business, Money, Games, etc. Genuine 14-K Gold F. with Flashing, Blue-White Mexican Diamond reproduction. Like $500.00 Genuine Diamond Ablaze with Wonderful Brilliancy and Rainbow Fire. Amazes, Compels, Attracts with uncanny glow. Guaranteed 25 years.

"Send finger size and 10 cents for postage. Pay wholesale price of only $2.75 when ring is delivered. Nothing more to pay. Yours to keep, wear and enjoy forever. Wear seven days and seven nights, follow the seven rules of luck and success. Money back if not delighted. $1.00 Crystal Vial Egyptian Love Drops Free with ring. Order quick. The Radio-Flash Gem Importing Company, St. Paul, Minn."

37. "Develop Your Bust! Our scientific method highly recommended for quick, easy development. La Beauté Crème, La Beauté Studios, Baltimore, Md."

38. "Be Rich! Win At Games, Business,

Love! This new Lucky Magnet ring attracts, compels, mystifies! Bradley, K–28, Newton, Kansas."

39. "*Classified Advertising. Help Wanted —Male.* Poets earn fortunes. Anyone, with training, can write saleable poetry. We train you quickly. With our method you can be a successful poet in three weeks. Address The Poetry College, Le Roy, New York."

40. "Cultivate Your Psychic Influence! A few minutes a day will teach you undreamed of powers over important men and beautiful women. The Psychic Guild Company, Pittsburgh, Pa."

41. "Don't Be a Dumb-bell! Men admire brains! Our book, the most astounding, astonishing ever published, will teach you *all*. Men will flock around you after you have read it and marvel at your learning and dazzling wit. Have lots of beaux! Don't be a wall-flower! In a single evening, by reading and studying this remarkable book, you can transform yourself into a brilliant conversationalist. The Acme Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill."

42. "How To Have Kissable Lips. Lips that tantalize can be yours in two months. Miraculous results for men, women and girls. Wear the new lip-shaper at night and you will have lips that rival those of the most famous beauties of screen and stage."

43. "Here Comes the Bride! The organ slowly played, the church bells chimed. Hundreds of admiring eyes watched her walk down the aisle to join the man she loved. A few moments, a few words and her happiness would be complete. Many wondered why *she* was the bride, when there were others more beautiful and talented. But her secret was simple. She had read a new book which shows any girl how she can attract the man *she* wants. It's all very simple and easy when you know how. Write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with ten cents and an interesting booklet telling you all about the new book will be sent postpaid."

44. "In a twinkling wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or a wish, apply Winx."

45. "They used to call me Fat Emma. I will never forget the unhappy days when as a fat girl I was the butt of all my friends' jokes. They referred to me as heavyweight, Fat Emma and other odious names. They never knew how deep these jokes cut into my feelings. But as I look back, I am certain that my friends were right. I was fat. Almost every dress I put on soon burst at the seams. Carrying so much weight tired my legs and weakened my ankles so I had no energy left at the end of the day. Although young and pretty, I found out that young men did not care for fatties. I was anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' nostrums and violent exercising machines. I was desperate and didn't know what to do. Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Kellermann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested at once I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, 'The Body Beautiful,' and a lovely personal letter, explaining her course in detail and how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely. I followed her instructions. In a few months I regained my youthful figure and have kept it ever since. Life is once more worth living. Address Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th street, New York City."

46. "More Startling Than Hypnotism. A New Thought discovery. A dynamic force. Address The Modern Supply Company, 514 Fidelity Building, Cleveland, Ohio."

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Musical Explorers

MUSIC: A SCIENCE AND AN ART, by John Redfield. $5. 8½ x 5⅝; 330 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

ANTHEIL AND THE TREATISE ON HARMONY, by Ezra Pound. $2. 7½ x 4⅞; 150 pp. Chicago: *Pascal Covici.*

Mr. Pound writes as a poet who is greatly interested in music, but has little technical knowledge of it; Mr. Redfield writes as a physicist who knows vastly more about it than most professional musicians. That difference in equipment shows itself in a difference of approach and method. Mr. Pound is somewhat rhetorical, and his discoveries are usually much less astonishing than he plainly thinks they are; Mr. Redfield writes in an austerely scientific manner, but has more that is novel and apposite to say about the tone art than has been said by any other writer upon the subject for many years.

By this comparison, I hasten to add, I do not attempt to run down the effervescent Pound. He does his damndest, and it is surely not to be sniffed at. For a poet, and especially an American poet, to have any acquaintance with music at all is surely sufficiently unusual: perhaps it would not be going too far to put the prodigy beside Lindbergh's flight. Most of our native minnesingers, like most of our native artists in prose, seem to labor under the delusion that jazz is music, and some of them even appear to think that it is better than the music written by Beethoven. Pound pursues no such folly: he is well aware that jazz, with its relentless thumping in four-four time, is no more, at best, than an expanded drum part, with an accompaniment for wind-machines, most of them defective tonally. But though he thus rejects the brutal cacophony of Broadway, he embraces the almost equally brutal cacophony of George Antheil, and therein he proves, perhaps, that poets are at their best when they are writing poetry, and not when they are speculating about the other (and greater) fine arts.

Pound's chief discovery, in his "Treatise on Harmony," is that "any chord may be followed by any other, provided the right time interval be placed between them." This is the sort of dogma that seems revolutionary and portentous, but is in reality quite hollow. That the succession of chords is conditioned to some degree by the length of the harmonized notes has been known since the day of the first theorists. Every composer of any taste or skill takes the fact into consideration. Nor is it news that any chord may follow any other chord, given the proper dynamic and other conditions. Modulations more daring than any ever imagined by Stravinsky have been made by boozy church organists for centuries, and without inflicting any appreciable damage upon either pastor or congregation. The rules in the books were made to be broken, and perhaps the best way to estimate the true amperage of a composer—next, of course, to asking him what he thinks of Johann Strauss—is to observe the deftness and plausibility with which he breaks them. Nor is there any visible sense in Pound's notion that his hero, Antheil, has contributed something to music by talking idiotically of "silences twenty minutes long, *in the form.*" This is pure bilge. A form with a hole in it that large would simply be no form at all; as well talk of a circle with a broken perimeter.

But though Pound thus fails as a musical revolutionist, and Antheil with him, it must be said for both of them that they are amusing fellows, and that what they

have to say on more conventional levels is frequently pungent and judicious. Part of the book consists of a series of pronunciamentos by Pound, with comments by Antheil. Pound is usually more interesting than Antheil, for laymen always write about music with more bounce and address than musicians, but even Antheil sometimes verges upon saying something. For example, when he allows that "one must never be suddenly jarred in either a restaurant or a concert hall," for "one eats food in the first and digests it in the second." Thus, he concludes, "the average concert and 'better' restaurant music are identical." Again, there is his dictum that "anyone with a capacity for grinning has a 'pleasing stage personality.'" Pound himself has some incisive (if somewhat obvious) things to say about the deficiencies of the piano, and the horrible effects that issue out of playing it with the orchestra. On page 111 he writes on form so sensibly that one suspects he must have forgotten, transiently, his nonsense about Antheil's "silences twenty minutes long." And he has sound and penetrating things to say about Mozart, Bach, Debussy, Chopin and many another. His judgment upon Scriabin's grandiose "Poème d'Extase" deserves wide circulation. Scriabin, he says, would have been "kinder to his audience if he had labeled this poem 'Satire Upon an Old Gentleman,' or possibly 'Confessions of an Old Gentleman in Trouble.'"

Mr. Redfield's book covers a wider range—in fact, almost the whole range of music. He was formerly a lecturer on the physics of music at Columbia, and has contributed a number of articles to THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Here he discusses the nature of tone, the structure of the scale, the underlying laws of harmony, the æsthetic content of music, the methods of the piano-tuner, and the design of the various instruments of the orchestra. His pages are packed with novel ideas, and he maintains most of them with great plausibility. A great deal of the murkiness that one finds in the average *Harmonielehre*, he says, is due to the fact that C is wrongfully assumed to be the fundamental of the C major scale. The real fundamental, he believes, is F, and so on through the scales. In other words, we should abandon the Ionian mode and adopt the Lydian. Even so, he is not satisfied with our common scale, but proposes a new one of his own. His argument for this scale is too technical to be summarized here, but it must be said for it that it is very impressive.

Mr. Redfield has much to say about the instruments of the orchestra, and proposes many changes in their design and combination. He believes that the wood-wind has been unduly subordinated, and that there should be four or five times as many flutes as there are now. The theory that the violin, as it stands, is perfect does not convince him. Its physics deserves far more study than it has ever got: to this day no one seems to know the precise path of the vibrations of the bridge. He believes that the difference in quality and volume between the open and stopped tones could and should be remedied—"a problem for an engineer, not for a musician." He derides the common belief that the varnish of a violin has anything to do with determining its tone. If that were true, he says, violin-makers would varnish the insides as well as the outsides of their instruments. Their hostility to change he ascribes to the fact that practically all of them are also dealers in old instruments, a very profitable business. If they produced better violins, it would destroy the high value of their present stocks.

The piano also comes in for an overhauling. Its chief defect today, aside from its bad tuning, which it shares with all the other keyed instruments, lies in the fact that it cannot produce sustained tones. Its *staccato* is incomparable, but its *legato* is silly. Mr. Redfield sees no reason why this weakness should not be remedied. A simple enough electrical device might be used to sustain the tone, and even to in-

crease or diminish it at will. As for the organ, it seems to be passing beyond the capacities of one performer. He now has two or three keyboards to manage, a row of pedals, and a huge battery of stops. It is no wonder that so many organists take to drink and die in the gutter. Mr. Redfield makes the plausible suggestion that it would be far better to have two performers to each organ, and suggests that they might be helped furthermore by various mechanical devices. As things stand, they frequently face such technical difficulties that their only recourse is to pull out all the stops and drown their blunders in a torrent of sound. If they had help it might be possible to increase the number of keys from twelve in an octave to thirty-five, and so get rid of the tempered scale. That would not only improve the organ itself; it would also improve choir singing, and so advance the Kingdom of God.

Mr. Redfield suggests many new instruments—a flute playing down to C in the bass clef, a couple of new fiddles between the violin and the 'cello, a contrabass clarinet in E♭, a new and lower trombone with a large helicon bell, a set of timpani capable of sounding the whole chromatic scale, and soprano and bass snare-drums. He believes that there are excellent possibilities in the xylophone, the orchestral bells and the marimba. All of them, he says, are much superior to "the dulcimer at the time Cristofori converted it into a piano by giving it a keyboard." The orchestral bells, in particular, attract him. He proposes that their solid bars be abandoned for pipes of the sort used in clocks and dinner-chimes, that resonator tubes and vibrator disks be provided, that piano hammers and dampers be added, and that a keyboard top the whole. "All the literature of the piano would be immediately available to be played upon it," and the result would be "the most ravishing sounds ever heard from a keyboard." Moreover, the new instrument would probably cost a great deal less than a piano —and it would always be in tune.

I give a few samples from an extraordinarily thoughtful and interesting book. Mr. Redfield has more to say than any of the usual musical theorists. His ideas are supported by a great body of exact knowledge, and he writes with great clarity and charm.

Cousin Jocko

THE BRAIN FROM APE TO MAN, by Frederick Tilney. $25. 2 vols. 10¼ x 7¾; 1120 pp. New York: *Paul B. Hoeber.*

This huge work, in the main, is not for the layman. Dr. Tilney, who is professor of neurology at Columbia, goes into details which only those trained in anatomy and histology can be expected to comprehend. The evidences of his industry and patience are really almost appalling. He has not only made a careful study of the gross anatomy of all the brains in the long series from that of the lemur to that of man; he has also made microscopic examinations of them at thirteen levels, and, with the aid of his colleague, Dr. Henry Alsop Riley, attempted reconstructions of the gray matter by the Bourne method. The result is a monograph of the first importance. It is crowded with facts that have been hitherto unknown or inaccessible, and they are presented in a very orderly and convenient manner, with accurate measurements and plenty of diagrams and photographs. The two volumes are beautifully printed. Their great size and weight makes handling them somewhat laborious, but every student of comparative anatomy will find them indispensible, and no doubt they will hold their authority for a long while.

Dr. Tilney's conclusion, in brief, is overwhelmingly in favor of the doctrine that man and the apes are closely related, and that they have evolved from common ancestors. The proofs that he adduces from their brain structure are such that it is impossible to imagine anyone questioning them. If they are not conclusive, then no evidence can ever be conclusive. The brains of the lowly lemurs and marmosets, though

they are very primitive, yet show the rudiments of all the peculiarities that mark the brain of man. They differ radically from the brains of the other mammals, even the highest; they manifestly belong to a special order. That man has actually descended from these lower primates is, of course, not argued; they all show evolutionary differentiations which separate them from him quite clearly. They have gone on their ways, as he has gone on his. But that there was a time in the remote past when the fathers who begat them were identical with the fathers who begat man must seem almost self-evident to anyone who examines the evidence. To dispute it is to argue for improbabilities so vast that merely to state them is to show their absurdity.

How man broke away from his anthropoid relatives and ran so far ahead of them is a question that Dr. Tilney discusses at some length, though without coming to any definite conclusion. Obviously, the main change was in the brain, and especially in the frontal lobe thereof. In even the highest apes the frontal lobe is still rudimentary, but in *Pithecantropus erectus* it already shows "exuberant growth" and "its features correspond with those of *Homo sapiens* in nearly all details." It is smaller than in man, but that "is its only essential inferiority." *Pithecantropus* lived and had his being on the intellectual level of a Tennessee pastor, but nevertheless he could genuinely think, just as a Tennessee pastor can think. No ape so far discovered is to be compared to him. He was not a gorilla, but a man. Nevertheless, he was still very close, in more than one way, to the gorilla. His mind worked, but it was still cloudy, and no doubt three-fourths of his daily acts were little more than simple reflexes. He could think, but he thought only as a rare luxury. Was he one of the direct ancestors of man? The answer is not clear. But if he was, then it is easy to believe that it took half a million years to lift his progeny to the level of man today.

The higher apes of the present, according to Dr. Tilney, may linger upon a level inferior to that of man, not because they are more primitive, but because, in one important respect, they are less primitive. That is to say, they have four hands instead of the two that man has. When their four hands developed they were lifted clearly above the other mammals, but they were also seriously handicapped, first because their new powers committed them "to an almost exclusively arboreal life," and secondly because they were led into "a field of psychological indecision which had a profound effect by causing a quandary as to whether the hand should be used as a foot or the foot as a hand." Here, I confess, I follow the learned professor only with difficulty. His reasoning, indeed, seems to me to be as shaky as his English. He is even less convincing when he tries to account for the loss of manual function in the human foot—for he apparently accepts it as axiomatic, though it is actually somewhat doubtful, that the ancestors of man also lived in the trees. Here he takes refuge in dark talk about the endocrine glands, those handy catch-basins for all physiological puzzles. But it seems to me to be scarcely more likely that "enlargements in the pituitary body . . . may have so altered metabolism as to produce that degree of macrosomia which is no longer adapted to tree-dwelling" than it is that primitive man got rid of his apposable big toe by submitting to treatment by an osteopath.

The change, when it came, took place in the brain, as Dr. Tilney's own evidence shows, and especially in the frontal lobe. It was the development of the frontal lobe that enabled man to widen the gap between sensation and reaction, and so made him the most neokinetic of animals. It was thus that he learned how to think, and differentiated himself from the poor beasts who merely jump. But what set the frontal lobe to bulging? Here one guess is as good as another. Mine is that the loss of hair on the forehead may have had

something to do with it. It cooled off the frontal lobe, and maybe let in some ultra-violet rays. The first thinker, like the last, was probably somewhat mangey. The first bald-head man was the first philosopher. I do not offer this hypothesis as fact, and specifically refuse to urge that it be taught in the schools. But it seems to me to be quite as plausible as any other that I have ever heard.

The Family as a Corporation

LIVING WITH OUR CHILDREN, by Lillian M. Gilbreth. $2.50. 7⅜ x 4⅞; 309 pp. New York: *W. W. Norton & Company.*

No one, I take it, will ever question Dr. Gilbreth's right to discourse upon the training of children, for she has brought eleven into the world, and ten of them are alive, healthy, prosperous and out of jail. Nor is she a mere empiricist, for to her tremendous maternal experience she has added the training of an industrial engineer, and three learned degrees follow her name. Yet more, she is a competent woman of affairs, and since the death of her husband, Frank Bunker Gilbreth, four years ago, she has carried on his business as a consultant in scientific management. Finally, she is the author of half a dozen books and a multitude of professional monographs, and, as the present volume shows, knows how to write clearly and persuasively. The acquisition of all this experience and all these forms of skill she has crowded into fifty years. Certainly you will go a long way before you find a more remarkable woman!

Her contention here is that family life ought to be better organized than it commonly is—that a great many of its usual jars and unpleasantnesses might be avoided if they were tackled as industrial waste, say, is tackled. She indulges herself in no fatuous plea for "scientific" mating. The way of a maid with a man, she assumes, is fundamentally irrational, and trying to rationalize it would get us nowhere. She and her late husband, she confesses, were but slightly acquainted when they married, and neither was the ideal mate for the other. But what is thus ordained of God may be made bearable by the application of a realistic common sense. The conflict of taste, tradition and interest may be analyzed as any other conflict of forces may be analyzed, and plans may be devised to get 'round most of the difficulties it presents. The point is that good will is not enough: there must also be intelligent thought.

Dr. Gilbreth's description of the way in which her large family was brought up is tremendously interesting. The children were early introduced to the notion that they had duties and responsibilities as members of the family firm. They were not converted into little drudges, but simply encouraged to take on communal activities consonant with their emerging tastes and abilities. The older ones, as in all families of any size, instructed and policed the youngsters, and the parents stood above them as critics, teachers and courts of appeal. A family council was organized, with regular meetings, and all of the children were members of it, even the youngest. All were free to propose projects and to discuss those proposed by others. Its deliberations were carried on with the utmost solemnity, and even, it appears, with the forms of parliamentary law! And the most elaborate records were kept of all its proceedings, and of all other family enterprises, whether collective or individual.

Thus summarized, the scheme may sound harsh and uncomfortable, but Dr. Gilbreth's narrative actually gives a far different impression of it. It was intelligent, it was practicable, and it seems to have made for contentment and happiness. I commend the record to all readers blessed with viable issue, and no less to those whose families consist only of the survivors of oxidized love affairs. The book is full of novel ideas, and behind it there is an ingenious and original mind.

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INDEX TO VOLUME XIV

Adamic, Louis: The Bohunks 318
Adams, Grace: Human Instincts 456
Allen, Frances Anne: The Vestments of the Male 208
Americana 38, 170, 312, 426
Angoff, Charles: Charles Peirce 334
Arbaiza, Genaro: Latin America Falls in Line . 28
Armstrong, John: Serving the Gentry 392
Arts and Sciences, The:
Ethics 195, 460
Law 192
Painting 76
Philology 78, 332
Philosophy 334
Psychology 456
Authors, The American Mercury: 128, 256, 384, 511
Bauer, Leda V.: The Movies Tackle Literature . 288
Booth, Ernest: The Language of the Underworld 78
Brody, Catharine: A New York Childhood . . 57
Brown, Ethel: A Pastor's Daughter 463
Cain, James M.: Theological Interlude 325
Check List of New Books . . . . . No. 53, xiv; No. 54, xii; No. 55, vi; No. 56, viii
Cobb, Margaret: Gifted Gals 199
Coghlan, Ralph: The Frail Sister of Medicine . 1
Colby, Elbridge: Gas and Smoke 338
Cooksley, S. Bert: Two Sonnets 496
Crosby, W. C.: Acres of Diamonds 104
The Gideons 417
DeCasseres, Benjamin: Polemic Against Sobriety 99
Resurgam! 432
Douglas, W. A. S.: The Great Papist Plot . . . 10
Robin Hood Is Hanged 484
Driscoll, Charles B.: Finale of the Wedding March 355
Editorial 25, 151, 295, 408
Editorial Notes . . . . . No. 53, xxxiv; No. 54, xxxiv; No. 55, xxvi; No. 56, xxxiv
Elmendorf, Mary J.: Portrait 140
Gilfond, Duff: Gentlemen of the Ensemble . . . 438
Goldberg, Isaac: The First American Musician . 67
Grattan, C. Hartley: Saint Andy 364
Haardt, Sara: Jim Tully 82
Johnson, James Weldon: A Negro Looks at Race Prejudice 52
Kent, Frank R.: Fat Cats and Free Rides 129
The Money That Makes Presidents 282
Kirby, Rollin: Cézanne and His Crowd 76
Latimer, J. v. D.: Putting the Psyche to Work . 142
Lindsay, Vachel: The Virginians Are Coming Again 257
Lowie, Robert H.: Word-Formation in the American Indian Languages 332
Mencken, H. L.: The Library . 123, 251, 379, 506
Editorial 25, 151, 295, 408
McClure, John: Art 240
McCormick, Elsie: Watch-Dog of the Blue Laws 91
Nathan, George Jean: The Theatre 117, 245, 373, 500
Clinical Notes 114, 242, 370, 497
Nuhn, Ferner: Millennium 177
Parshley, H. M.: A Preliminary Note on Scientific Ethics 195
The Problem of Motive 460
Paterson, Isabel: Murphy 347
Patrick, Hugh: Troubles in Paradise 218
Pattee, Fred Lewis: On the Rating of Mark Twain 183
Potter, Henry Darius: Polite Conversation in Georgia 411
Pratt, Fletcher: A Glance at the Public Libraries 133
Purroy, David: On the Lam 475
Robinson, James: If This Be Treason— 298
Sampson, Charles: Half Cocked 469
Sandburg, Carl: Many Hats 385
Sanford, Winifred: Windfall 225
Sawyer, H. H.: Making Justice Less Expensive . 304
Shubert, I. J.: A Challenge to Government by Injunction 192
Sisk, Robert F.: The Movies Try to Talk . . . 491
Stone, Arlington J.: The Dawn of a New Science 446
Strawn, Arthur: Saint Frances of Evanston . . . 230
Tompkins, Raymond S.: News from the Front . 161
Towner, R. H. The Rehabilitation of Whiskey . 44
Tully, Jim: Thieves and Vagabonds 18
The Giver of Life 154
Shanty Irish 260
Van Bibber, A. F.: A Country Doctor 400
Walton, Eda Lou: Written in Sand 16

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Editorial NOTES

In THE AMERICAN MERCURY for May appeared an article entitled "Jim Tully," by Sara Haardt, in the course of which, in telling of the early struggles of Mr. Tully, the following passage appeared:

> There was an even more memorable time when he had his first encounter with "an academic guy not half as human as [Harold Bell] Wright." In Pasadena lived Upton Sinclair, the renowned Socialist: surely he would be interested in a youth who was struggling to get on. Much more willingly than the reactionary authors, he would read his manuscript [of "Emmett Lawler"] and offer helpful criticism.
>
> Tully walked the long distance to his house and left the manuscript, after Mr. Sinclair had said politely that he would look at it. Then Tully waited, in a fever of anxiety for days, weeks, months. At last, in desperation, he sent for the manuscript and it was returned to him —unread. Mr. Sinclair's yard was filled with fierce watchdogs to keep off the desperadoes of Wall Street, and the small boy who fetched it away counted himself lucky to escape with it, and the clothes on his back.

Mr. Sinclair, while gallantly absolving Miss Haardt of any intent to do him injustice, objects to the above. He says that he actually read the manuscript of "Emmett Lawler," and produces a letter from Mr. Tully in which Mr. Tully discusses certain criticisms of the story that he offered. He also says that he sent a letter showing his friendly interest in the book to Alfred Harcourt, of Harcourt, Brace & Company, the firm which published it, and that he tried to induce E. Haldeman-Julius, the publisher of the *Appeal to Reason*, to give Mr. Tully a commission to act as its representative at a trial of I.W.W.'s then going on in Los Angeles. Mr. Sinclair subsequently published a favorable review of "Emmett Lawler" in the *Appeal to*

Continued on page xxxvi

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxiv

Reason. He produces a letter from Mr. Tully, thanking him for these friendly offices, and a photograph of Mr. Tully, inscribed "To General Upton Sinclair—Yours for the Revolution—Private Jim Tully," and dated December 1, 1921. Moreover, Mr. Sinclair protests that the dogs which chased Mr. Tully's boy were not his, for he has not owned a dog for twenty years, and that he so informed Mr. Tully under date of November 28, 1921.

To all this Mr. Tully replies that while it is undoubtedly true that Mr. Sinclair read "Emmett Lawler" before it was published, this reading was not done until after the book had been revised by Mr. Rupert Hughes and accepted for publication by Mr. Harcourt. At that time, in November, 1921, a carbon copy of the manuscript which had been in the hands of another publisher was returned to Mr. Tully and it was this copy, he says, that Mr. Sinclair read. Before that time, he says, Mr. Sinclair, at least to his knowledge, had read nothing of his save "about 1000 words" of the manuscript of what afterward became a chapter in the book. That was in 1918. A year later, in the Autumn of 1919, Mr. Tully says that he sent a more or less complete copy of the manuscript to Mr. Sinclair, but he says he has no evidence that Mr. Sinclair read it. He says that this manuscript was returned to him by the hand of his boy "at least six weeks or two months" later, with no comment. After reading the carbon copy of "Emmett Lawler," in November, 1921, Mr. Sinclair made certain suggestions for minor changes in the story and Mr. Tully accepted some of them and subsequently made them in proof. Certain more radical suggestions, however, he rejected, and he and Mr. Sinclair, as his letters show, debated them at length.

Continued on page xxxviii

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxvi

Mr. Sinclair offers a number of letters from Mr. Tully in support of his contentions. His own letters, with three exceptions, do not seem to have been preserved. The letters from Mr. Tully show that Mr. Sinclair undoubtedly saw a copy of "Emmett Lawler" a few months before the book was published, but they do not appear to show that he had read it previously, or before it was accepted for publication. He says that this reading was for "the second time" and that he had "read it all or nearly all" at the time Mr. Tully sent him the first manuscript. Mr. Tully's reply to this is that if Mr. Sinclair read that first manuscript he gave no sign of any interest in it, and that the moves he made in behalf of the book were not made until after the carbon copy had been handed to him. This was in November, 1921. One of the letters Mr. Sinclair relies upon in support of his contention is dated November 22, 1921. But in it Mr. Tully says: "I would have liked to have had you look over the manuscript *before* Harcourt took it." Other letters from Mr. Tully offer thanks for Mr. Sinclair's interest, but they all apparently relate to his reading of the carbon copy of 1921, save in so far as one of them refers to "the man who saw the *first page* of my attempt." Mr. Tully says that this reference is not to the complete manuscript, but to the single chapter that he took to Mr. Sinclair in 1918.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY regrets that it has unwittingly become a party to a controversy between these gentlemen. A study of the correspondence between them leads to the conclusion that Mr. Sinclair made a sincere effort to aid in the launching of "Emmett Lawler," late in November, 1921. But there is no apparent evidence in that correspondence that he moved until that month, by which time the book had

Continued on page xl

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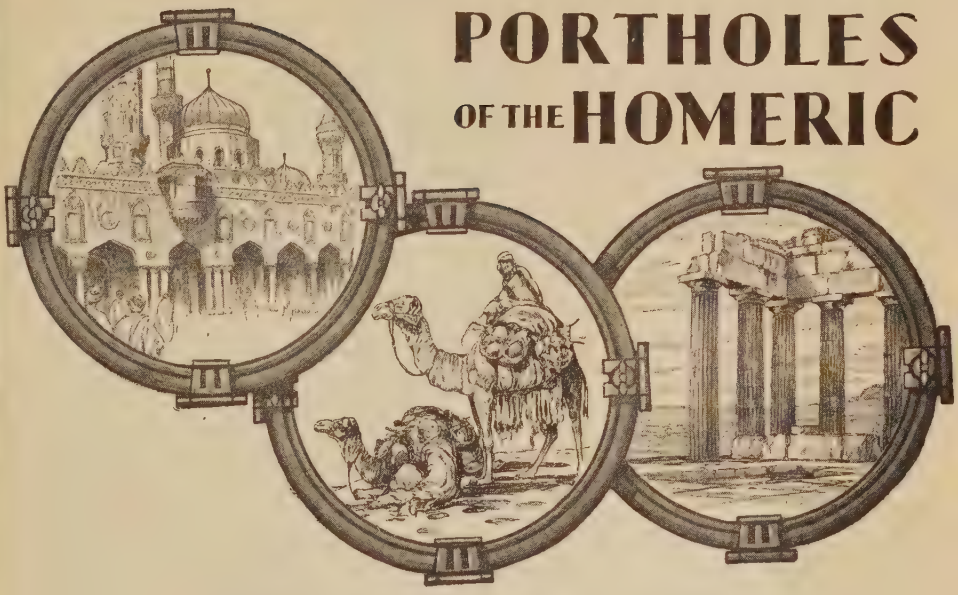

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xxxviii

been accepted by Mr. Harcourt. It appears that he believed Mr. Tully should have made the story more frankly a vehicle of Social Protest, and that Mr. Tully, whose early belief in Human Brotherhood had begun to fade, thought he had gone far enough in that direction.

When the difference between the two gentlemen was brought to its attention, THE AMERICAN MERCURY suggested that inasmuch as both of them were in Southern California, they meet and try to dispose of the conflict in their recollections. Mr. Sinclair refused to meet Mr. Tully, and so no such conference took place. In view of the apparently irreconcilable difference between them, THE AMERICAN MERCURY can only present the facts as they have been supplied to it. It certainly has no desire to do an injustice to either party. On one thing, at least, they now agree, and that is on the fact that the dog which chased Mr. Tully's boy was not really owned by Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Tully says that he is willing to admit that formally, but he insists that the boy was chased, and that the dog was on Mr. Sinclair's estate in Pasadena.

John Armstrong, author of "Serving the Gentry," in this issue, was born in Chicago in 1897, the son of an English father and an Irish mother. At an early age he showed rebellious tendencies, and was taken into the custody of a wealthy uncle who proceeded to teach him the proper way to handle a napkin at table and other such matters of importance in the

John Armstrong

Continued on page xlii

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xl

genteel life of Evanston, Ill. He was also sent to a military academy, situated at Lake Geneva, Wis. But instead of becoming refined, young John became even more unmanageable, and before long was dismissed. But let him tell the rest of the story in his own words:

> I was mysteriously deposited in the dead of the night in a cheap boarding house on Calumet avenue, in Chicago, given a clerical job with Morris & Company, the packers, and told by my uncle to stay where I was. Subsequently, an extremely devout aunt, who resided in Omaha, Neb., and was an enthusiastic member of the Seventh Day Adventist church there, indicated a passionate interest in my career. She seemed to be principally obsessed with a desire to make me a Seventh Day Adventist preacher, and, with that purpose in view, I was shoved into a baptismal tank, prayed over for weeks, and accepted as a member of the church. I'm afraid I was not very pious.
>
> In 1917, when war was declared, I immediately decided to enlist. It offered an easy way of obtaining free meals and lodging. I was sent to Camp Grant, at Rockford, Ill. Later I sailed for France on the *Leviathan*, arriving at Brest, and was instantly dispatched to the British Front. I was wounded before Amiens in the opening phases of the general offensive that terminated the war.
>
> I returned to the States in 1919 as corporal in a casual company. Then the usual post-war disillusionment got hold of me. I discovered myself bothered by an inability to have respect for things in general. I didn't want to work; my relatives bored me more than usual; and I frequently tried to drink myself into a state of silliness. What partially stabilized me, perhaps, was a now fervent desire to write. Masses of verbal garbage spewed from my over-stored subconscious. At length I came to New York from Chicago and wrote book reviews for Mr. Burton Rascoe, then literary editor of the *Tribune*.
>
> After about a year's employment in a Harlem small-time vaudeville theatre I was abruptly dismissed by the manager, so I departed one cold Winter day and started to visit the metropolitan hotels in search of work. I knew noth-

Continued on page xliv

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

ing whatever about the hotel game, but that didn't bother me. In a short time I accepted a job peeling potatoes in the Ritz-Carlton kitchen.

But I lost courage completely when I was taken down there. I had a vague idea that all the potatoes used in the Ritz-Carlton were peeled in a spacious court, to the delirious strains of a jazz band. I instantly told the employment manager that I would return as soon as I had rented a room and arranged a few personal affairs. I never did return.

A day or so later, I walked into the employment section of another well-known hotel, and asked for any sort of work, preferably at night, for I wanted to write during the day. I was hired as an usher in the grand ballroom. On Tenth avenue I purchased a second-hand dress suit for $3.50, and some paper shirt fronts, paper collars and ties of the same material. In order to do this I borrowed money from my landlady.

In the hotel, I mingled with the waiters, cooks, pantrymen, housemen, bootleggers, stewards, head-waiters, a multitude of folk on various kinds of parties, racketeers of every sort, drunks of both sexes, politicians, and yokels from the provinces. I led, indeed, a lamentably low life, but I learned a lot in leading it. I had the low-down on some extremely heated parties. However, the pace was a febrile, devitalizing one, so one night I suddenly hung up my dress-suit for the last time, and vowed that while it is pleasant to make a valiant attempt to drink yourself to death, it is not exactly profitable, especially if you are ambitious.

A few months later, I discovered myself erratically functioning as a doorman in a Riverside drive apartment-house. This, too, offered an illuminating peep at reality. One of the residents in the apartment house, a publisher of a string of small magazines, including several of the confessions variety, happened to ask me if I was congenitally a doorman. I told him no, and that I passionately yearned to be a writer. The next day he accepted one of my stories, gave me a check for $40, and, as it happened to be the holiday season, added ten dollars as a Christmas present. His check heartened me considerably. Later, when several other stories were taken by his publishing house, I decided to quit the doorman's job, and vowed to succeed as a writer, or starve to death in the attempt. As yet, I haven't precisely starved.

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Boston Massacre

. . . "Fire if you dare, fire and be damned!" An icy snowball thudded against Captain Preston's well-tailored ribs. Trembling with rage, he cautioned his men: "Hold your peace!" A group of shivering idlers on the Boston street rapidly became a mob.

The mob pressed closer. "Lobster-backs!" jeered one Crispus Attucks, coffee-hued blackamoor. Then cat-calls, vile and insulting epithets, followed by a volley of hard-packed snowballs, some rock-pitted.

The Redcoats made little noises with their guns. "Hold your peace!" cried Captain Preston. They did; but the mob, now one great stupid animal, got louder, and the big-lipped Negro bolder. Soon he found a smooth pine board, raised it, thwacked a soldier's rump. The Redcoat turned, point-blanked his musket in Attucks' face. Spit! Flash! Crack! Negro Attucks screeched, fell dead. Other muskets spat and flashed. The mob recoiled in panic, leaving a sprawl of bodies (five starkly stiff) in the street. Blood oozed on the dirty snow. The soldiers, now ashamed, stood quiet. Captain Preston walked down the line, struck up their guns.

But it was too late to pretend that Massachusetts had not defied its King. Drums beat, bells tolled, more Redcoats issued from the barracks.

"The Governor! The Governor!" . . . Acting-Governor Hutchison, white face set in hard lines, shouldered through the mob. "Captain Preston, what means this?" he thundered. "Consider yourself and your men under arrest, sir." To the mob: "Disperse at once, to your homes." . . .

. . .

So, in part, TIME would have reported the Boston Massacre of March 5, 1770, under the reign of King George III. Nor would TIME have omitted the events aggravating the affray—the townsmen's just resentment at the presence of two British regiments in the free capital of a loyal province, their just rage at having to pay for Redcoat board and keep.

So, too, would TIME have reported the turbulent mass-meeting of the day after: how Samuel Adams, popular emissary, forced Acting-Governor Hutchison to withdraw the troops to Castle William in the harbor. TIME would have stressed the subsequent trial of Captain Preston and his men; how Josiah Quincy and John Adams, patriots both, astute lawyers, defended the soldiers, that even-handed justice might be done.

Cultivated Americans, out of patience with cheap sensationalism and windy bias, turn increasingly to publications edited in the historical spirit, with the perspective of time. These publications, fair-dealing, vigorously impartial, devote themselves to the public weal in the sense that they report what they see, serve no masters, fear no groups.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

NEW YORK CHICAGO

Some Best Things of January-June, 1928
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